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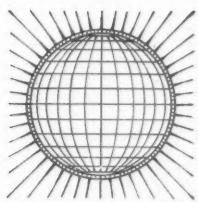


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WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LIV February, 1913 No. 3



Here is another "winner"—and with your cooperation—the way you buy the magazine and what you say about it. Cosmopolitan seems to have the continuous, long-distance "winning" habit. The only answer we know is—look at the list of contributors—"the best and only the best at any price"—read the stories, look at the pictures—that is the reason why Cosmopolitan has more than double the circulation of any competitor and stands at the very tiptop as

America's Greatest Magazine

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NINETY-NINE PER CENT EFFICIENCY

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter

THE rewards of life are for service. And the penalties of life are for self-indulgence.
Human service is the highest form of self-interest.
It is a movement in the line of self-preservation.

We preserve our sanity only as we forget self in service.

To center on oneself and forget our relationship to society is to summon misery, and misery means disease, dissolution—death.

In the race of life a man with educated bowels will eclipse the man with an educated brain—but why not have both?

Just a few plain rules, and the whole matter of life is automatic and self-lubricating.

Health is a habit.

Drugs and chemicals that work while you sleep are a little later going to prevent your working when awake.

What we want is to be very much awake in the daytime and very much asleep at night.

And these things are possible only to people who eat right food, think good thoughts, and observe the every-day, common laws of health.

It is a mistake to blame the medical fraternity. The fact is, doctors minister to the prejudices of the times, because they are a part of the times. Doctors are men, just like the rest of us, neither better nor worse, and as we grow better we have better doctors. We have better doctors nowadays than ever before in all history.

Nature intended that each animal should live to an age approximating five times the number of years which it takes to reach its bodily maturity.

Man reaches his height and maximum strength at twenty, and should therefore live to be a hundred.

The brain, being the last organ developed, and growing until man is past seventy, should sit secure and watch every other organ decline. As it is, the brain, with over one-half of the individuals who live to be seventy, loses its power before the hands and feet, and death reaps something less than a man.

Health is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be healthy because we are a part of nature—we are nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business.

Nature needs man so he will be useful to other men.

Action is the one law of nature. Everything is in motion.

Keep at work. Have a vocation and an avocation—a job and a hobby.

Do not overeat.

Do not under-breathe.

Live out of doors as much as possible.

Work, play, study, laugh—flavor all with love, and you have the key to happy living.



The rewards of life are



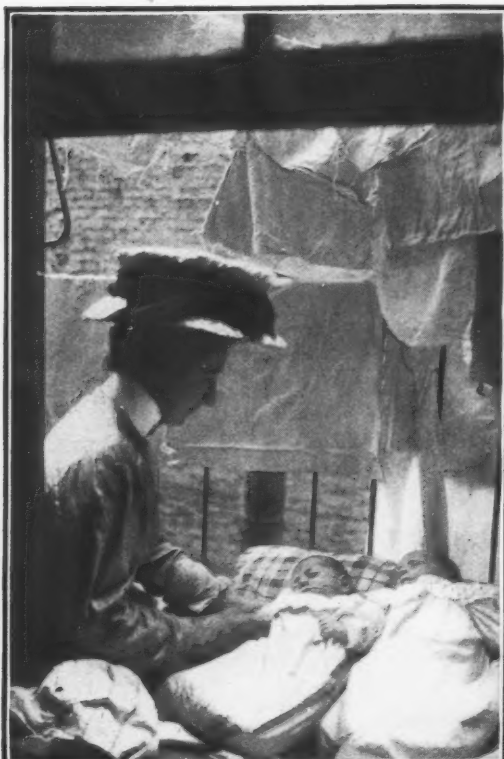
for service. And the penalties of life are for self-indulgence

The Battle

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Upon organisms almost un-
 ence declares, and proceeds to fight them tooth
 No longer is it good practice to wait until the
 to immunize against disease. The hope of con-
 typhoid fever is preventable by inoculation
 All along the line the men of science are achiev-
 lay down forever many of your ills and be
 achievements that point the way to health

of their presence. If your entire family
 comprises five individuals, the chances
 are one to two that at least one member
 will ultimately die of consumption. That
 disease is credited with ten per cent.
 of all deaths. It numbers more than
 three thousand victims each week in
 the United States alone.

All this will
 presently



Visiting nurse giving tenement babies
 a dose of sunlight, nature's
 powerful antiseptic

NOT long ago it
 was reported
 by cable that
 Dr. Friedrich
 Franz Friedmann had
 announced the discovery
 of a cure for consump-
 tion. The report comes as
 a message of hope to not
 fewer than half a million
 sufferers in this country alone
 who are held in the malign
 grip of the "great white plague."

The report directly and per-
 sonally concerns you and me, even
 though we may think ourselves in
 perfect health; for few, if any, of us
 escape the occasional inhalation or imbibi-
 tion of the germs of tuberculosis. If you
 have two children, there is more than an
 even chance that at least one of them is
 infected with these germs at the present
 moment, though they give you no evidence



Where the odds
 are on the side of dis-
 ease—no sunlight, no fresh air.

of the Microbes

By Stoddard
Goodhue

imaginably small rests the responsibility for most human deaths. So sci- and nail. Very recently the battle with the microbes has taken a new turn. microbic hosts are massed and deadly, but to take the initiative, to defend, quering untimely death grows. On the heels of the demonstration that comes the report that tuberculosis has yielded to an immunizing virus. ing notable results, so that you have only to go to a modern doctor to relieved from the danger of many others. Read here the story of the for you. It is the story of amazing results won by modern-day science.

be changed if the report from Berlin is verified, for Dr. Fried- mann believes that the virus he has developed is not only curative but preventive as well. His tests (subject to con- firmation by other workers) have convinced him that by inoculation he can make a person immune to tuberculosis, just as Jennerian vaccination gives immunity to smallpox. Even the possibility that this has been accomplished is inspiring.

A cul-
ture of
tubercle
bacilli
magni-
fied
8000
times

At every other tick of the clock a
baby dies, most of them killed
by carelessness. Give the
baby pure milk,
and he will
almost
certainly
live



no sanitation possible—and little
enough good food and happiness. Such
places make our appalling death-rate from tuberculosis



The Battle of the Microbes

For it means this: tuberculosis, the great scourge of our time, will very soon cease to claim its ten per cent. of our race if an immunizing virus has really been discovered. Even if Dr. Friedmann's remedy should prove as disappointing as did Dr. Koch's tuberculin, there can be little doubt that some one among the many investigators who are working on the problem will finally attain success. But at best a long time must elapse before the remedy can be universally applied; and one dare not predict the complete extirpation of this or any other germ disease until people in general are much more intelligently alive to their own interests than they are at present.

The curious and discouraging fact is that most people are strangely oblivious to the remediable dangers that lie all about them, while they manifest keen interest in spectacular calamities that are far less momentous. Thus everyone read with horror a few weeks ago that ten thousand Turks were reported to have fallen in a single battle with the Bulgarians; the newspapers scareheaded the accounts from ocean to ocean. But no newspaper thought to mention that many times ten thousand victims had fallen on the same day before microbic foes that are far more relentless than Turk or Bulgar. The toll of infant lives alone amounts to about 40,000 daily—one at every other tick of the clock, as a speaker at the recent International Congress of Hygiene computed. For the most part these infants are slaughtered, in the sense that they fall victims to preventable diseases. But the thing is too familiar to excite interest. It is hard to make a news item out of something that occurs every day.

THE FOE THAT IS ALWAYS WITH US

It is perhaps not superfluous, then, to remind the reader that the vast majority of all deaths are due to the invasion of the human body by definite and tangible foes, which are no less real because they are of microscopic dimensions. The chief aim of medical science in our day is to combat these microbes, either by preventing their access to the body, or by making the body proof against them if they do find entrance. Thus when we say that a person has consumption we mean that a microbe of a definite species, which we name the tubercle bacillus, has lodged in the lungs, and is flourishing there. Similarly typhoid fever

is a condition induced by colonies of the typhoid bacillus in the large intestine; diphtheria means a poisoning of the system by the secretions of a colony of Klebs-Loeffler bacilli in the throat, and so on.

MICROBES "MALIGNANT" AND "BENEVOLENT"

We speak of the microbes that produce these untoward results as "malignant"; but of course this is a biased view of their activities. The bacilli may cause the death of their host, but it is by no means to their advantage to do so. They have colonized in his lungs or digestive tract or throat because they found lodgment there convenient, and they can multiply and flourish only in a warm place. So if they increase with such ill-judged rapidity as to cause the death of their host, they must presently die also, being powerless to escape. Instead of malignant, we might better describe these microbes as foolish. There are sundry wiser members of the tribe that have learned to colonize the human body without being obviously harmful; at least without causing the death of their host. Some fifty different species or varieties of these peaceful microbes may be found on occasion flourishing in the salivary juices of the mouth; and legions of them are always present in the intestinal cavity. Their host, far from being made violently ill by them, is blissfully oblivious of their existence.

And yet these "benevolent" bacteria, no less than the "malignant" ones, are perfectly tangible creatures, of definite size, form, and contour. If you were to moisten a glass slide with your tongue and place it in the field of a microscope, you might witness the activities of a strange and varied company of fellow citizens. You would see that some tribes are shaped like tiny rods. These are called bacilli. Others are mere dots, like infinitesimal droplets of water. These are called micrococci. Yet others resemble tiny corkscrews, and are called spirilla. These are the three main tribes of bacteria, each tribe having many species, which, however, closely resemble one another in general appearance.

Among the hosts of "peaceful" microbes that appear in the drop of saliva you have placed on the microscope slide, there may be some that are by no means so harmless as their presence in the mouth of a person in health might seem to argue. More than likely there are goodly numbers of pneu-

A stage in the production of smallpox vaccine—a physician of the New York Health Board vaccinating a calf



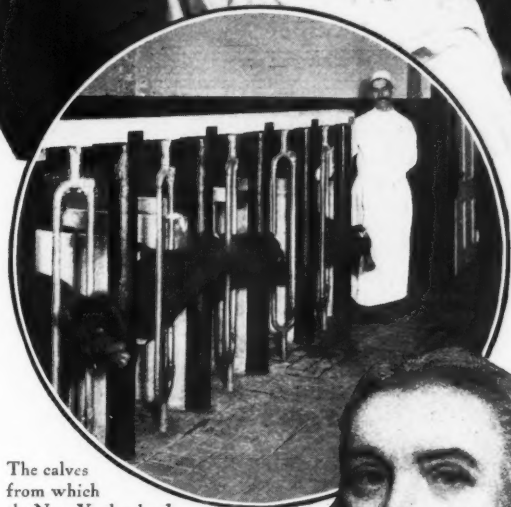
truce on your bodily surfaces, exterior and interior, they are forever on the lookout for an opportunity to invade your blood-stream and lymph-spaces; and when the opportunity comes, they will wage a guerrilla warfare as ruthless as that waged by any one

of the frankly hostile bacteria.

But if, then, microbes of such malign possibilities are not merely all about us but all over us—on your skin and mine, under our finger-nails, in our mouths—how do any of us escape being stricken down by them even for a single day or hour? The answer gives an insight into strange functions that until recently were quite unsuspected. It reveals the human body as a fortified citadel, guarded at every vulnerable point, without and within, by walls that to the enemy are well-nigh impenetrable; and garrisoned with legions of warriors ever on the alert to attack any intruder that makes a breach in the fortifications and finds entrance.

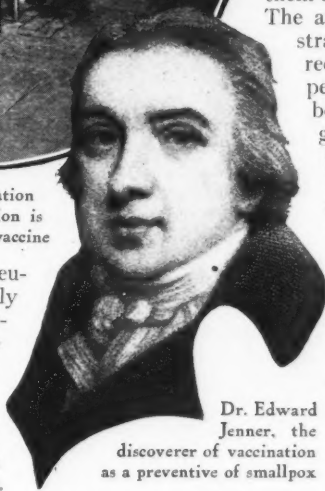
Such language may seem figurative. In reality it expresses the precise conditions that prevail. The invading hosts have been named, and the character

of their onslaught suggested. The barriers that hold them at bay—the walls and barricades of the human fortress—are the skin



The calves from which the New York school children are vaccinated. Vaccination being compulsory, every precaution is taken to insure the purity of the vaccine

cocci, the germs of pneumonia; and almost certainly there are hosts of streptococci and staphylococci, the pus-forming microbes and the agents of blood poisoning. All these may flourish in your mouth without causing you obvious injury or inconvenience. They seem quite friendly and harmless. But in reality they are treacherous ingrates; for, even as they bivouac under a flag of



Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox

The Battle of the Microbes

without and the mucous membranes within the cavities of the body. The soldiers that stand ready to attack the microbic invaders are the white blood-corpuscles, or leucocytes, that everywhere swarm in the blood- and lymph-channels. If you were to prick the tip of your finger with a needle, and place the tiny droplet of blood that exudes on a microscope slide, you would see thousands of these leucocytes distributed here and there in the blood, in the midst of the millions of red blood-corpuscles. You might recognize them at once by their relatively large size. They appear practically colorless, like a drop of white of egg; but a visible nucleus shows that they have a definite structure; and the way they move about, slowly changing shape and as it were flowing in one direction or another, shows clearly that they are alive. It is a trifle disconcerting to observe that there are thousands of these creatures in the tiniest drop of normal blood. But you owe not merely health but life itself to them.

THE BATTLE IN THE BLOOD

If you wish to see for yourself what manner of service the leucocyte performs for you, nothing more is necessary than to insert a needle-point in a culture of bacteria—say in your own mouth—and convey a colony of microbes to the drop of blood you are examining. It will then be clear that the leucocyte is a creature of ferocious nature, who regards every bacterium as a mortal enemy, which must be fallen upon and literally devoured. You will see the leucocyte flow about the bacteria and engulf them bodily, one after another; and the remains of the victims will be visible within the transparent body of their devourer, until they gradually undergo digestion. Owing to this extraordinary habit, the leucocytes were christened phagocytes, or cell-eaters, by Professor Elie Metchnikoff, who first witnessed this strange battle in the blood, and interpreted its beneficent meaning.

At first glance this contest will seem an unequal one. The invading bacteria are but pygmies beside the militant defenders. Streptococci are so small, for example, that a regiment of two thousand of them, ranged up in line, would be required to span the letter "o" as printed on this page. The typhoid bacillus would require half an hour's time to cross the same space, though it propelled itself (as its cilia enable it to do) more

than three times its own length each second. The influenza bacillus is so infinitesimal that if the warriors of his clan were neatly marshaled in compact order, more than six billion of them could be quartered on the surface of a square inch. To such Lilliputians, the white blood-corpuscles, about 2500 of which could span an inch, must seem colossal.

But the bacteria, though outclassed in size, are by no means helpless. The noxious members of the tribe are endowed with some chemical or physical property, the exact nature of which we do not know, that enables them to repel the leucocyte and strangely escape being engulfed in its body. Such at least is often the case. The cells of the body, however, under stimulus of the presence of a hostile bacterium, can secrete certain chemicals that break down the bacterial defense, and put the microbe at the mercy of the leucocyte. When such chemicals have been secreted into the blood (or when they have been artificially introduced) the bacteria are weakened, and the leucocytes will be seen, under the microscope, to throw themselves upon the microbes and devour them, ultimately digesting their remains. The extent to which the leucocytes are able to do this very largely determines the relative safety of any given individual against the attacks of a microbic host.

HOW THE INVADERS GET RECRUITS

The conditions of the fight will be better understood if we reflect that the invading microbes, when they gain entrance to the blood at all, are likely to come in hordes of unthinkable numbers, and are able to reproduce their kind, and thus fill up gaps in their ranks, with appalling rapidity when they find favorable conditions. A bacterium born this moment may become a grandparent within an hour. That is to say, it may have divided itself into two individuals, and these two may have divided to make four. And this process will proceed, if conditions continue favorable, with the cumulative speed that renders a geometrical ratio always so startling. At the end of forty-eight hours, it has been estimated, a single bacterium may have descendants to the number of 281,500,000. In another day, the number would be beyond computing; but the aggregate bulk of the family—composed of individuals that could lodge by millions on your finger-tip without your knowing of



Inoculating soldiers against typhoid fever. This disease, formerly a scourge of camps, is now almost unknown in our army.—The deadly typhoid bacilli

or suspecting their presence—would be, as

Dr. Jordan assures us, more than *seven thousand tons!*

So it is absolutely essential that the leucocytes, which constitute a standing army numbering more than fifty billion, in the blood-system of every human being, should at all times be posted in numbers, behind every inch of the fortifying but not quite impregnable walls. It is essential also that they should constitute a mobile army, capable of being concentrated at any given point where an attack of unusual virulence is sustained. The position of the leucocytes as normally distributed throughout the blood-stream enables them to fulfil these conditions ideally. They are always present as a defending garrison about every cell of the entire body; and when any localized attack of microbes is reported, there is an instant reenforcement of the troops at that point from the neighboring blood-channels.

Should there be a cut in the flesh, for example, or a bullet-wound, which is "infected," the surrounding tissues become

swollen and red—"inflamed," as the saying is. This means that the blood-vessels have become patulous, their blood-current slackened, to give lodgment to ever-increasing bands of leucocytes that are being mobilized there to contest every millimeter of the exposed territory with the invading microbes. How recklessly they throw themselves into the breach is shown by the fact that the pus which presently gathers and flows from the wound is composed largely of the bodies of leucocytes that, in their eagerness to pursue the enemy, have, so to speak, fallen outside the broken fortifications.

Until a few years ago, no one understood the nature of this contest. The surgeon regarded inflammation as a necessary part of the process of healing wounds. He talked of "laudable" pus, and was well content if the discharge from a wound was free from the bad odor that might portend the onset of hospital gangrene. But to-day Listerism has changed all that. Now that the condition is understood, the surgeon knows how to deal with it. He takes good care to see that no microbes follow in the track of his scalpel. Everything that he uses in an operation has been treated with antiseptics or boiled and

steamed in a sterilizer. If he is called to an accident case in which germs have already invaded a wound, he kills the germs with an antiseptic solution, and dresses the wound with "sterile"—that is to say, germ-free—gauze, to prevent any further invasion.

What the surgeon, dealing with visible lesions, accomplishes with his antiseptics, the physician must undertake in quite another way when called upon to aid the leucocytes in fighting germs that have made their way into the general blood-stream and are swarming perhaps in the juices of every tissue. For two or three microbes only are antiseptic drugs known that can be given in sufficient quantities to kill the remotely scattered germs without at the same time killing the patient. But another way of attacking the problem is to attempt to aid the body in strengthening its normal defenses. In many cases this may be accomplished by developing so-called viruses—antitoxins and vaccines—that are deleterious to specific microbes. These viruses are developed only through use of the specific germs themselves. The antitoxins, of which the remedy for diphtheria is the best-known example, are secured by inoculating a horse with a liquid in which a culture of diphtheria bacilli has been grown. After repeated inoculations, the blood of the horse is found to be charged with an antidote to the diph-

theria poison, and a portion of serum from the blood of the horse constitutes the beneficent remedy which, since its introduction by Dr. Emil von Behring less than twenty

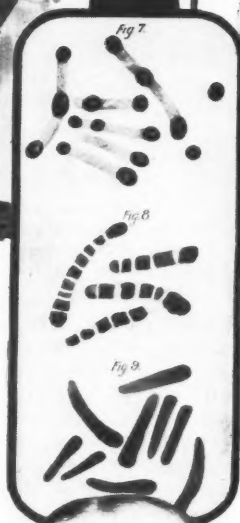
years ago, is credited with saving millions of human lives. In the old days, more than half the diphtheria victims died; the serum saves nine out of ten. Not fewer than 75,000 lives are thus saved annually in the United States alone.

Of vaccines, the familiar examples are that developed in the body of the cow, and used so effectively against smallpox, and the antirabic vaccine used at the Pasteur Institutes. The newest type of vaccine-therapy calls on the individual human

patient to develop his own antidotes, and it induces conditions that enable him to do this safely and effectively. The therapist makes a culture of a specific disease-germ in the laboratory test-tube. He then kills the microbes by heating them, and with a hypodermic syringe injects a few million of their bodies into the tissues of the human subject. Such a wilful inoculation of a patient with virulent disease germs seems at first sight a hazardous experiment. But the microbes are injected in limited numbers, and, being dead, they cannot add to their number by reproduction. So the tissues are able to cope with them, producing the specific antidotes which neutralize the bacterial poisons



The source of the remedy that has saved millions of human lives—diphtheria antitoxin from the blood of the horse.



The death-rate is now one in ten; it used to be more than half.—Cultures of the diphtheria bacillus



Dr. Emil von Behring, discoverer of diphtheria antitoxin

to be charged with an antidote to the diph-

theria poison, and a portion of serum from the blood of the horse constitutes the beneficent remedy which, since its introduction by Dr. Emil von Behring less than twenty

and either destroy the bacteria themselves or render them susceptible to the attacks of the leucocytes.

The utility of the vaccine treatment is not confined to preventive measures. It is now being applied as a curative measure also, after patients are stricken with disease. The utility of the method is particularly obvious in the case of localized infections. Here, let us say, is a focus of tubercle germs in the lungs, or of germs of malignant endocarditis in the lining membrane of the heart. The local tissues fight bravely, but are unable to gain a decisive victory; the unwelcome microbes hold their own, or increase in number. But the vaccine therapist—he is usually termed an immunizator—comes to the rescue, by injecting into the patient's arm or leg a dead culture of microbes. This sets up a vigorous local production of antidotes, the excess of which enters into the general blood-stream, finds its way to the local tissues where the fight is going on, and constitutes a reinforcement that may turn the tide of battle.

The vaccine treatment has great popular interest, not only because of results achieved with such deadly maladies as typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and pneumonia, but because it is now being applied by Sir Almroth Wright and his followers to the treatment of a great number of minor ailments which, in their totality, so Sir Almroth contends, make up nine-tenths of human diseases. Common colds,

recurrent influenza, sore throat, chronic bronchitis, boils, carbuncles, ulcerated teeth, and even sties and pimples, come within the range of the new treatment. In stubborn cases, the germs used to make the culture are taken from the infected area of the individual patient to be treated, constituting a so-called autogenous virus. Specific or individual treatment is thus carried to its limits. The results are sometimes very remarkable.

When the treatment has come into general use, it will be possible, Dr. Wright believes, to give the average man immunity from the particular type of minor ailment to which he is subject, no less than to give him protection against the attacks of the more virulent microbes.

Not to be misled into under-valuing our antagonist, however, it is well to recall that, despite the justly applauded triumphs of modern medicine, microbic diseases still cause the death in the United States of at least one hundred individuals each and every hour of the day, year in and year out. With such a menace as that confronting us, it may well be asked what any given individual may do to safeguard himself and his family against the universal enemy. I shall answer the inquiry

in the briefest terms, with a few practical suggestions:

Be vaccinated against smallpox. The vaccine virus is developed in the system of a cow or calf. As developed by modern health boards it is free from contamination,



Professor Elie Metchnikoff, whose discovery that the white blood-corpuscles attack malignant germs entering the blood is the basis of much of the medical preventive practice of to-day.—A culture of staphylococci, the agents of blood poisoning

and it gives immunity against a disease that was formerly one of the worst of scourges, claiming one-tenth of the population by death. Have your children vaccinated in infancy, and revaccinated every six or seven years, or whenever there is possibility of infection.

SOME RULES FOR HEALTH

Be inoculated against typhoid fever if you have occasion to travel in a region where hygiene is not under scientific control, or where for any reason you mistrust the sanitary conditions.

Take anti-rabic treatment at the nearest Pasteur Institute should you have the misfortune to be bitten by a dog or cat suspected of having, or known to have, hydrophobia. The anti-rabic virus is developed in the system of a rabbit. Its efficacy in preventing hydrophobia or rabies is unquestionable; but it is unavailing as a curative measure after the disease has actually manifested itself. Fortunately rabies has a long incubation period, so there is time to take the preventive treatment.

Treat minor wounds, particularly those caused by puncture from a soiled or rusty nail, with respect. Go at once to a doctor and have the wound properly treated. It is foolhardy to take chances with the bacillus of lockjaw.

Have your physician recommend an antiseptic spray or douche for nose and throat. Keep this at hand in an atomizer, and use from time to time, more or less as a matter of toilet routine; but particularly as an added precaution when influenza is epidemic, or when you have been exposed to bad weather or subjected to fatigue. Never sit down with wet feet or moist apparel. Put on dry clothing, toast your feet before radiator, stove, or grate, and do not leave the fire until you are thoroughly warm. Also use an antiseptic—say peroxide of hydrogen—with thoroughness as a mouth-wash. The germs of pneumonia sometimes lodge in the mouth without doing harm; but a slight lowering of the bodily temperature may enable them to develop, and, finding their way to the lungs, to set up the inflammatory condition constituting pneumonia.

If you are persistently subject to some minor microbic disorder, such as boils, pimples, acute colds, chronic bronchitis, consider the advisability of taking the vaccine treatment to fortify your system against the

microbe that is your particular pet aversion. The temperamental condition that makes you especially susceptible to this particular germ may perhaps be overcome in this way. The condition of the system that leads to the recurrence of boils or to the persistence of open sores and ulcerative lesions is peculiarly amenable to the vaccine treatment.

Act on the belief that in the last analysis the best protection against the microbes is the rugged condition of your own system. Get as much fresh, outdoor air as you can, day and night. Exercise sufficiently to keep your muscles in tone and your blood in good circulation. Well-toned muscle-cells are practically germ-proof; and an active blood-stream scatters any focus of intruding microbes so widely that the white blood-corpuscles and organic germicides have the best chance to overcome the enemy.

All these measures look to the combating of the microbic hosts after they actually invade your body. But it is equally the part of wisdom to guard your body as much as may be against needless exposure to attack. However good your defensive armor, you are obviously safest when beyond reach of the enemy's guns. And in particular you should guard your children, whose immaturity makes them peculiarly susceptible, and who cannot guard themselves.

GIVE THE SUNLIGHT A CHANCE

A prominent channel by which microbes find entrance into our bodies is the air we breathe. Bacteria exist by millions in every pinch of dust of the city street; they swarm in the dust that the whole family inhales when the housemaid sweeps or beats a carpet. They settle on bread as it comes from the bakery. We cannot possibly hope to escape ingesting a certain number of them. But there are ways in which we can minimize the number and in large measure avert the danger. To that end, it should be known to everyone that the one thing which no hostile bacterium can face unflinchingly is sunlight. The beneficent rays of the sun, which give life to ordinary plant-cells and set them in action, blast the living content of the bacterial cell like shafts of lightning.

There follows the obvious moral: Let there be light in your household wherever and however you can manage it. Keep your children out in the sunlight. If you live in the city, utilize the housetops. Also let the outdoor air, sterilized by sunlight, into

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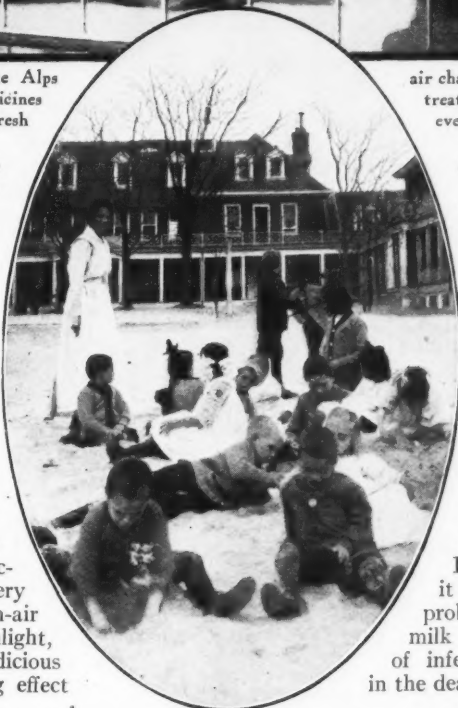
Children high up in the Alps taking the best of medicines for tuberculosis—cold fresh

air charged with sunshine. Such treatment often succeeds after everything else has failed

your dwelling day and night. Open-air hospitals cure thousands of advanced cases of tuberculosis. High up in the Alps children are kept naked in the sunlight, out of doors, when the ground is covered with snow. Such heroic treatment must be worked up to gradually, of course; but in the end the children enjoy it; and it cures infections that resist every other remedy. Open-air treatment in the sunlight, combined with judicious exercise, the toning effect of cool spray-baths,

and the right food and plenty of it, will cure almost any case of tuberculosis in its early stages. And the tubercle bacillus is more resistant than most others of the tribe.

Our food-stuffs furnish another obvious medium through which the microbes may be



Tuberculous children playing in the sand—and sunshine—at the Sea Breeze Home, Coney Island. Hundreds of remarkable cures are effected here

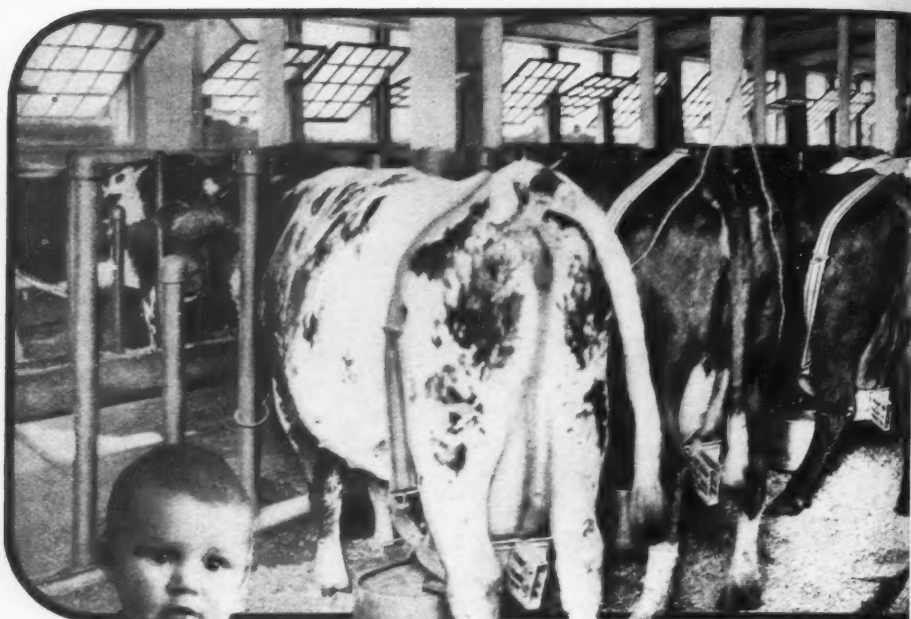
conveyed into our bodies. Here it is equally obvious that attention to cleanliness and a few common-sense precautions may go a long way toward thwarting the enemy.

All other questions that concern germ-infected food are relatively insignificant, however, in comparison with the problem of the milk supply. In the case of infants it is, of course, the *only* problem. Contaminated milk is the prime source of infection which results in the death in infancy of one-

tenth of the human race. At every third or fourth tick of the clock an infant dies whose death

tells of the victory of a bacterial host that should never have been allowed to find its way into the victim's digestive tract.

Of course the milk supply is everywhere



A device for dumb-waiters that prevents tampering with your milk. The milkman puts the bottles in your compartment and locks it; only your key can get them out

under surveillance of health boards nowadays; but the official inspectors must have the cooperation of the public or their efforts are unavailing. What most

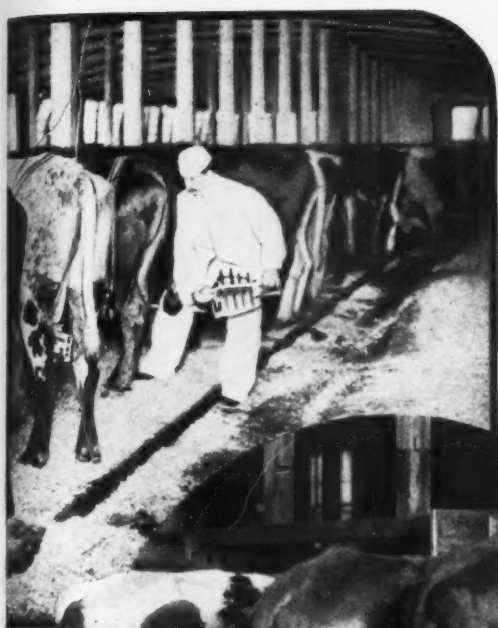
people do not understand is that all milk contains bacterial germs. Even before it leaves the udder of the cow, bacteria have found their

way to it; others are added in the process of milking. No health board anywhere pretends to rule that milk sold with its sanction shall be germ-free. That would be a condition impossible to fulfil. All that is done is to limit the permissible number. But the terms of the regulations are far from reassuring. The city of Boston places the limit at 500,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter (about fifteen drops). Montclair, New Jersey, after a crusade led by its celebrated surgeon, Dr. J. S. Brown, boasts of a milk supply averaging less than 100,000 germs to the cubic centimeter. In New York city, "certified" milk must contain no more than 30,000 germs to the cubic centimeter, but Dr. Park's investigation showed that milk sold in the shops averaged 300,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter in the coldest weather, about 1,000,000 in cool weather, and 5,000,000 in hot weather. Drs. Heinemann and Jordan tested market milk in Chicago, the microbe population of which ranged to 74,000,000 per cubic centimeter—about *five million in every drop!* Such is the beverage with which we feed our babies.

These astounding figures call for explanation.

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The place to begin in the fight for the baby's life—at the source of his food. The hand-milking method is safe only when the utmost care is exercised. The milking-machines, one style of which is shown above, allow for no contamination from insanitary surroundings. Even so, eternal vigilance after the milk-bottle reaches you is necessary if you would raise your baby

tion. The explanation is simple: milk at ordinary temperature is supremely good food for bacteria. They fairly revel in it, multiplying inordinately. So the presence of vast numbers of bacteria in any given sample of milk does not necessarily impugn the dairy from which the milk came. It only proves that the milk has been kept for a considerable time, and kept in a warm place.

It would appear, then, that if the baby is to be given a reasonably fair deal, it must at the very least be supplied with perfectly

fresh milk (which is obviously impossible for the city-dweller) or else milk that has been kept at all times at approximately the temperature of ice. A further element of safety is added if the milk, in addition to being pure and fresh, has been pasteurized. This process consists merely in heating the milk to a temperature of 60 degrees centigrade (140 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes, and then rapidly cooling it. This does not free the milk absolutely from bacteria, but it does kill the germs of typhoid fever, dysentery, diphtheria, and tuberculosis, if any of these chance to be present.

When the average mother learns to give her baby as good a chance as the waifs receive in the foundling hospitals, the slaughter of the innocents in the world at large will be proportionately reduced. But we can hardly expect this until the time comes when the average man and woman take as much interest in the battle of the microbes—which vitally concerns their own lives and the lives of their children—as they now take in the bickerings of political parties, the records of scandals and murders, and the warring of Servians, Turks, and Bulgars.



Some market milk has 5,000,000 bacteria in a single drop—and a baby dies at every other tick of the clock



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"That Girl in Blue"

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(*"The Business of Life"*)

The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man, who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured, he, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Nevers, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, is in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, he leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting-trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

Jacqueline arrives late for her first day in the armory, and her few hours there are spent in getting acquainted with her task. Desboro lends assistance, and the work advances, what time Desboro is not skirmishing for an opening to put their relations above the purely business plane. She skilfully outmaneuvers him, until, feeling that his attitude toward her depends upon herself, she opens the door to friendship. Some days later Cynthia Lessler calls upon her in her rooms—Cynthia, who has had experience of men of Desboro's type. "Don't become sentimental over that young man," she warns, "because I don't think he's very much good." "He is, but I won't," declares Jacqueline. But Cynthia leaves feeling that the fires of disaster—or great happiness—have been kindled.

ON Monday, Desboro waited all the morning for Jacqueline, meeting every train. At noon, she had not arrived. Finally he called up her office and was informed that Miss Nevers had been detained in town on business, and that their Mr. Kirk had telephoned him that morning to that effect. He asked to speak to Miss Nevers personally; she had gone out, it appeared, and might not return until the middle of the afternoon.

So Desboro went home in his car and summoned Farris, the aged butler, who was pottering about in the greenhouses, which he much preferred to attending to his own business.

"Did anybody telephone this morning?" asked the master.

Farris had forgotten to mention it—was very sorry—and stood like an aged hound, head partly lowered and averted, already blinking under the expected reprimand. But all Desboro said was,

"Don't do it again, Farris; there are some things I won't overlook."

He sat for a while in the library, where a sheaf of her notes lay on the table beside a pile of books—Grenville, Vanderdyne, Herrera's splendid folios—just as she had

left them on Saturday afternoon for the long, happy sleigh-ride that ended just in time for him to swing her aboard her train.

He had plenty to do besides sitting there with keen, gray eyes fixed on the pile of manuscript she had left unfinished; he always had plenty to do, and seldom did it.

His first impulse had been to go to town. Her absence was making the place irksome. He went to the long windows and stood there, hands in his pockets, smoking and looking out over the familiar landscape—a rolling country, white with snow, naked branches glittering with ice under the gilded blue of a cloudless sky, and to the north and west, low, wooded mountains—really nothing more than hills, but impressively steep and blue in the distance.

A woodpecker, one of the few feathered winter residents, flickered through the trees, flashed past, and clung to an oak, sticking motionless to the bark for a minute or two, bright eyes inspecting Desboro, before beginning a rapid, jerky exploration for sustenance.

The master of Silverwood watched him, then, hands driven deeper into his pockets, strolled away, glancing aimlessly at familiar objects—the stiff and rather picturesque portraits of his grandparents in the dress

of 1820; the atrocious portraits of his parents in the awful costume of 1870; his own portrait, life size, mounted on a pony.

He stood looking at the funny little boy, with the half-contemptuous, half-curious interest which a man in the pride of his strength and youth sometimes feels for the absurdly clothed innocence of what he was. And, as usual when noticing the picture, he made a slight involuntary effort to comprehend that he had once been like that; and could not.

At the end of the library, better portraits hung—his great-grandmother, by Gilbert Stuart, still fresh colored and clear under the dim yellow varnish which veiled but could not wither the delicate complexion and ardent mouth, and the pink rosebud set where the folds of her white kerchief crossed on her breast.

And there was her husband, too, by an unknown or forgotten painter—the sturdy member of the Provincial Assembly, and major in Colonel Thomas's Westchester Regiment—a fine old fellow in his cue-ribbon and powdered hair standing in the conventional fortress embrasure, framed by it, and looking straight out of the picture with eyes so much like Desboro's that it amused people. His easy attitude, too, the idle grace of the posture, irresistibly recalled Desboro, and at the moment more than ever. But he had been a man of vigor and of wit and of action; and he was lying out there in the snow, under an old brown headstone embellished with cherubim; and the last of his name lounged here, in sight, from the windows, of the spot where the first house of Desboro in America had stood, and had collapsed amid the flames started by Tarleton's blood-maddened troops.

To and fro sauntered Desboro, passing, unnoticed, old-time framed engravings of the Desboros in Charles the Second's time, elegant, idle, handsome men in periwigs and half-armor; and all looking out at the world through embrasures with a hint of the race's bodily grace in their half-insolent attitudes.

But office and preferment, peace and war, intrigue and plot, vigor and idleness, had narrowed down through the generations into a last inheritance for this young man; and the very last of all the Desboros now idled aimlessly among the phantoms of a race that perhaps had better be extinguished.

He could not make up his mind to go to

town or to remain in the vague hope that she might come in the afternoon.

He had plenty to do—if he could make up his mind to begin—accounts to go over, household expenses, farm expenses, stable reports, agents' memoranda concerning tenants and leases, endless lists of necessary repairs. And there was business concerning the estate, neglected taxes, loans, improvements to attend to—the thousand and one details which irritated him to consider; but which, although he maintained an agent in town, must ultimately come to himself for the final verdict.

What he wanted was to be rid of it all—sell everything, pension his father's servants, and be rid of the entire complex business, which, he pretended to himself, was slowly ruining him. But he knew in his heart where the trouble lay, and that the carelessness, the extravagance, the disinclination for self-denial, the impatient and good-humored aversion to economy, the profound distaste for financial detail, was steadily wrecking one of the best and one of the last of the old-time Westchester estates.

In his heart he knew, too, that all he wanted was to concentrate sufficient capital to give him the income he thought he needed.

No man ever had the income he thought he needed. And why Desboro required it, he himself didn't know exactly; but he wanted sufficient to keep him comfortable—enough so that he could feel he might do anything he chose, when, how, and where he chose, without fear or care for the future. And no man ever lived to enjoy such a state of mind, or to do these things with impunity.

But Desboro's mind was bent on it; he seated himself at the library table and began to figure it out. Land in Westchester brought high prices—not exactly in that section, but near enough to make his acreage valuable. Then, the house, stable, garage, greenhouses, the three farms, barns, cattle-houses, water supply, the timber, power sites, meadow, pasture—all these ought to make a pretty figure. And he jotted it down for the hundredth time in the last two years.

Then there was the Desboro collection. that ought to bring—He hesitated, his pencil finally fell on the table, rolled to the edge, and dropped; and he sat thinking of Jacqueline Nevers, and of the week that had ended as the lights of her train faded far away into the winter night.

He sat so still and so long that old Farris came twice to announce luncheon. After a silent meal in company with the dogs and cats of low degree, he lighted a cigarette and went back into the library to resume his meditations. Whatever they were, they ceased abruptly whenever the distant telephone rang, and he waited almost breathlessly for somebody to come and say that he was wanted on the wire. But the messages must have been to the cook or butler, from butcher, baker, and gentlemen of similar professions, for nobody disturbed him, and he was left free to sink back into the leather corner of the lounge and continue his meditations. Once the furtive apparition of Mrs. Quant disturbed him, hovering ominously at the library door, bearing tumbler and spoon.

"I won't take it," he said decisively.

There was a silence, then, "Isn't the young lady coming, Mr. James?"

"I don't know. No, probably not today."

"Is—is the child sick?" she stammered.

"No, of course not. I expect she'll be here in the morning."

She was not there in the morning. Mr. Mirk, the little old salesman in the silk skull-cap, telephoned to Farris that Miss Nevers was again detained in town on business at Mr. Clydesdale's, and that she might employ a Mr. Sissy to continue her work at Silverwood, if Mr. Desboro did not object. Mr. Desboro was to call her up at three o'clock if he desired further information.

Desboro went into the library and sat down. For a while his idle reflections, uncontrolled, wandered around the main issue, errant satellites circling a central thought which was slowly emerging from chaos and taking definite weight and shape. And the thought was of Jacqueline Nevers.

Why was he waiting here until noon to talk to this girl? Why was he here at all? Why had he not gone South with the others? A passing fancy might be enough to arouse his curiosity; but why did not the fancy pass? What did he want to say to her? What did he want of her? Why was he spending time thinking about her—disarranging his routine and habits to be here when she came? *What* did he want of her? She was agreeable to talk to, interesting to watch, pretty, attractive. Did he want her

friendship? To what end? He'd never see her anywhere unless he sought her out; he would never meet her in any circle to which he had been accustomed, respectable or otherwise. Besides, for conversation he preferred men to women.

What did he want to do with her or her friendship—or her blue eyes and bright hair—or the slim, girlish grace of her? What was there to do? How many more weeks did he intend to idle about at her heels, follow her, look at her, converse with her, make a habit of her until, now, he found that to break the habit of only a week's indulgence was annoying him!

And suppose the habit were to grow—into what would it grow? And how unpleasant would it be to break when, in the natural course of events, circumstances made the habit inconvenient?

And, always, the main, central thought was growing, persisting. *What* did he want of her? He was not in love with her any more than he was always lightly in love with feminine beauty. Besides, if he were, what would it mean? Another affair, with all its initial charm and gaiety, its moments of frivolity, its moments of seriousness, its sudden crisis, its combats, perplexities, irresolution, the faint thrill of its deeper significance startling both to clearer vision; and then the end, whatever it might be, light or solemn, irresponsible or care-ridden, gay or somber, for one or the other.

What did he want? Did he wish to disturb her tranquillity? Was he trying to awaken her to some response? And what did he offer her to respond to?—the flattery of his meaningless attentions, or the honor of falling in love with a Desboro, whose left hand only would be offered to support both slim white hands of hers?

He ought to have gone South, and he knew it, now. Last week he had told himself—and her occasionally—that he was going South in a week. And here he was, his head on his hands and his elbows on the table, looking vacantly at the pile of manuscript she had left there, and thinking of the things that should not happen to them both.

And who the devil was this fellow Sissy? Why had she suddenly changed her mind and suggested a creature named Sissy? Why didn't she finish the cataloguing herself? She had been enthusiastic about it. Besides, she had enjoyed the skating and



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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sleighting, and the luncheons and teas, and the cats and dogs—and even Mrs. Quant. She had said so, too. And now she was too busy to come any more.

Had he done anything? Had he been remiss, or had he ventured too many attentions? He couldn't recall having done anything except to show her plainly enough that he enjoyed being with her. Nor had she concealed her bright pleasure in his companionship. And they had become such good comrades, understanding each other's moods so instinctively now—and they had really found such unfeigned amusement in each other that it seemed a pity—a pity—

"Confound it," he said, "if she cares no more about it all than that, she can send Sissy, and I'll go South!"

But the impatience of hurt vanity died away; the desire to see her grew; the habit of a single week was already unpleasant to break. And it would be unpleasant to try to forget her, even among his own friends, even in the South, or in drawing-rooms, or at the opera, or at dances, or in any of his haunts and in any sort of company.

He might forget her if he had only known her better, discovered more of her real self, unveiled a little of her deeper nature. There was so much unexplored—so much that interested him, mainly, perhaps, because he had not discovered it. For theirs had been the lightest and gayest of friendships, with nothing visible to threaten a deeper *entente*; merely, on her part, a happy enjoyment and a laughing parrying in the eternal combat that never entirely ends, even when it means nothing. And on his side it had been the effortless attentions of a man aware of her young unspoiled charm—conscious of an unusual situation which always fascinates all men.

He had had no intention, no idea, no policy except to drift as far as the tides of destiny carried him in her company. The situation was agreeable; if it became less so, he could take the oars and go where he liked.

But the tides had carried him to the edge of waters less clear; he was vaguely aware of it now; aware, too, that troubled seas lay somewhere behind the veil.

The library clock struck three times. He got up and went to the telephone booth. Miss Nevers was there; would speak to him if he could wait a moment. He waited. Finally a far voice called, greeting him pleas-

antly, and explaining that matters which antedated her business at Silverwood had demanded her personal attention in town. To his request for particulars, she said that she had work to do among the jades and Chinese porcelains belonging to a Mr. Clydesdale.

"I know him," said Desboro curtly. "When do you finish?"

"I have finished for the present. Later there is further work to be done at Mr. Clydesdale's. I had to make certain arrangements before I went to you—being already under contract to Mr. Clydesdale, and at his service when he wanted me."

There was a silence. Then he asked her when she was coming to Silverwood.

"Did you not receive my message?" she asked.

"About—what's his name? Sissy? Yes, I did, but I don't want him. I want you or nobody!"

"You are unreasonable, Mr. Desboro. Lionel Sissy is a very celebrated connoisseur."

"Do you want to come?"

"I have so many matters here—"

"Don't you *want* to?" he persisted.

"Why, of course, I'd like to. It is most interesting work. But Mr. Sissy—"

"Oh, hang Mr. Sissy! Do you suppose he interests me? You said that this work might take you weeks. You said you loved it. You apparently expected to be busy with it until it was finished. Now, you propose to send a man called Sissy! Why?"

"Don't you know that I have other things—"

"What have I done, Miss Nevers?"

"I don't understand you."

"What have I done to drive you away?"

"How absurd! Nothing! And you've been so kind to me."

"You've been kind to me. Why are you no longer?"

"I—it's a question—of business—matters which demand—"

"Will you come once more?"

No reply.

"Will you?" he repeated.

"Is there any reason—"

"Yes."

Another pause, then, "Yes, I'll come—if there's a reason."

"When?"

"To-morrow?"

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll meet you as usual."

"Thank you."

He said, "How is your skating-jacket coming along?"

"I have stopped work on it."

"Why?"

"I do not expect to—have time—for skating."

"Didn't you ever expect to come up here again?" he asked with a slight shiver.

"I thought that Mr. Sissy could do what was necessary."

"Didn't it occur to you that you were ending a friendship rather abruptly?"

She was silent.

"Don't you think it was a trifle brusque, Miss Nevers?"

"Does the acquaintanceship of a week count so much with you, Mr. Desboro?"

"You know it does."

"No. I did not know it. If I had supposed so, I would have written you a polite letter regretting that I could no longer personally attend to the business in hand."

"Doesn't it count at all with you?" he asked.

"What?"

"Our friendship."

"Our acquaintanceship of a single week? Why, yes. I remember it with pleasure—your kindness, and Mrs. Quant's."

"How on earth can you talk to me that way?"

"I don't understand you."

"Then I'll say, bluntly, that it meant a lot to me, and that the place is intolerable when you're not here. That is specific, isn't it?"

"Very. You mean that, being accustomed to having somebody to amuse you, your own resources are insufficient."

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly. That is why you are kind enough to miss my coming and going—because I amuse you."

"Do you think that way about me?"

"I do when I think of you. You know sometimes I'm thinking of other things, too, Mr. Desboro."

He bit his lip, waited for a moment, then: "If you feel that way, you'll scarcely care to come up to-morrow. Whatever arrangement you make about cataloguing the collection will be all right. If I am not here, communications addressed to the Olympian Club will be forwarded—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Yes?"

"Forgive me—won't you?"

There was a moment's interval, fraught heavily with the possibilities of Chance, then the silent currents of Fate flowed on toward her appointed destiny and his—whatever it was to be, wherever it lay, behind the unstirring, inviolable veil.

"Have you forgiven me?"

"And you me?" he asked.

"I have nothing to forgive; truly, I haven't. Why did you think I had? Because I have been talking flippantly? You have been so uniformly considerate and kind to me—you *must* know that it was nothing you said or did that made me think—wonder—whether—perhaps—"

"What?" he insisted. But she declined further explanation in a voice so different, so much gayer and happier than it had sounded before, that he was content to let matters rest—perhaps dimly surmising something approaching the truth. She, too, noticed the difference in his voice as he said,

"Then may I have the car there as usual to-morrow morning?"

"Please."

He drew an unconscious sigh of relief. She said something more that he could scarcely hear, so low and distant sounded her voice, and he asked her to repeat it.

"I only said that I would be happy to go back," came the far voice.

Quick, unconsidered words trembled on his lips for utterance; perhaps fear of undoing what had been done restrained him. "Not as happy as I will be to see you," he said, with an effort.

"Thank you. Good-by, Mr. Desboro."

"Good-by."

The sudden accession of high spirits filled him with delightful impatience. He ranged the house restlessly, traversing the hallway and silent rooms. A happy inclination for miscellaneous conversation impelled him to long-deferred interviews with people on the place. He talked business to Mrs. Quant, to Michael, the armorer; he put on snow-shoes and went cross-lots to talk to his deaf head-farmer, Vail. Then he came back and set himself resolutely to his accounts; and after dinner he wrote letters, a yellow pup dozing on his lap, a cat purring on his desk, and occasionally

patting with tentative paw the letter-paper when it rustled.

A mania for cleaning up matters which had accumulated took possession of him—and it all seemed to concern, in some occult fashion, the coming of Jacqueline on the morrow—as though he wished to begin again with a clean slate and a conscience undisturbed. But what he was to begin he did not specify to himself.

Bills—heavy ones—he paid lightly, drawing check after check to cover necessities or extravagances, going from top to bottom straight through the long list of liabilities incurred.

Later, the total troubled him, and he made himself do a thing to which he was averse—balance his check-book. The result dismayed him, and he sat for a while eying the sheets of carelessly scratched figures, and stroking the yellow pup on his kness.

"What do I want of all these clubs and things?" he said impatiently. "I never use 'em."

On the spur of impulse, he began to write resignations wholesale, ridding himself of all kinds of incumbrances—shooting clubs in Virginia and Georgia and North Carolina, to which he had paid dues and assessments for years, and to which he had never been; fishing clubs in Maine and Canada and Nova Scotia and California; New York clubs, including the Cataract, the Old Fort, the Palisades, the Cap and Bells, keeping only the three clubs to which men of his sort are supposed to belong—the Patrons, the Olympians, and his college club. But everything else went—yacht clubs, riding clubs, golf clubs, country clubs of every sort—everything except his membership in those civic, educational, artistic, and charitable associations to which such New York families as his owed a moral and perpetual tribute.

It was nearly midnight when the last envelope was sealed and stamped, and he leaned back with a long, deep breath of relief. To-morrow he would apply the ax again and lop off such extravagances as saddle-horses in town, and the two cars he kept there. They should go to the auction-rooms; he'd sell his Long Island bungalow, too, and the schooner and the power-boats, and his hunters down at Cedar Valley; and with them would go groom and chauffeur, captain and mechanic, and the thousand maddening expenses that were adding daily

to a total debt that had begun secretly to appal him.

In his desk he knew there was an accumulated mass of unpaid bills. He remembered them now and decided he didn't want to think about them. Besides, he'd clear them away pretty soon—settle accounts with tailor, bootmaker, haberdasher—with furrier, modiste, and jeweler—and a dull red settled under his cheek-bones as he remembered these latter bills, which he would scarcely care to exhibit to the world at large.

"Ass that I've been," he muttered, absently stroking the yellow pup. Which reflection started another train of thought, and he went to a desk, unlocked it, pulled out the large drawer, and carried it with its contents to the fireplace.

The ashes were still alive, and the first packet of letters presently caught fire. On them he laid a silken slipper of Mrs. Clydesdale's and watched it shrivel and burn. Next, he tossed handfuls of unassorted trifles, letters, fans, one or two other slippers, gloves of different sizes, dried remnants of flowers, programs scribbled over; and when the rubbish burned hotly, he added photographs and more letters without even glancing at them, except where, amid the flames, he caught a momentary glimpse of some familiar signature, or saw some pretty, laughing phantom of the past glow, whiten to ashes, and evaporate.

Fire is a great purifier; he felt as though the flames had washed his hands. Much edified by the moral toilet, and not concerned that all such ablutions are entirely superficial, he watched with satisfaction the last bit of ribbon shrivel, the last envelope flash into flame. Then he replaced the desk drawer, leaving the key in it—because there was now no reason why all the world and its relatives should not rummage if they liked.

He remembered some letters and photographs and odds and ends scattered about his rooms in town, and made a mental note to clear them out of his life, too.

Mentally detached, he stood aloof in spirit and viewed with interest the spectacle of his own regeneration, and calmly admired it.

"I'll cut out all kinds of things," he said to himself. "A devout girl in Lent will have nothing on me. Nix for the bowl! Nix for the fat pat hand! Throw up the sponge!

Drop the asbestos curtain!" He made pretense to open an imaginary door. "Ladies, pass out quietly, please; the show is over."

The cat woke up and regarded him gravely; he said to her:

"You don't even need a pocketbook, do you? And you are quite right; having things is a nuisance. The less one owns the happier one is. Do you think I'll have sense enough to remember this to-morrow, and not be ass enough to acquire more—a responsibility, for example? Do you think I can be trusted to mind my business when *she* comes to-morrow? And not say something that I'll surely be sorry for some day—or something she'll be sorry for? Because she's so pretty, pussy—so disturbingly pretty—and so sweet. And I ought to know by this time that intelligence and beauty are a deadly combination I had better let alone until I find them in the other sort of girl. That's the trouble, pussy." He lifted the sleepy cat and held it at arm's length, where it dangled, purring all the while. "That's the trouble, kitty. I haven't the slightest intentions; and as for friends, men prefer men. And that's the truth, between you and me. It's rather rotten, isn't it, pussy? But I'll be careful, and if I see that she is capable of caring for me, I'll go South before it hurts either of us. That will be the square thing to do, I suppose—and neither of us the worse for another week together."

He placed the cat on the floor, where it marched to and fro with tail erect, inviting further attentions. But Desboro walked about, turning out the electric lights, and presently took himself off to bed, fixed in a resolution that the coming week should be his last with this unusual girl. For, after all, he concluded, she had not moved his facile imagination very much more than had other girls of various sorts, whose souvenirs now lay in cinders on his hearth, and long since had turned to ashes in his heart.

What was the use? Such affairs ended one way or another—but they always ended: all he wanted to find out, all he was curious about, was whether such an unusual girl could be moved to response—he merely wanted to know, and then he would let her alone, and no harm done—nothing to disturb the faint fragrance of a pretty souvenir that he and she might carry for a while—

a week or two—perhaps a month—before they both forgot.

And, conscious of his good intentions, feeling tranquil, complacent, and slightly noble, he composed himself to slumber, thinking how much happier this world would be if men invariably behaved with the self-control that occasionally characterized himself.

In the city, Jacqueline lay awake on her pillow, unable to find a refuge in sleep from the doubts, questions, misgivings, assailing her. Wearied, impatient, vexed, by turns, that her impulse and decision should keep her sleepless—that the thought of going back to Silverwood should so excite her, she turned restlessly in her bed, unwilling to understand, humiliated in heart, ashamed, vaguely afraid.

Why should she have responded to an appeal from such a man as Desboro? Her own calm judgment had been that they had seen enough of each other—for the present, anyway. Because she knew, in her secret soul, that she had not meant it to be final—that some obscure idea remained of seeing him again, somewhere.

Yet something in his voice over the wire—and something more disturbing still when he spoke so coolly about going South—had swayed her in her purpose to remain aloof for a while. But there was no reason, after all, for her to take it so absurdly. She would go once more, and then permit a long interval to elapse before she saw him again. If she actually had, as she began to believe, an inclination for his society, she would show herself that she could control that inclination perfectly.

Why should any man venture to summon her?—for it was a virtual summons over the wire—and there had been arrogance in it, too. His curt acquiescence in her decision, and his own arbitrary decision to go South had startled her out of her calmly prepared rôle of business woman. She was trying to recall exactly what she had said to him afterward to make his voice change once more, and her own respond so happily.

Why should seeing him be any unusual happiness to her—knowing who and what he had been and was—a man of the out-world with which she had not one thing in common—a man who could mean nothing to her—could not even remain a friend



DRAWN BY
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Now," said Jacqueline, "for my notes. And what are you going to do while Mr. Desboro, that I like to waste time with you. Flatter your vanity

because their two lives would never even run within sight of each other?

She would never know anybody he knew. They would never meet anywhere except at Silverwood. How could they, once the business between them was transacted?

She couldn't go to Silverwood except on business; he would never think of coming here to see her. Could she ask him—venture perhaps, to invite him to dinner with some of her friends? Which friends? Cynthia and—who else? The girls she knew would



"I'm busy?" "Watch you, if I may." A smile touched her eyes and lips—a little wistfully. "You know, with that confession. But I must work very hard if I'm ever going to have any leisure in my old age"

bore him; he'd have only contempt for the men.

Then what did all this perplexity mean that was keeping her awake? And why was she going back to Silverwood? Why! Why! Was it to see with her own eyes the admira-

tion for her in his? She had seen it more than once. Was it to learn more about this man and his liking for her—to venture a guess, perhaps, as to how far that liking might carry him with a little encouragement—which she would not offer, of course?

She began to wonder how much he really did like her—how greatly he might care if she never were to see him again. Her mind answered her, but her heart appealed wistfully from the clear decision.

Lying there, blue eyes open in the darkness, head cradled on her crossed arms, she ventured to recall his features, summoning them shyly out of space; and she smiled, feeling the tension subtly relaxing. Then she drifted for a while, watching his expression, a little dreading lest even his phantom should laugh at her out of those eyes too wise.

Visions came to her awake to reassure her: he and she in a sleigh together under the winter stars—he and she in the sunlight, their skates flashing over the frozen meadows—he and she in the armory, heads together over some wonder of ancient craftsmanship—he and she at luncheon, in the library—always he and she together in happy companionship. Her eyelids fluttered and drooped; and sleep came, and dreams—wonderful, exquisite, past belief—and still of him and of herself together, always together in a magic world that could not be except for such as they.

VI

WHEN the somber morning broke at last, Jacqueline awoke, sprang from her bed, and fluttered away about her dressing as blithely as an April linnet in a hurry.

She had just time to breakfast hurriedly and catch her train, with the help of heaven and a taxicab, and she managed to do it about the same moment that Desboro glanced out his dressing-room window and saw the tall trees standing like specters in the winter fog and the gravel of the drive shining wet and muddy through melting snow. But he turned to the mirror again, whistling a gay air, and twisted his necktie into a smarter knot. Then he went out to the greenhouses and snipped off enough carnations to make a great sheaf of clove-scented blossoms for Jacqueline's room; and after that he proceeded through the other sections of the fragrant glass galleries, cutting, right and left, whatever he considered beautiful enough to do her fresh, young beauty honor.

At the station, he saw her standing on the platform of the drawing-room car as the train thundered in, veil and raincoat blow-

ing, just as he had seen her there the first time she arrived at Silverwood station.

The car-steps were sheathed in ice; she had already ventured down a little way when he reached her and offered aid; and she permitted him to swing her to the cinder-strewn ground.

"Are you really here!" he exclaimed, oblivious of interested glances from trainmen and passengers.

They exchanged an impulsive hand-clasp. Both were unusually animated.

"Are you well?" she asked, as though she had been away for months.

"Yes. Are you? It's perfectly fine of you to come"—still retaining her slim, gloved hand. "I wonder if you know how glad I am to see you! I wonder if you really do!"

She started to say something, hesitated, blushed, then their hands parted, and she answered lightly: "What a very cordial welcome for a business girl on a horrid day! You mustn't spoil me, Mr. Desboro."

"I was afraid you might not come," he said; and indiscreet impulse prompted her to answer, as she had first answered him there on the platform some days ago,

"Do you suppose that mere weather could keep me away from the famous Desboro collection?"

"Do I count for absolutely nothing?" he said.

"Do you flatter yourself that I returned to see you?"

"Let me believe it for just one second."

"I don't doubt that you will secretly and triumphantly believe it all the time."

"If I dared—"

"Is that sort of courage lacking in you, Mr. Desboro? I have heard otherwise. And how long are we going to remain here on this foggy platform?"

Here was an entirely new footing; but in the delightful glow of youthful indiscretion she still maintained her balance lightly, mockingly.

"Please tell me," she said, as they entered the car and he drew the big fur robe around her, "just how easily you believe in your own overpowering attractions. Do women encourage you in such modest faith in yourself? Or are you merely created that way?"

"The house has been a howling wilderness without you," he said. "I admit my loneliness, anyway."

"I admit nothing. Besides, I wasn't."

"Is that true?"

She laughed tormentingly, eyes and cheeks brilliant, now undisguisedly on guard—her first acknowledgment that in this man she condescended to divine the hereditary adversary.

"I mean to punish," said her eyes.

"What an attack from a clear sky on a harmless young man," he said, at last.

"No, an attack from the fog on an insufferable egotist—an ambush, Mr. Desboro. And I thought a little sword-play might do your complacent wits a service. Has it?"

"But you begin by a dozen thrusts, then beat down my guard, and cuff me about with blade and pommel."

"I had to. Now, does your vanity believe that my return to Silverwood was influenced by your piteous appeal over the wire—and your bad temper, too?"

"No," he said solemnly.

"Well, then! I came here partly to put my notes in better shape for Mr. Sissly, partly to clear up odds and ends and leave him a clear field to plow—in your persistent company," she added, with such engaging malice that even the name of Sissly, which he hated, made him laugh.

"You won't do that," he said confidently.

"Do what, Mr. Desboro?"

"Turn me over to anything named Sissly."

"Indeed, I will—you and your celebrated collection! Of course you *could* go South, but, judging from your devotion to the study of ancient armor—"

"You don't mean it, do you?"

"What? About your devotion?"

"No, about Sissly."

"Yes, I do. Listen to me, Mr. Desboro. I made up my mind—that sleighing, and skating, and luncheon, and tea, and—you, are not good for a busy girl's business career. I'm going to be very practical and very frank with you. I don't belong here except on business, and you make it so pleasant and unbusinesslike for me that my conscience protests. You see, if the time I now take to lunch with you, take tea with you, skate, sleigh, talk, listen, in your very engaging company, was properly employed, I could attend to yards and yards of business in town. And I'm going to. I mean it, please," as he began to smile.

His smile died out. He said quietly, "Doesn't our friendship count for anything?"

She looked at him; shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, Mr. Desboro," she said pleasantly, "does it, *really*?" The blue eyes were clear and beautiful, and a little grave; only the upcurled corners of her mouth promised anything.

The car drew up at the house; she sprang out and ran up-stairs to her room. He heard her in animated confab with Mrs. Quant for a few minutes, then she came down in her black business gown, with narrow edges of lawn at collar and cuffs, and the bright lock already astray on her cheek. A white carnation was tucked into her waist; the severe black of her dress, as always, made her cheeks and lips and golden hair more brilliant by contrast.

"Now," she said, "for my notes. And what are you going to do while I'm busy?"

"Watch you, if I may. You've heard about the proverbial cat?"

"Care killed it, didn't it?"

"Yes; but it had a good look at the queen first."

A smile touched her eyes and lips—a little wistfully. "You know, Mr. Desboro, that I like to waste time with you. Flatter your vanity with that confession. And even if things were different—but they couldn't ever be—and I must work very hard if I'm ever going to have any leisure in my old age. But come to the library for this last day, and smoke as usual. And you may talk to amuse me, if you wish. Don't mind if I'm too busy to answer your folly in kind."

They went together to the library; she placed the mass of notes in front of her and began to sort them—turned for a second and looked around at him adorable with malice, then bent again to the task before her.

"Miss Nevers!"

"Yes?"

"You will come to Silverwood again, won't you?"

She wrote busily with a pencil.

"Won't you?"

She made some marginal notes, and he looked at the charming profile in troubled silence. About ten minutes later she turned leisurely, tucking up the errant strand of hair with her pencil.

"Did you say anything recently, Mr. Desboro?"

"Out of the depths, yes. The voice in the wilderness, as usual, went unheeded. I wished to explain to you how we might

give up our skating and sleighing and everything except the bare necessities—and you could still come to Silverwood on business."

"What are the 'bare necessities'?"

"Your being here is one."

"Answer me seriously, please."

"Food, then. We must eat."

She conceded that much.

"We've got to motor to and from the station!"

She admitted that, too.

"Those," he pointed out, "are the bare necessities. We can give up everything else."

She sat looking at him, playing absently with her pencil. After a while, she turned to her desk again, and, bending over it, began to make meaningless marks with her pencil on the yellow pad.

"What is the object," she said, "of trying to make me forget that I wouldn't be here at all except on business?"

"Do you think of that every minute?"

"I—must."

"It isn't necessary."

"It is imperative, Mr. Desboro—and you know it."

She wrote steadily for a while, strapped a bundle of notes with an elastic band, laid it aside, and turned around, resting her arm on the back of the chair. Blue eyes level with his, she inspected him curiously. And, if the tension of excitement still remained, all her high spirits and the indiscreet impulses of a gay self-confidence had vanished. But curiosity remained—the eternal, insatiable curiosity of the young.

How much did this man really mean of what he said to her? What did his liking for her signify other than the natural instinct of an idle young man for any pretty girl? What was he going to do about it? For she seemed to be conscious that, sooner or later, somewhere, sometime, he would do something further about it.

Did he mean to make love to her sometime? Was he doing it now? It resembled the preliminaries; she recognized them—had been aware of them almost from the very first.

Men had made love to her before—men in her own world, men in his world. She had learned something since her father died—not a great deal; perhaps more from hearsay than from experience. But some unpleasant knowledge had been acquired at first hand; two clients of her father's had contributed, and a student named Harroun,

a poet named Munger, and an amateur of soft-paste statuettes, the Reverend Willy Minty.

Innocently and wholesomely equipped to encounter evil, cool and clear eyed, mistress of herself so far, she had felt, with happy contempt, that her fate was her own to control, and had wondered what the word "temptation" could mean to any woman.

What Cynthia had admitted made her a little wiser, but still incredulous. Cold, hunger, debts, loneliness—these were not enough, as Cynthia herself had said. Nor, after all, was Cynthia's liking for Cairns. Which proved conclusively that woman is the arbiter of her own destiny.

Desboro, one knee crossed over the other, sat looking into the fire, which burned in the same fireplace where he had recently immolated the frivolous souvenirs of the past. Perhaps some gay ghost of that scented sacrifice took shape for a moment in the curling smoke, for he suddenly frowned and passed his hand over his eyes in boyish impatience.

Something—the turn of his head and shoulders—the shape of them—she did not know what—seemed to set her heart beating loudly, ridiculously, without any apparent reason on earth. Too much surprised to be disturbed, she laid her slim hand on her breast, then against her throat, till her pulses grew calmer.

Resting her chin on her arm, she gazed over her shoulder into the fire. He had laid another log across the flames; she watched the bark catch fire, dully conscious, now, that her ideas were becoming as irresponsible and as reasonless as the sudden stirring of her heart had been. For she was thinking how odd it would be if, like Cynthia, she, too, ever came to care about a man of Desboro's sort. She'd see to it that she didn't; that was all. There were other men. Better still, there were to be no men; for her mind fastidiously refused to consider the only sort with whom she felt secure—her intellectual inferiors whose moral worthiness bored her to extinction.

Musing there, half turned on her chair, she saw Desboro rise, still looking silently into the fire, and stand so, his well-made, graceful figure, in silhouette, edged with the crimson glow.

"What do you see in it, Mr. Desboro?"

He turned instantly and came over to her. "A bath of flames would be very

popular," he said, "if burning didn't hurt. I was just thinking about it—how to invent—"

She quoted, "'But I was thinking of a plan to dye one's whiskers green.'"

He said, "I suppose you think me as futile as that old man 'a-settin' on a gate.'"

"Your pursuits seem to be about as useful as his."

"Why should I pursue things? I don't want 'em."

"You are hopeless. There is pleasure even in pursuit of anything, no matter whether you ever attain it or not. I will never attain wisdom, but it's a pleasure to pursue it."

"It's a pleasure even to pursue pleasure—and it's the only pleasure in pleasure," he said, so gravely that for a moment she thought with horror that he was trying to be precious. Then the latent glimmer in his eyes set them laughing.

"Once," she said, "I knew a poet who emitted such precious thoughts. He was the funniest thing; he had the round, pale, ancient eyes of an African parrot, a pasty countenance, and a derby hat resting on top of a great bunch of colorless curly hair. And that's the way he talked, Mr. Desboro!"

"Did you adore him?"

"At first. He was a celebrity. He did write some pretty things."

"What woke you up?"

She blushed.

"I thought so," observed Desboro.

"Thought what?"

"That he came out of his trance and made love to you."

"How did you know? Wasn't it dreadful! And he'd always told me that he had never experienced an emotion except when adoring the moon. He was a very dreadful young man—perfectly horrid in his ideas—and I sent him about his business very quickly; and I remember being a little frightened and watching him from the window as he walked off down the street in his soiled drab overcoat and the derby hat on his frizzly hair, and his trousers too high on his ankles."

Desboro was so immensely amused at the picture she drew that her pretty brows unbent and she smiled, too.

"What did he want of you?" he asked.

"I didn't fully understand at the time—"

She hesitated, then, with an angry blush: "He asked me to go to Italy with him. And

he said he couldn't marry me because he had already espoused the moon!"

Desboro's laughter rang through the old library; and Jacqueline was not quite certain whether she liked the way he took the matter or not.

"I know him," said Desboro. "I've seen him about town kissing women's hands, in company with a larger and fatter one. Isn't his name Munger?"

"Yes," she said.

"Certainly. And the fat one's name is Wandle. They were a hot team at some fashionable literary stunts—the Back Alley Club, you know."

"No, I don't know."

"Oh, it's just rot; a number of fashionable and wealthy young men and women pin on aprons, now and then, and paint and model lumps of wet clay in several severely bare studios over some unfragrant stables. They proudly call it the Back Alley Club."

"Why do you sneer at it?"

"Because it isn't the real thing. It's a strutting-ground for things like Munger and Wandle and all the rag-tag that is always sniffing and snuffling at the back doors of the fine arts."

"At least," she said, "they sniff."

He said, good-humoredly: "Yes, and I don't even do that. Is that what you mean?"

She considered him. "Haven't you any profession?"

"I'm a farmer."

"Why aren't you busy with it, then?"

"I have been, disastrously. There was a sickening deficit this autumn."

She said, with pretty scorn, "I'll wager I could make your farm pay."

He smiled lazily, and indulgently. After a moment he said, "So the spouse of the moon wanted you to go to Italy with him?"

She nodded absently. "A girl meets queer men in the world."

"Did you ever meet any others?"

She looked up listlessly. "Yes, several."

"As funny as the poet?"

"If you call him funny."

"I wonder who they were," he mused.

"Did you ever hear of the Reverend Willy Mintly?"

"No."

"He was one."

"That kind?"

"Oh, yes. He collects soft-paste figurines; he was a client of father's; but I found very

soon that I couldn't go near him. He has a wife and children, too, and he keeps sending his wife to call on me. You know, he's a good-looking young man, too, and I liked him; but I never dreamed—"

"Sure," he said, disgusted at his own sex—with the exception of himself.

"That seems to be the way of it," she said thoughtfully. "You can't be friends with men; they all annoy you sooner or later, in one way or another!"

"Annoy you? Do you mean make love to you?"

"Yes."

"I don't, do I?"

"No," she said calmly. "You don't annoy me."

"Would it seriously annoy you if I did make love to you some day?" he asked lightly.

Instinct was whispering hurriedly to her: "Here it is at last. Do something about it, and do it quick!" She waited until her heart beat more regularly, then:

"You couldn't annoy—make love to a girl you really don't care for. That is very simple, isn't it?" she said.

"Suppose I did care for you?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes, then lowered them to the blossom from which her fingers were detaching petal after petal. "If you did really care, you wouldn't tell me, Mr. Desboro."

"Why not?"

"Because it would not be fair to me." A flush of anger—or she thought it was, brightened her cheeks. "This is nonsense," she said abruptly. "And I'll tell you another thing; I can't come here again. You know I can't. We talk foolishness—don't you know it? And there's another reason, anyway."

"What reason?"

"The *real* reason," she said, clenching both little hands. "You know what it is, and so do I—and—and I'm tired of pretending that the truth isn't true."

"What is the truth?"

She had turned her back on him and was staring out the window into the mist.

"The truth is," she answered deliberately, "that you and I cannot be friends."

"Why?"

"Because we can't be! Because—men are always men. There isn't any way for men and women to be friends. Forgive me for saying it, but it is quite true. A business

woman in your employment can't forget that a real friendship with you is impossible. That is why, from the very beginning, I wanted it to be purely a matter of business between us. I didn't really wish to skate with you, or do anything of that kind with you. I'd rather not lunch with you; I—I had rather you drew the line—and let me draw it clearly, cleanly, and without mistake—as I draw it between myself and my employees. If you wish, I can continue to come here on that basis until my work is finished. Otherwise, I shall not come again."

Her back was still toward him.

"Very well," he said bluntly.

She heard him rise and walk toward the door; sat listening without turning her head, already regretting what she had said. And now she became conscious that her honesty with herself and with him had been a mistake, entailing humiliation for her—the humiliation of letting him understand that she couldn't afford to care for him, and that she did already. She had thought of him first, and of herself last—had conceded a hopeless situation in order that her decision might not hurt his vanity.

It had been a bad mistake. And now he might be thinking that she had tried to force him into an attitude toward herself which she could not expect, or—God knew what he might be thinking.

Dismayed and uncertain, she stood up nervously as he reentered the room and came toward her, holding out his hand.

"I'm going to town," he said pleasantly. "I won't bother you any more. Remain; come and go as you like without further fear of my annoying you. The servants are properly instructed. They will be at your orders. I'm sorry—I meant to be more agreeable. Good-by, Miss Nevers."

She laid her slim hand in his lifelessly, then withdrew it. Dumb, dreadfully confused, she looked up at him; then, as he turned coolly away, an inarticulate sound of protest escaped her lips. He halted and turned around.

"It isn't fair—what you are doing—Mr. Desboro."

"What else is there to do?"

"Why do you ask me? Why must the burden of decision always rest with me?"

"But my decision is that I had better go. I can't remain here without—annoying you."

"Why can't you remain here as my employer? Why can't we enjoy matter-of-fact business relations? I ask no more than that—I want no more. I am afraid you think I do expect more—that I expect friendship. It is impossible, unsuitable—and I don't even wish for it."

"I do," he said.

"How can we be friends, from a social standpoint? There is nothing to build on, no foundation—nothing for friendship to subsist on."

"Could you and I meet anywhere in the world and become *less* than friends?" he asked. "Tell me honestly. It is impossible, and you and I both know it." And, as she made to reply: "Friends—more than friends, possibly; never less. And you know it, and so do I," he said under his breath.

She turned sharply toward the window and looked out across the wintry hills. "If that is what you believe, Mr. Desboro, perhaps you had better go."

"Do you send me?"

"Always the decision seems to be with me. Why do you not decide for yourself?"

"I will; and for you, too, if you will let me relieve you of the burden."

"I can carry my own burdens."

Her back was still toward him. After a moment she rested her head against the curtained embrasure, as though tired.

He hesitated; there were good impulses in him, but he went over to her and, scarcely meaning to, put one arm lightly around her waist.

She laid her hands over her face, standing so, golden head lowered and her heart so violent that she could scarcely breathe.

"Jacqueline."

A scarcely perceptible movement of her head, in sign that she listened.

"Are we going to let anything frighten us?" He had not meant to say that, either. He was adrift, knew it, and meant to drop anchor in a moment. "Tell me honestly," he added, "don't you want us to be friends?"

She said, her hands still over her face: "I didn't know how much I wanted it. I don't see, even now, how it can be. Your own friends are different. But I'll try—if you wish it."

"I do wish it. Why do you think my friends are so different from you? Because some happen to be fashionable and wealthy and idle? Besides, a man has many different kinds of friends."

She thought to herself: "But he never forgets to distinguish between them. And here it is at last—almost. And I—I do care for him! And here I am—like Cynthia—asking myself to pardon him."

She looked up at him out of her hands, a little pale, then down at his arm, resting loosely around her waist. "Don't hold me so, please," she said, in a low voice.

"Of course not." But instead he merely took her slender hands between his own, which were not very steady, and looked her straight in the eyes. Such men can do it, somehow. Besides, he really meant to control himself and cast anchor in a moment or two.

"Will you trust me with your friendship," he said.

"I—seem to be doing it. I don't exactly understand what I am doing. Would you answer me one question?"

"If I can, Jacqueline."

"Then, friendship *is* possible between a man and a woman, isn't it?" she insisted wistfully.

"I don't know."

"What! Why don't you know? It's merely a matter of mutual interest and respect, isn't it?"

"I've heard so."

"Then isn't a friendship between us possible without anything threatening to spoil it? Isn't it to be just a matter of enjoying together what interests each? Isn't it? Because I don't mind waiving social conditions that can't be helped, and conventions that we simply can't observe."

"Yes, you wonderful girl," he said under his breath, meaning to anchor at once. But he drifted on.

"You know," she said, forcing a little laugh, "I *am* rather wonderful, to be so honest with a man like you. There's so much about you that I don't care for."

He laughed, enchanted, still retaining her hands between his own, the palms joined together, flat.

"You're so wonderful," he said, "that you make the most wonderful masterpiece in the Desboro collection look like a forgery."

She strove to speak lightly again: "Even the gilding on my hair is real. You didn't think so once, did you?"

"You're all real. You are the most real thing I've ever seen in the world!"

She tried to laugh. "You mustn't believe that I've never before been real when I've



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"You can't be friends with men," said Jacqueline thoughtfully; "they all annoy you sooner or later in one do I?" "No," she said calmly. "You don't annoy me." "Would it seriously annoy you to her: "Here it is at last. Do something about it, and do it quick!" annoy—make love to a girl you really don't care



way or another!" "Annoy you? Do you mean make love to you?" asked Desboro. "Yes." "I don't, if I did make love to you some day?" he asked lightly. Instinct was whispering hurriedly She waited until her heart beat more regularly, then: "You couldn't for. That is very simple, isn't it?" she said

been with you. And I may not be real again, for a long time. Make the most of this moment of expansive honesty, Mr. Desboro. I'll remember presently that you are a hereditary enemy."

"Have I ever acted that part?"

"Not toward me."

He reddened. "Toward whom?"

"Oh," she said, with sudden impatience, "do you suppose I have any illusions concerning the sort of man you are? But what do I care, as long as you are nice to me?" she laughed, more confidently. "Men!" she repeated. "I know something about them! And, knowing them, also, as hereditary foes, I nevertheless mean to make a friend of one of them. Do you think I'll succeed?"

He smiled, then bent lightly and kissed her joined hands.

"Luncheon is served," came the emotionless voice of Farris from the doorway. Their hands fell apart; Jacqueline blushed to her hair and gave Desboro a lovely, abashed look.

She need not have been disturbed. Farris had seen such things before.

That evening, Desboro went back to New York with her, took her to her own door in a taxicab.

"Are you quite sure you can't dine with me?" he asked again, as they lingered on her doorstep.

"I could—but—"

"But you won't!"

One of her hands lay lightly on the knob of the partly open door, and she stood so, resting and looking down the dark street toward the distant glare of electricity where Broadway crossed at right angles.

"We have been together all day, Mr. Desboro. I'd rather not dine with you—yet."

"Are you going to dine all alone up there?" glancing aloft at the lighted windows above the dark old shop.

"Yes. Besides, you and I have wasted so much time to-day that I shall go downstairs to the office and do a little work after dinner. You see, a girl always has to pay for her transgressions."

"I'm terribly sorry," he said contritely. "Don't work to-night!"

"Don't be sorry. I've really enjoyed to-day's laziness. Only it mustn't be like this to-morrow. And anyway, I knew I'd have to make it up to-night."

"I'm terribly sorry," he said again, almost tenderly.

"But you mustn't be, Mr. Desboro. It was worth it."

He looked up, surprised, flushing with emotion; and the quick color in her cheeks responded. They remained very still, and confused, and silent, as fire answered fire, suddenly aware how fast they had been drifting.

She turned, nervously, pushed open the door, and entered the vestibule; he held the door ajar for her while she fitted her key with unsteady fingers.

"So—thank you," she said, half turning around, "but I won't dine with you—to-night."

"Then, perhaps, to-morrow—"

"Don't come to town with me to-morrow, Mr. Desboro."

"I'm coming in anyway."

"Why?"

"There's an affair—a kind of a dance. There are always plenty of things to bring me in to town in the evenings."

"Is that why you came in to-night?" She knew she should not have said it.

He hesitated, then, with a laugh: "I came in to town because it gave me an hour longer with you. Are you going to send me away now?" And her folly was answered in kind.

She said, confused and trying to smile: "You say things that you don't mean. Evening, for us, must always mean 'good night.'"

"Why, Jacqueline?"

"Because. Also, it is my hour of freedom. You wouldn't take that away from me, would you?"

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"Sew, read, study, attend to the thousand wretched little details which concern my small household. And sometimes, when I have wasted the day, I make it up at night. Because, whether I have enjoyed it or not, this day *has* been wasted."

"But sometimes you dine out and go to the theater and to dances and things?"

"Yes," she said gravely. "But you know there is no meeting-ground there for us, don't you?"

"Couldn't you ask me to something?"

"Yes—I could. But you wouldn't care for the people. You know it. They are not like the people to whom you are accustomed. They would only bore you."

"So do many people I know."

"Not in the same way. Why do you ask me? You know it is better not," she added smilingly. "There is neither wealth nor fashion nor intellectual nor social distinction to be expected among my friends." She hesitated, and added quietly: "You understand that I am not criticizing them. I am merely explaining them to you. Otherwise I'd ask you to dinner with a few people—I can have only four at a time, my dining-room is so small."

"Ask me, Jacqueline!" he insisted.

She shook her head; but he continued to coax and argue until she had half promised. And now she stood facing him irresolutely, conscious of the steady drift that was forcing her into uncharted channels with this persuasive pilot who seemed to know no more of what lay ahead of them than did she. But there was to be no common distinction; she understood that. Sooner or later she must turn back toward the harbor they had left so irresponsibly together, her brief voyage over, her last adventure with this man ended for all time.

And now, as the burden of decision still seemed to rest upon her, she offered him her hand, saying good night; and he took it once more and held it between both of his. Instantly the impending constraint closed in upon them; his face became grave, hers serious, almost apprehensive.

"You have—have made me very happy," he said. "Do you know it, Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

A curious lassitude was invading her; she leaned sideways against the door-frame, as though tired, and stood so, one hand abandoned to him, gazing into the lamp-lit street.

"Good night, dear," he whispered.

"Good night."

She still gazed into the lamp-lit darkness beyond him, her hand limp in his; and he saw her blue eyes, heavy lidded and dreamy, and the strand of hair curling gold against her cheek.

When he kissed her, she dropped her head, covering her face with her forearm, not otherwise stirring—as though the magic pageant of her fate which had been slowly gathering had begun to move at last, passing vision-like through her mind with a muffled uproar—sweeping on, on, brilliant, disarrayed, timed by the deafening beating of her heart.

Dully she realized that it was here at last—all that she had dreaded—if dread be partly made of hope!

"Are you crying?" he said unsteadily.

She lifted her face from her arm, like a dazed child awaking.

"You darling," he whispered.

Eyes remote, she stood motionless, as though watching unseen things in the darkness beyond him.

"Must I go, Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

"You are very tired, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You won't sit up and work, will you?"

"No."

"Will you go straight to bed?"

She nodded slowly, yielding to him as he drew her into his arms.

"To-morrow, then?" he asked under his breath.

"Yes."

"And the next day, and the next, and next, and—always, Jacqueline?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

After a moment she slowly turned her head and looked at him. There was no answer, and no question in her gaze, only the still, expressionless clairvoyance of a soul that sees but does not heed.

There was no misunderstanding in her eyes, nothing wistful, nothing afraid or hurt—nothing of doubt. What had happened to others in the world was happening now to her. She understood it; that was all—as though the millions of her sisters who had passed that way had left to her the dread legacy of familiarity with the smooth, wide path they had trodden since time began on earth. And here it was, at last! Her own calmness surprised her.

He detained her for another moment in a swift embrace; inert, unresponsive, she stood looking down at the crushed gardenia in his buttonhole, dully conscious of being bruised. Then he let her go; her hand fell from his arm; she turned and faced the familiar stairs and mounted them.

Dinner waited for her; whether she ate or not, she could not afterward remember. About eleven o'clock, she rose wearily from the bed where she had been lying, and began to undress.

As for Desboro, he had gone straight to his rooms, very much excited and unbalanced by the emotions of the moment. He

was a man not easily moved to genuine expression. Having acquired certain sorts of worldly wisdom in a career more or less erratic, experience had left him unconvinced and even cynical—or he thought it had.

But now, for the moment, all that lay latent in him of that impetuous and heedless vigor which may become strength, if properly directed, was awakening. Every recurring memory of her had already begun to tamper with his self-control; for the emotions of the moments just ended had been confusingly real; and whatever they were arousing in him now clamored for some sort of expression.

The very thought of her, now, began to act on him like some freshening perfume, alternately stimulating and enervating. He made the effort again and again, and could not put her from his mind, could not forget the lowered head and the slender, yielding grace of her, and her fragrance, and her silence.

Dressing in his rooms, growing more restless every moment, he began to walk the floor like some tormented thing that seeks alleviation in purposeless activity. He said, half aloud, to himself: "I can't go on this way. This is foolish! I've got to find out where it's landing me. It will land her, too—somewhere. I'd better keep away from her, go off somewhere, get out, stop seeing her, stop remembering her! If she's what I think she is."

Scowling, he went to the window and jerked aside the curtain. Across the street, the Olympian Club sparkled with electricity.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "What a tempest in a teapot! What the devil's the matter with me? Can't I kiss a girl now and then and keep my senses?"

It seemed that he couldn't, in the present instance, for after he had bitten the amber stem of his pipe clean through, he threw it into the fireplace. It had taken him two years to color it.

"Idiot!" he said aloud. "What are you sorry about? You know well there are only two kinds of women, and it's up to them what sort they are—not up to any man who ever lived! What are you sorry for? For her?"

He stared across the street at the Olympian Club. He was expected there.

"If she only wasn't so—so expressionless and—silent about it. It's like killing something that lets you do it. That's a crazy thing to think of!"

Suddenly he found he had a fight on his hands. He had never had one like it; didn't know exactly what to do, except to repeat over and over:

"It isn't square—it isn't square. She knows it, too. She's frightened. She knows it isn't square. There's nothing ahead but hell to pay! She knows it. And she doesn't defend herself. There *are* only two kinds of women. It is up to them, too. But it's like killing something that lets you kill it. Good God! What a fool I am!"

Later he repeated it. Later still, found himself leaning over his desk, groping blindly about for a pen, and cursing breathlessly as though he had not a moment to lose.

DEAR LITTLE JACQUELINE:

I'm not going to see you again. Where the fool courage to write this comes from I don't know. But you will now learn that there is nothing to me after all—not even enough of positive and negative to make me worth forgiveness. And so I let it go at that. Good-by.

DESBORO.

In the same half-blind, half-dazed way, cursing something all the while, he managed to seal, stamp, and direct the letter, and get himself out of the house with it.

A club servant at the Olympian mailed it; he continued on his way to the dining-room, and stumbled into a chair between Cairns and Reggie Ledyard, who were feasting noisily and unwisely with Stuyvesant Van Alstyne; and the racket and confusion seemed to help him. He was conscious of laughing and talking and drinking a great deal—conscious, too, of the annoyance of other men at other tables. Finally, one of the governors came over and very pleasantly told him to shut up or go elsewhere.

They all went, with cheerfulness unimpaired by gubernatorial admonition. There was a large dinner dance for débutantes at the Barkley's. This function they deigned to decorate with their presence for a while, Cairns and Van Alstyne behaving well enough, considering the manners of the times; Desboro, a dull fire smoldering in his veins, wandering about, haunted by a ghost whose soft breath touched his cheek.

His manners were good when he chose; they were always faultless when he was drunk. Perfectly steady on his legs, very pale, and a trifle over-polite, the more drunk he was the more courtly he invariably became, measuredly graceful in speech, reticent. Only his pallor and the lines of

repression about his mouth betrayed the tension.

Later, one or two men familiar with the house wandered into the distant billiard-room and discovered him standing there looking blankly into space.

Ledyard, bad tempered when he had dined too well, announced that he had had enough of that *débutante* party:

"Look at 'em," he said to Desboro. "Horrible little fluffs just out of the incubator—with their silly brains and rotten manners, and their bunny-hugs and turkey-trots and dying chickens, and the champagne flaming in their baby cheeks! Why, their mothers are letting 'em dance like *filles de brasserie*! Men used to know where to go for that sort of thing."

Cairns, balancing gravely on heels and toes, waved one hand comprehensively. "Problem was," he said, "how to keep the young at home. Bunny-hug solves it. See? All the comforts of the Tenderloin at home. Tha's 'splaination."

"Come on to supper," said Ledyard. "Your blue girl will be there, Jim."

"By all means," said Desboro courteously. "My car is entirely at your disposal." But he made no movement.

"Come to supper," insisted Ledyard.

"Commer supper," echoed Cairns gravely. "Whazzer mazzer? Commer supper!"

"Nothing," said Desboro, "could give me greater pleasure." He rose, bowed courteously to Ledyard, included Cairns in a graceful salute, and reseated himself.

Ledyard lost his temper and began to shout at him.

"I beg your pardon for my inexcusable absent-mindedness," said Desboro, getting slowly on to his feet once more. With graceful precision, he made his way to his hostess and took faultless leave of her, Cairns and Ledyard attempting vainly to imitate his poise, urbanity, and self-possession.

The icy air of the street did Cairns good and aided Ledyard. So they got themselves out across the sidewalk and ultimately into Desboro's town-car, which was waiting, as usual.

"Little bunny-hugging, bread-and-butter beasts," muttered Ledyard to himself. "Lord! Don't they want us to draw the line between them and the sort we're to meet at supper?"

"They're jus' fools," said Cairns. "No harm in 'em! And I'm not going to supper. I'll take you there an' go 'me!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Ledyard.

"No—I'm through, that's all. You 'sult nice li'l *débutantes*. Rotten bad taste. Nice li'l debbys."

"Come on, you jink!"

"That girl in blue—will she be there, the one who does the lute solo in 'The Maid of Shiraz'?"

"Yes, but she's crazy about Desboro."

"I waive all pretension to the charming condescension of that very lovely young lady, and cheerfully concede your claims," said Desboro, raising his hat and wrecking it against the roof of the automobile.

"As you wish, dear friend. But why so suddenly the solitary recluse?"

"A personal reason, I assure you."

"I see," remarked Ledyard. "And what may be the name and quality of this personal reason. And is she a blonde?"

Desboro shrugged his polite impatience. But when the others got out at the Santa Regina he followed. Cairns was inclined to shed a few tears over Ledyard's insults to the "debbys."

"Sure," said Cairns soothingly. "The brimming beaker for you, dear friend, and it will pass away. Hark! I hear the fairy footsteps of a houri!" as they landed from the elevator and encountered a group of laughing, bright-eyed young girls in the hallway, seeking the private supper-room.

One of them was certainly the girl in blue. The others appeared to Desboro as merely numerous and, later, exceedingly noisy. But noise and movement seemed to make endurable the dull pain thudding ceaselessly in his heart. Music and roses, flushed faces, the ringing harmony of crystal and silver, and the gaiety *à diable* of the girl beside him would ease it—*must* ease it, somehow. For it had to be first eased, then killed. There was no sense, no reason, no excuse, for going on this way—enduring such a hurt. And just at present the remedy seemed to lie in a gay uproar and many brilliant lights, and in the tinted lips of the girl beside him, babbling nonsense while her dark eyes laughed, promising all they laughed at—if he cared to ask an answer to the riddle.

But he never asked it.

Late, somebody offered a toast to Desboro, but when they looked around for him in the uproar, glasses aloft, he had disappeared.

The next instalment of "The Business of Life" will appear in the March issue.



Maurice Maeterlinck in his study

Maeterlinck the Belgian Shakespeare

By Charles Henry Meltzer

Photographs specially posed for this article



Poet, dramatist, naturalist,
story-teller, Nobel Prize
winner in 1911

"THE strongest man is he who stands alone." When Ibsen wrote these words, he might have been thinking of Maurice Maeterlinck. The author of "Pelléas et Mélisande" is a modern hermit. He has no friends, and shuns strangers. Twice within the past twelvemonth I made pilgrimages to his Norman home without getting sight of him—he had taken flight. Faint, but pursuing, I made one more effort. This time I was assisted by Madame Maeterlinck. Thanks to her intervention, I succeeded.

As the crow flies, it is barely thirty miles from Rouen Cathedral to the Abbey of St. Wandrille, Maeterlinck's summer headquarters. But Norman trains move slowly, when they move; and, after leaving a small station near the Seine, I had still a mile to tramp to reach the abbey. Great rolling hills and fields and waving woods delight the eye as one walks on. Then, as the way winds up, one sees a hamlet, with picturesque old houses, scattered around a church with a wide nave and a tall spire. A few steps from the church is a stone archway, the chief entrance to the abbey; and near this is a less pretentious gate.

I rang. But even then it was some time before the woman who stood guard at St. Wandrille would let me in. Visitors are

not warmly welcomed at the hermitage of the great Belgian. As I entered, in the distance I saw Maeterlinck. He had been roaming in his garden with his wife—perhaps dreaming or discussing his next play. The grounds of St. Wandrille invite to dreams. Their silence spells romance. They are hushed in sleep. Great avenues of trees and grassy walks lead from the abbey, with its many noble buildings, to a great wooded hill. Between the trees rise fragments of tall towers and what remains of a grand, glorious nave. The dwelling-rooms of M. and Mme. Maeterlinck are in two wings—one old and one less old—which were once tenanted by Benedictine monks. Adjoining these are the St. Wandrille cloisters, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; cloisters as vast and picturesque as could be found in Europe. Italian gardens, dotted with dark cypresses, stretch from what used to be the refectory of the monks to a long, lonely avenue.

The Abbey of St. Wandrille has no rival. It seems just the place to suit a man like Maeterlinck. There, as his wife observed to me, are all or nearly all the scenes suggested in "*Pelléas*." In one corner of the woods I saw the fountain at which *Pelléas* sat with *Mélisande*. In another was the window from which *Mélisande* let fall her locks of gold. Beside the pool, perhaps, poor Golaud met his bride. And, in this room or that, the heroine might have passed from life to death. No gardener disturbs the straggling grass. No pruning-knife offends the tangled ways. At St. Wandrille the woods are left alone, to grow as nature bids them, wild and free.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN HE IS

The abbey, I repeat, is all romance. Yet Maeterlinck, they say, prefers his winter house, high on the hills near Nice. At Nice, and not in Normandy, he hives his bees—those bees of which he tells such wondrous tales. A home more fitting for the author of "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*" than either Nice or St. Wandrille might be the heights of Tusculum. For "the master," as they call him down in Normandy, is a pagan, a philosopher. The sages he loves best are not monks like Pascal, but Romans like Marcus Aurelius and Cicero. He has some qualities of Horace, some of Vergil. But he lacks the epic grandeur of the man who wrote the *Æneid*, and the good humor of

Horace. Monasticism is in him a habit, akin to misanthropy. Yet his mind rebels against monastic rules. It obeys the laws it lays down for itself. Between him and the world there stands a wall. I have never met a man so "detached" as Maeterlinck. He seems closer to the flowers than to his fellows. And I think he feels more kindly toward his bulldog, Golaud, than—shall I say, toward any human creature except his wife? The misery of individual men affects him, at most, vaguely. His interest in life is largely impersonal.

Golaud lay curled up on the floor when I was shown into a white, rafted room on the first floor of Maeterlinck's dwelling-house—"the master's" study. In former days it had been occupied by a famous prior who revived Gregorian music. A spacious room, well lined with rows of books. For Maeterlinck is an inveterate reader, who loves books as you and I love men and women. At one end of the study was a massive, carved oak mantelpiece, untouched for quite two centuries. And, facing this, was a flat desk, all strewn with manuscript.

A PEN-PORTRAIT OF MAETERLINCK

I saw before me a clean-shaven, upright man; with grayish hair cut rather close about a head which suggested thought and impersonal serenity. His eyes seemed neither kind nor very cold. His mouth and chin spoke of decision. His nose, which was well formed, had character. Not quite a poet's face, for it did not hint at rhapsody. It might have fitted a professor or a politician of the American type or a country gentleman. His manner was more calm than sweet or warm. His voice was very low and rather tuneful. His clothes were those in which he works and walks—a careless lounge coat, gray and collarless, thick cycling stockings, drawn up to the knees, and heavy boots.

I thanked him for receiving me, despite his dislike of strangers. He smiled and made a quiet sort of protest. Golaud looked up just then and seemed to say, "Why waste your time?" And Maeterlinck looked down in Golaud's eyes, but did not answer.

"You seem to think that animals have souls," said I, as I watched them both.

"Why not?" said Maeterlinck. "Not the same quantity of soul as ours maybe. But—why not soul? Just see how kind and dignified that bulldog seems. It is sad that he must die so soon. He is old—at ten."

I harked back in my mind to those lines in the essay on "The Death of a Small Dog":

"He was beautiful, like a beautiful natural monster who has conformed strictly to the laws of his own species. And, at the least caress, what a smile of attentive willingness, of incorruptible innocence, of affectionate submission, of unbounded gratitude and absolute self-abandonment, lit up that adorably hideous face of his."

And then I thought of the half-human dog in "The Blue Bird." Which led me to discuss that charming play.

"They tell me that they were rather literal in their rendering of my 'L'Oiseau Bleu' in America—as they were in London. My 'L'Oiseau Bleu' was staged in the right way in Russia and also in Paris. The scenes and costumes were designed with taste. The scenery of the stage should be suggestive."

NO INTEREST IN PLAYS AS PLAYS

I should explain that Maeterlinck's views upon such points are largely theories, for, though he has written many plays, of curious beauty, he is not a dramatist. From a relation of the great writer I learned lately that, in all his life, he has seen but one performance of a play from his own pen. The work was "The Blue Bird," which interested him theatrically, not for its own sake, but because it deals with children. To him a play has value less as a play than as a book. He would not cross the street to see it acted, even if his wife were in it. The thought and the expression of the thought mean more to him than situation or suspense.

Maeterlinck lives with his dreams, his flowers and bees. "I very seldom go inside a theater," said he, "unless to see some unusual play. The most interesting French work I have seen for some time past is 'Les Affranchis.' I know but little of the modern German stage, as I read German with less ease than English. Of course, though, I have read 'The Sunken Bell.'"

We talked of Hauptmann, of his works and private life. We discussed his second marriage.

"Marriage," said Maeterlinck, "should not be necessary. But children complicate the matter."

"Then you do not believe in Rousseau's way of disposing of children—their adoption by the state?"

"Indeed, no. What the state does is

done badly—at least here in France. Its railways and tobacco are both bad. And Jean Jacques's plan was not a pleasing one. To make children foundlings was, in his time, much the same as to foredoom them to quick death."

"And what of death?" I inquired. "What will be after death?"

WHAT AFTER DEATH, MAETERLINCK?

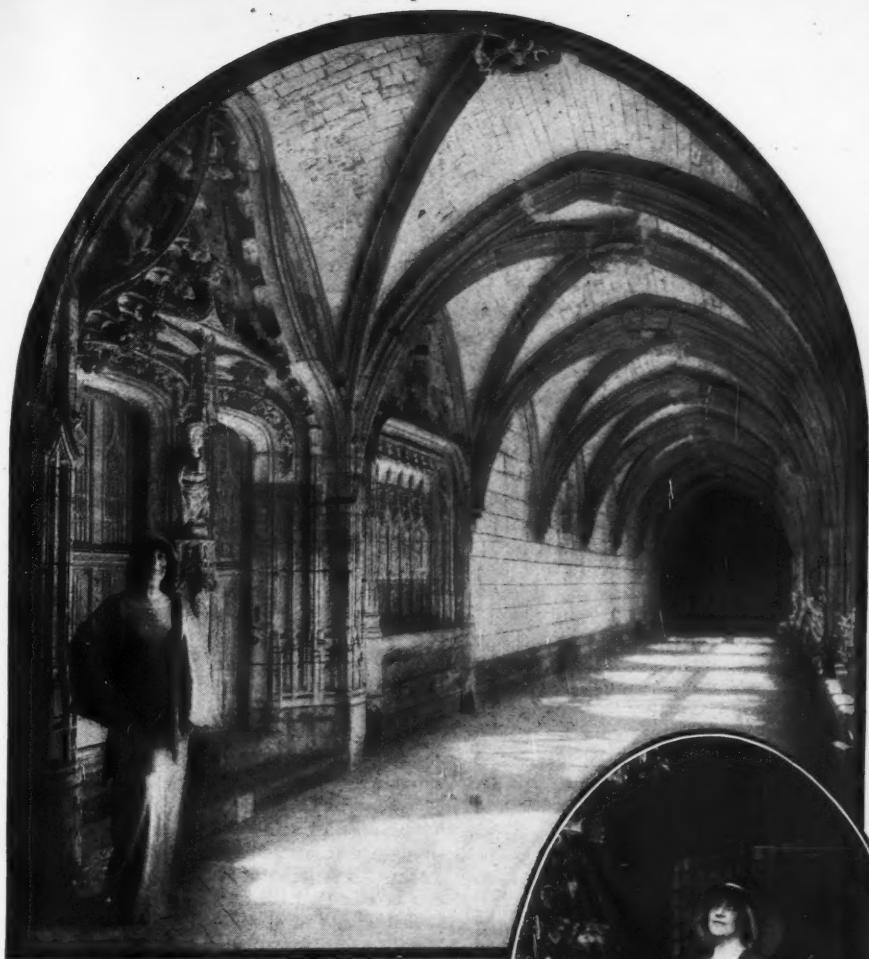
"I went into that question lately," was the answer, "in a small work which appeared in America and in the Paris *Figaro*. I am now busy with another little work, which will complete the first. I shall divide it into discussions of three different hypotheses. First, the theory of annihilation. Second, the theory of a survival of our present consciousness. And last, the theory of the persistence of consciousness, but in a modified form."

"I reject the first. Annihilation is, beyond doubt, impossible. The world had no beginning. It can have no end. Who could conceive of such a thing as the beginning or the end of what exists? As for the persistence of our consciousness—of our identity—beyond this life, it does not interest me. What is our consciousness but a mere form of memory? Why should I wish to cling to the remembrance of the trifling acts and hopes which have made up my life? I shall reject the second hypothesis. My conclusion? It will be the acceptance of the theory which suggests the persistence of a modified consciousness."

But, after questioning him closely, I was unable to perceive what real, or even half-way real, distinction there could be between what he calls a "modified consciousness" and what the Christian would call blank annihilation. Nor when, a little later, I went deep into his views with Madame Maeterlinck, did I learn anything which led me to suppose that, in the usual sense, the author of the essay on "L'Immortalité" saw more beyond the tomb for you or me than for his favorite dog. Whatever he may some day think or preach, he disbelieves in the persistence of identity. All things, however, he admits, have life. Nothing can perish. "The very minerals," said he, "move curiously."

"And are you content to share the fate of minerals?"

"It may be more agreeable than you fancy."



Madame Maeterlinck (Georgette Leblanc) in the cloister of the Abbey of St. Wandrille, where she and the great writer have their summer home

"You do not even bow to a Director of the Universe?" said I.

"*Ça, non!*" replied "the master" with vivacity.

So let us make our minds up, once for all: there is nothing Christian, though much may seem beautiful, in the philosophy of the great Belgian. Working, as he does, in the study of a monk, with ruins of the Christian church around him, he remains a pagan. He sees the poetry and charm of Christian faith. He admires its symbols. But, as he paces slowly through his cloisters, and pauses at the image of the Virgin which is one of its chief ornaments, his intellect denies the ancient creed.

It was, I think, just then that Madame Maeterlinck stole in. I suspect she came to save Maeterlinck from boredom. A



In the Abbey garden, a retreat of nature

handsome woman, full of grace, she seemed, in the loose "abbey" costume which she affects at St. Wandrille—a flowing cloak, a hood, and skirt, all scarlet. Bare arms (and they are very shapely arms). The wife and husband are in absolute sympathy. Each understands and respects the other's moods. (For our sage has moods, despite his self-control.) And, as I watched Madame Georgette's vivid face, a passage in "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*" occurred to me,

"A kiss may be as important to our joy as a wound is to our sorrow."

HALF SAGE, HALF CHILD

Yet Maeterlinck had not seemed bored. He is frank, I hear, in showing what he feels to aggressive visitors. Throughout our talk he had sat almost motionless, smoking cigarettes and toying with a match-box. But, as I knew, his mood might not last long. So I accepted Madame Maeterlinck's suggested "cup of tea," and rose to go. We passed together into the refectory. In that hall Madame Maeterlinck two years ago gave a performance of "*Macbeth*." At the top of the broad stairs by which she descended in the great "sleep-walking scene," there hung a punching-bag. "The master" does not scorn the manly sports. He boxes, drives and cycles, shoots and rows. It is not a fact, though, as he assured me smilingly, that he has ever thought of fighting a French champion pugilist. As we passed by the punching-bag, Maeterlinck halted while he dealt it a resounding blow. He startled me. But, as I learned from that and several other things, he is half sage, half child. He has often an odd, childlike petulance. On sitting down to table with his wife, he will sometimes say, "*Je boude!*" And when he "sulks," his little world keeps still. Moreover, though he professes such small interest in the stage, he takes an active part in Madame Georgette's not infrequent tilts with the theatrical managers. From one of them I heard not long ago that, as a protest against the refusal of a confrère to engage Madame Georgette for the rôle of *Mélisande*, he wrote a pamphlet burlesquing his own work, and had it distributed at the theater in which it was to be turned into an opera. Half child, half sage. And not the less likable, maybe, for fighting his wife's battles, even childishly.

I "five-o'clocked" with Madame Maeterlinck. Tea was served in a small room littered with books and bric-à-brac. We talked and talked, chiefly of Maeterlinck. I learned that he hates noise of every kind.

"He always speaks in very low, faint tones," my hostess told me. "And I do the same. One hardly hears a sound when we sit down together. My husband talks as little as he can. Often he begins a sentence, stops, and leaves me to finish it. It is very strange. And, what is more, he hates all kinds of music. To him it is another sort of noise. He really does not know one melody from another. He could not whistle the most simple air. All opera seems to him ridiculous. He cannot understand why singers need five minutes to tell what might be said plainly in five seconds. He rarely, very rarely, comes to hear me in an opera-house. And then—he suffers. The first time that we met, at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, I had been singing the chief part in '*Carmen*.' After the performance he told me that he could not understand why I was so silly as to appear in opera, when I might be an actress."

Maeterlinck is not the only writer of genius who has detested music. Did not Théophile Gautier insult the divine art by branding it as the "most costly and unpleasant of all noises"? And Alphonse Daudet thought it needless to let Bizet write a score for his "*L'Arlésienne*." Yet it amazed me to discover that the author of such works as "*Tintagiles*" and "*Le Trésor des Humbles*" was anti-musical. For in his plainest prose there is a sense of rhythm; and, though he does not strain in his choice of words, he seems careful about his cadences. He writes, though, without effort. His day's work at his desk lasts, as a rule, at most two hours.

A GENIUS AT INDUSTRY

"This ease of his in writing," said Madame Maeterlinck, "is due to his marvelous self-command and industry. His brain is always busy, night and day. He retires at ten, and rises rather early. He always has a note-book near his bed. And sometimes, in the middle of the night, if an idea occurs to him, he wakes, picks up a pencil, and jots down a line. Then he goes off to sleep again, quite tranquilly."

The inner life of Maurice Maeterlinck,



"Between him and the world there stands a wall. I have never met a man so 'detached' as Maeterlinck. He seems closer to the flowers than to his fellows.

And I think he feels more kindly toward his bulldog, Golaud, than toward any human creature except his wife. His interest in life is largely impersonal"

it seems, is a long meditation, checked now and then by brief creative spells, during which he gives shape and body to his thoughts. His essays are prolonged soliloquies. His plays are the expression of haunting dreams. He lets nothing—he lets no one—stop his work. For, in the least faulty man of genius (and I have no idea how selfish or unselfish this man is) there is something ruthless. He talks with nature. And, like Shakespeare's Jacques, he finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." Once, also, he was melancholy. Then, as the years ran on, he grew less sad. The gloom and terror of his early plays, "La Princesse Maleine," "Les Aveugles," and "L'In-



"Not quite a poet's face, for it does not hint at rhapsody"

truse," gave place to something approaching optimism. He expressed it in this passage:

"I do not say that destiny is just; that it rewards the good and punishes the evil. What soul could still regard itself as good, if the reward were sure? But we are very much more unjust than even destiny, in judging it.

We see only the misfortune of the sage; for we all know the meaning of misfortune. But we do not see his good fortune. For we should need to be as wise as the wise man, as just as the just man, whose destiny we weigh, to know their happiness."

And Maurice Maeterlinck is still, in his own way, an optimist.



Anger, towering, and the blurring streams of sorrow flung him forward,
hurled him, head down, against the wind

The Brute

Who is there to judge the motives of a man—even if that man is an outcast, a social pariah, even in the eyes of the law a criminal? Do you know all the facts in the life of any man you have ever seen or met—the secrets, ambitions, loves, hates? In this story—we warn you frankly it is not a pleasant one—the man is a drunkard. Why? Heredity? Choice? Hopelessness? He ruins his home—yet by his own action saves it. What is our answer in this country to-day to conditions which make such a home-tragedy possible? This story might be written in a series of scathing special articles which you might not read. This story you will read—and remember

By Bayard Boyesen

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

AT Richmond-Four-Corners they muse but little over the mysteries of character, but set down instead, and for all time to be unchangeable, the outward trait without the inner hinge and motive. So, as they foregathered of an evening in the single shop, where gossip and tobacco wove the hours, they would speak of Raymond, "Red" Raymond, as the typical brute and good-for-nothing; and Henry, shifting a huge quid from cheek to boyish cheek, would finish in his high clipping voice, "I'm goin' ter

tell yer, he's the measliest low-down critter what ever mooched inter the world while the Lord was off a-sleepin'." And of Raymond's wife, also, his were the words of final verdict and abridgment: "Well, now, I don't much care fer them women's-rights women what sets their feet down clickin'-like; but, say, that woman ain't so much as the little end o' nawthin' whittled down to a peak."

But it was not only lack of the will and the ability to understand that made their dicta in these cases, though whimsical,

harsh; it was also a feeling of resentment against the hostile silence which the wood-chopper and his wife opposed to the curiosity of their neighbors. Yet this, one could perceive, was from no preconcerted plan on their part; for if some one chanced to find himself four miles or so southwest of Richmond, at their tumbledown small shack and clearing in the woods, he could immediately and invariably sense the discord of their dwelling, and be certain that their actions never chimed. He would see under the eaves of the hut, Raymond, his hard round figure huddled and knotted, his broad face stolid on his hands, his gray eyes filmed or closed; and he would be impressed by the bitter taciturnity in all that sickened flesh, in all those weary features: in the heavy brow that seemed to have been dented in to keep it from sliding down over the jagged nose, in the large scooped chin, and in the thick red mustache curling without a part over a mouth that had collapsed into itself. Looking twenty yards out on the clearing, he would see Raymond's wife, who sat, all the day long, with lean hands clawed upon her knees, and lifted the flat white planes of her face so that her eyes might gaze over the shutting forests, over the enclosing hills, outward toward the Green Mountains of Vermont. In the buried brilliancy of the black eyes gleamed a resignation so intensely held as to seem sublime, and, now and then, fires of a yearning so bleak and awful that one felt, chancing to meet that gaze, as though one had intruded beyond legitimate limits into a region where the mere facts of life became a sacrilege. Between wife and husband the children played, hesitantly. Only Eddie and Adelaide were quite silent and still. The former, a white-faced little boy of thirteen, half clad, lay on his side, pressing his hands to his pointed chest, and glanced now at his mother with a wondering pity, now at his father with a sort of shy devotion. Near him, on a heap of refuse, was the girl, a child of twelve. With bare, stringy knees strained tightly together and scaly feet turned in, she sat and stared, while she sucked with drawn mouth at the fingers of one hand and with the other alternately pointed at the playing children and twisted her streaky faun hair.

Raymond drew in a rattling chestful of breath, and then, exhaling it heavily, got slowly to his feet with the manner of one who rises after long deliberation for an act of sor-

row and surrender. For a moment he looked sullenly southward where the valley runs down ten miles to Athol, indistinct in the distance. He nodded his head. His wife, without taking her eyes from the west, where the low sun bulged now from a tightening yellow sky, said forlornly, in a voice that sounded as if her throat were contracted in pain,

"You ain't goin' again?"

"I be." He waited for her to speak. After a little, he said defensively, as though he were answering the indictment in her silence, "I got ter."

She turned then and replied, "Mebbe there's others is wantin', wantin' like you, ferever." Her eyes glanced again toward the Green Mountains. "An' there's some says women is happy with the men that suits 'em right."

His voice, always husky, scraped now and rumbled. "Who's hurtin' yer—yer settin' there like a slab o' stone? It's me does the workin' day after day, an' never a hope ahead. An' when I comes home, the best I git is that face o' yours shinin' away. What's eatin' yer? Wantin', be yer? God! Twenty years yer been a-wantin', an' never a sweet word give ter me. Wantin'!"

She answered in the voice of one who is too sick to feel or care: "That ain't true, Red. Yer know it. But the rheumatiz got me; an' all them children comin'; an'—well, say what yer like."

With a snort, he wheeled away from her, and blurted out in sudden anger, "Git my brogans," and seating himself abruptly on the ground, pulled off his long boots.

The children, with trembling faces, looked stupidly at him. But Eddie scampered into the hut, fetched the brogans, put them timidly before his father; then, with a quick instinctive gesture, throwing himself on Raymond's knees, he smoothed them downward with shy little pleading caresses. "Pa, Pa," he cried, and gasped, astonished at his own audacity. Raymond drew backward, hesitated in a sort of lumbering surprise, raised his hands as though to place them on the small head bowed before him; but, after a moment, during which he did not look at his son, his frame suddenly fierced and stiffened, and, flinging the boy from him, he shouted out: "I know who put yer up to this. The hag, the dirty hag!"

Eddie rose slowly, his face like a wandering pain, and moved backward with bewildered steps.

His father, having shoved into the brogans, got again to his feet, and gazed, challenging and contemptuous, at his wife. For a moment none spoke; but when he turned and glanced viciously about him, Adelaide, convulsing, screamed out: "Oh, don't yer, don't yer touch me! The boys was smokin'. I seen 'em. You take it out on them. Don't yer, don't yer!"

But Raymond was trudging down the road to Athol. To the little group behind him, his figure showed, in the glow of the sunset, singularly black, round, determined; very hard.

As soon as he was well out of sight, Ralph, an irrepressibly gleeful lad of fifteen, picked up little Jasper, and swinging him high into the air, shouted in a crackling contralto: "Pa's off on a drunk. Oh, Pa's gone off on a drunk!" Most of the other children joined in his romping. But Eddie stood still, and watched the figure darkening on the road. The mother, her face silvered and rippled with a yearning smile, looked westward toward the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Raymond trudged on, joylessly, to what was for him a place of anguish and regret. He knew that drinking would only sharpen and embroil the miseries in his mind and breast, would only throw him back, later, on a more terrible ennui at his monotonous labors, day on tiring day the same; at the recurrent bickerings and misunderstandings at home; at the incessant tortures with which he afflicted himself, hopelessly, in the desire to desist from drink. But he went on, uncontrollably on. And his wife thought he wanted to drink! Want to drink! God! if there were only some way of stopping, only something to hold on to—something! Or if one could slay desire in one great struggle, in fifty, in a hundred struggles! A man could fight so, and win. But what could one do against a thing that lay coiled and forever ready to dart out and clutch one in those moments of weakness and weariness which all men must know? There was no use, no use.

Well, if he was to suffer, always to suffer, other people, too, could afford to suffer a bit. Ruined his family, had he? Bah! What show was there for a man with ten children living, and but two dollars for a working day, and many days of rain? Been hard to them? Well, one had to be hard to fools. That shining face of hers, forever blank to him! Fools, what did they under-

stand of him, of his struggles, of his hungers, his despair? A machine for making money—that's what he was; that, and nothing more. She with that brooch on her neck that cost him three dollars! How long a time since he had bought that brooch. He wondered if he had bought her anything since, any jewel or trinket, even a bow or dress. Perhaps not. He could not remember her in any garment other than the old calico wrapper with its faded blotches and streaks where once was the magnificence of a peacock design. What if she were right: what if she too had suffered greatly; what if she too had wanted much? He recalled her habit of treasuring up whatever gaudy scraps she could find for personal adornment, and of whatever tinsel or the like—postal-cards or colored supplements—she could employ for decoration of their room; and he remembered the eager fondness with which she used to make, ostensibly for the children, bright clothes for their ragged dolls. But that was before her hands had become crippled with rheumatism, and before the time when she had commenced to reproach him for his drinking. He had been kind enough then. Had he? Well, he supposed so. At any rate, it was very long ago; and a man had to be hard to be able to stand off a woman's reproaches.

A sudden cold twinge stopped him and welded him into his tracks; he saw little Eddie with his head upon his knees; he saw the hands that flung him off. And then he saw other and older scenes; and always Eddie figured in them: sometimes with his little pointed breast gasping with fear, sometimes with his little white legs bloody from drunken blows. Yes, more than once he had gone too far. But a man can't always know what he is doing. He wished that Eddie hadn't stroked his knees.

Suppose he turned round and went home? He felt his face and bosom flush as there flashed across his vision the image of his family joyful and surprised at his return. He felt again the clutch of Eddie's arms. But he had hardly begun to luxuriate in this imagined delight when his body suddenly stiffened, his throat went hot with aches: it seemed as though sharp weights were being dragged through his flesh, upward and downward, dulling his will, scraping his desire; every cell and nerve in his body seemed to separate from the mercy of the flesh and to become like a dry shriek.

He began to say aloud, over and over, on a rumbling lilt, "I won't, I won't, I won't"; but, for all the reiterated emphasis of his words, he knew that they were in reality hollow, cast upward to float unfastened on the air. After all, he couldn't be certain that his family would be glad if he returned. God knows, his wife never seemed to care one way or another about anything, unless

he beat her, and she took that quietly enough. Suddenly he remembered what Ralph had cried out a few minutes after he had started down the road. At the time, the words, "Pa's on a drunk," called out so cheerily, had not pierced his consciousness; but now, recollected, they flooded through him, freed and justified him by their tone, joined with his desire, and flung him onward toward Athol and debauch.

His mind blurred, his outward senses shut, he strode, perceiving nothing. The forest by the roadside hung heavy with evening; the green hills were sprayed with delicate mists; the trunks of distant birches looked startlingly white. Black clouds, gathering up the coming darkness to the central sky, opened, and dissolved. Silence. But the man noticed neither darkness nor light, silence nor sound: he knew that every step took him nearer to the place where the aches in his limbs, the dull and fumbling pains in his breast, would be released, if only for a moment, in the hot and lurid luxuries of debauch. Of nothing else was he aware until he stood before a drink in Burke's Bar.

Having tossed it off with a gasp, he thrust his shoulders backward, sucked the air like a sharp hiss through his mustache, and let it out in quick little guttural explosions. "That's good," he said, and smiled stupidly.

He started when Burke answered, "You bet it's good; none better"; for he had now become so immersed in the satisfying of his desire that he was astonished at this collision with a world outside himself. For a moment he stared at Burke; then, without a word, he lifted bottle and glass, and, going to a table, sat down alone.

For the remainder of the night he drank: at first, feverishly, in gulps; then, gradually, more and more slowly, in long drafts. By the time that Burke came to shake him and turn him out, he was sitting with eyelids closed but a-quiver, with body like a lumpy sack.



D. C. Hutchings

His wife, without taking her eyes from the west, said forlornly, in a voice that sounded as if her throat were contracted in pain, "You ain't goin' again?"

He rose lumberingly, with resentful docility, glanced sullenly round, and lurched out.

On the street, the cool air bewildered: it felt so strange, damp, unfriendly. He shoved his hands into his trousers pockets, and, at the touch of the bills there loosely crumpled, began to ask himself where he would spend the hours still remaining to the night. He would waste no money on a room: he would sleep out. So he wandered, staggering and pitching, toward the outskirts of the town, wandered until he perceived, just this side of the railway tracks, a flight of steps, and, below it, some worn grass variegated gray and orange with cinders and garbage. He fumbled his way down and forward through the scraggy bushes, and came to the brook which runs with little crystal chuckles over the hills and becomes, by Athol and its factories, roiled and debased. By its side he slept.

The next day found him at Burke's Bar, the next evening, the next night. In the same seat, at the same table, he sat, alone, until the hours, dissolving in a lurid haze, gave space to midnight.

He was startled by the drop of a long muscled hand on his shoulder.

"Hullo, Red."

He glanced up viciously out of eyes blood-shot and diminished. By his table stood one of the wood-choppers with whom he worked: a tall, lithe young man, with boyish brown face all sheen and playful color beneath the straight straw hair, with figure of rippling lines, free limbed and loosely jointed. For a moment, Raymond's sensations, hitherto sullen and muddled, sharpened, and he winced with a horrid pleasure at the thought that this man—so young, so young!—had already been forced by the bootless monotony of his days, the meaningless sorrows laid open by the mere fact of existence, to follow the road that he followed, to fling himself into the same pit and nauseous pains, the same easements, the same regrets. The presence of this youth assured him in the belief that he had always cherished, that not he, but life, but circumstance, was to blame.

The young man looked down with a lonely boyish smile, and said plaintively, "Lemme sit with yer, Red." He peered anxiously for an answer, but, receiving none, pulled up a chair and settled himself with an assumption of careless indifference. "Ain't yer goin' ter talk?" he asked. This time he

waited for no reply, but went on in a soft lilting voice that rose rhythmically on six or seven notes, and fell, with a peculiar wilting pathos, on three or four. He spoke for a while of the outrageous treatment accorded him by Sawyer, the foreman at the mill; of the difficulties of "swamping" for a lot of ill-tempered and impetuous choppers; and, finally, of the necessity of breaking loose, once in a time, from the ruining uniformity of his toil. But when he found that he could not provoke Raymond to any show of interest in these familiar topics, he began to stare closely at his companion with an expression of teasing disquiet and to let his pathetic voice, which had been swinging on an air of light bravado, drop and slide insinuatingly.

"It's bad enough, God knows, when yer ol' woman treats yer right. O' course I been married only a year. But she never takes on much even when—well, a man don't know much about what he's up to when he's been drunk a few days. But anyway, she never drove me out—not so long as *I* can recollect; and that's more'n *some* men can say. Wouldn't stand fer it, *I* wouldn't. I'd up an'—I don't jest know *what* I'd do, but she'd know all right, all right. You can bet on that. An' say, I wouldn't jest trudge off. Now put that in yer pipe."

He paused and looked, with an expression like that of a playful child who sulks from lack of notice, at Raymond. The latter did not stir, did not even glance at his casual companion. Save for the glint in his downcast eyes, one could not have known that he was listening.

"Can't yer answer a feller at all, Red? I'd understand. But say, I'm goin' ter tell yer, an' I'm a man o' my word, *I* be, if I was yer, I'd smash up a few o' them slouches over ter the Corners. Yes, sir, that's what *I*'d do. Yer ought ter hear 'em! Said he chucked yer out, too; jest come right over from Vermont an' drove yer down the road. A slick-lookin' guy, all quiet-like, with a speak-easy way ter him. Didn't look as how he could harm a mosquitter, they said. An' they put on he's some younger 'n you, Red. Hullo, what's that?"

Out of the west came a sound as of iron balls rolling on a metal floor. A wait; then ponderous repetition.

"Thunder, I guess. Well, it's all the same ter me. I ain't in any hurry to get home. Set out on yer clearing like he owned



The younger man stopped short. Raymond had risen with a movement that was at once abrupt and slow, and was peering at him narrowly out of evil, bloodshot eyes

the place, a-smokin' of his pipe. Now, by—" He stopped short. Raymond had risen with a movement that was at once abrupt and slow, and was peering at him narrowly out of evil, bloodshot eyes.

Two or three times his heavy red mustache moved up and down; two or three times his shoulders thrust spasmodically backward, and his breast heaved jerkily as though gasping for breath. Then, suddenly, his head flung up.

"You—you—you young uns—" For a second he seemed to choke: his hands fumbled at his throat. "Now—!" The word burst roaring from his lips; his right hand shot across the table and sank deep into the flesh on the younger man's neck. Towering, he lifted him clear of the floor, shook him with a single hand, and then, with a snarl that rose and broadened into a roar of horror and disdain, hurled him to the corner of the room. A moment he looked, unseeing, at the huddled figure that had been before

so buoyant and, so blithe. He took an undirected step sideways, put a hand to his forehead, let it slide downward to his mustache, and stood thus, pulling a wet end of it.

Several men jumped in front of him, several surrounded, but none touched him. He could see, through a blur, other men hastening hither and thither, bending over the young wood-chopper, ministering to him, fetching towels and bottles; and he could hear, dimly, as coming from far off, cries: "Air, give him air! Don't crowd. Leave it to me. We'll get him round. Bring the brandy. Water. For God's sake, hurry up!"

Suddenly the little group began to thin and draw backward. Some one said, "Thank God," and then everyone hushed, waiting. The young wood-chopper was trying to get to his feet. Raymond could see the look of pain and bewilderment in his eyes: the face had turned gray and was mottled with black. Now the youth smiled; and the smile seemed, on the ashen face,

like the smile of childhood flickering through the aches of age. Then his soft pathetic voice lilted out, humbly:

"Oh, Red, Red, I thought yer knew. Honest, honest, but I only meant ter tease—a little tease. I wouldn't 'a' done it ter hurt. Oh, I never meant ter hurt."

So it was true, true! The boy, awaking, could not speak like that if it were not true. Something shut down blackly over Raymond's mind. He knew only that he was standing very still, and that somewhere in front of him words were rising and falling in waves of colored light.

Suddenly there came from without quick crepitations from the clouds that lengthened into a momentarily persistent crackling; then, a rip, a whistling roar, a sound of heavy sunderings; and then, what seemed to be the din from a great caldron of cannon-balls overturned and itself clattering amid the tumbling iron. The windows rattled to wind and rain.

Shaken back to consciousness of what had occurred, Raymond, after one swift look at the boy, rushed out, wildly, with a cry. For a second, the innumerable chill pulses of the rain checked him; then anger, towering, and the blurring streams of sorrow flung him forward, hurled him, head down, against the wind, onward through the streets of Athol, to the outskirts of the town, to the hill-road that led to his home. Wind and rain—wind and rain! It was as though the clouds had been let down upon the earth to swirl and encompass. Rain stung like a wet sheet whipped in his face; eased a moment, flurried in his hair; then slapped again, volleying, tilted and tore. He could discern nothing: darkness was a thick substance that clung in his eyes and stuck to his clothes: he could discern nothing save when the lightning sheeted the horizon or cut streaks of white fire in the flying folds of the night. Around him and above, the clouds, unloading, tumbled their thunders.

He rushed on. His feet splashed in the running mud. He tripped, slipped down, lacerated hands and knees on dislodged stones; clambered to his feet and flung forward. His identity was torn out of him into the storm. He did not know the lightning from his suffering, nor the thunder from his wrath. He reached out again and again and with clutching fingers grasped at the air. Once he caught a branch swung down across the road, and stood, with a joyful sense that

the world was tangible and real, clinging to it until a swirl of the wind ripped it from his hands. He fell. While he lay, he felt the sobs in his breast struggle upward with a rending sound. He heard his voice borne upward, round on the back of the wind, and shrill with its exultant shriek. An image of himself in the saloon at Athol flashed before his mind; hung there, strangely clear, for a moment; swept out. Immediately he seemed to remember a plan he had not realized that he had made. He was on his feet, rushing onward; lunging, stumbling, falling, clambering; but onward, onward, onward.

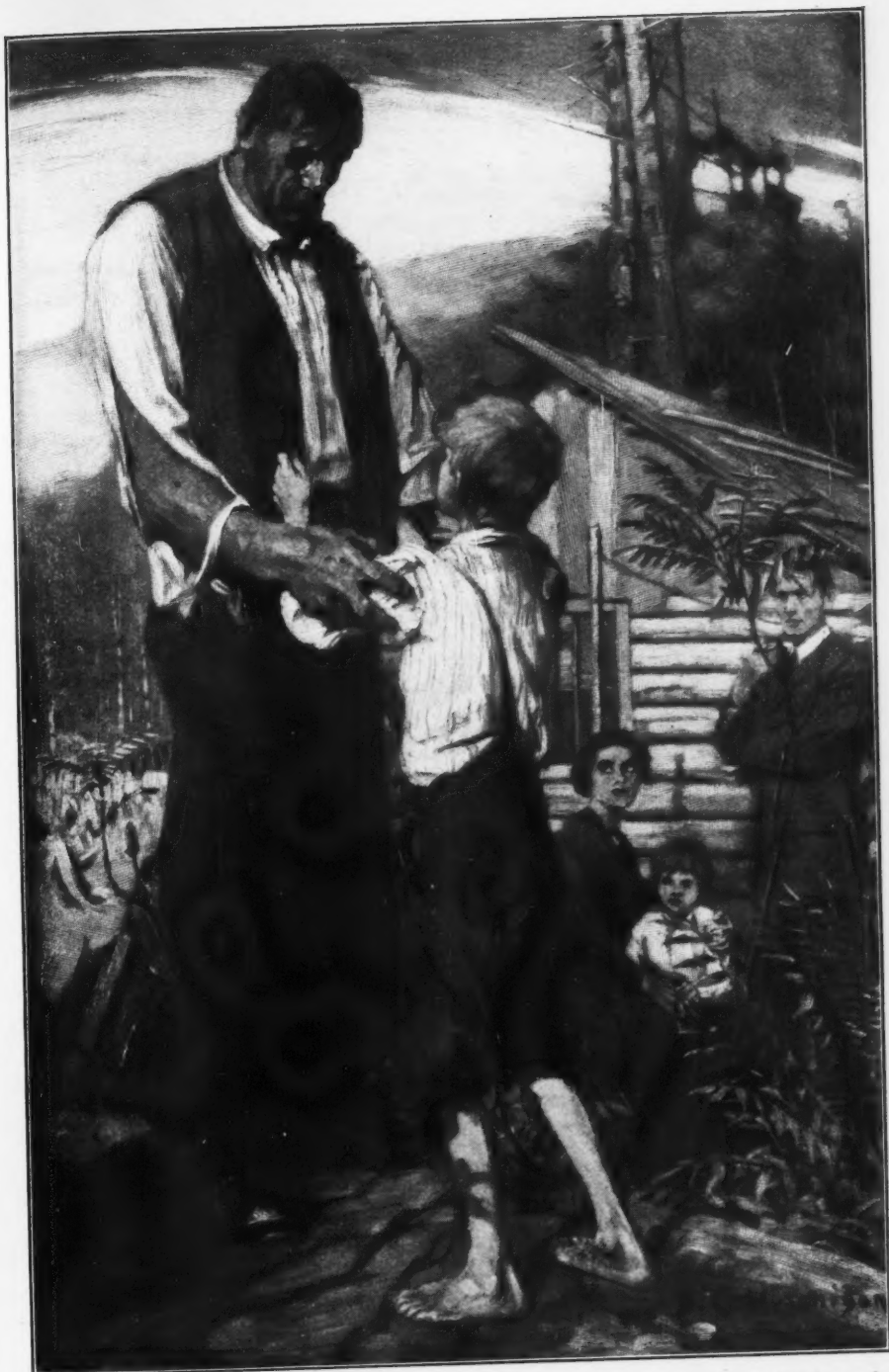
Where was he going? Those sounds—how they bolted in his head! No, they had rolled down somewhere beyond the hills. But that tight pain drawing at his body! It seemed as though the blood had dried up in his veins. How heavy his tongue felt! It was like a sticky lump in his mouth. If only his eyes didn't hurt so! His eyelids seemed to be pasted together. Spasmodically his body stiffened, shook; his head jerked backward; his eyelids separated. He sat up abruptly, with a gasp.

Dawn thrilled over the hills; wrinkled blue and golden on the trees; opened all the sky. The breezy air shook drops of water from the oaks and maples extending their branches over Raymond. He got to his feet—his body felt old and full of aches—and stood dazed, looking about him. Why, that—surely, that was his hut not a mile away!

A gentle sadness chastened his breast. He felt soft and weak. His eyeballs were stretched with pain. He became dizzy. Darkness rushed up.

The shadows of the trees had shortened: he was lying prone before a ten-o'clock sun. He was late. Late? For what? Ha! But how could he in cold blood? Perhaps he would let her off. But the man! He might be there at this moment, there in his place! "A slick-lookin' guy, all quiet-like, with a speak-easy way to him." And younger than he! Once more he was on his feet, clambering onward and up.

He heard voices: the treble of childhood rippled in glee, the breaking contralto of early youth. "Fling it here!" "No, here!" "No, me, me, me!" A tangle of laughter; and then, sliding out of it, quavering and intense, the voice of Eddie: "Gee, gee, but it's fun!"



DRAWN BY S. C. HUTCHINSON

With a gentleness maternally large, Raymond set the boy down, held him by the arms, looked long and wistfully into the wistful eyes. "Ed, oh, Eddie! Eddie—Ed!" he moaned

He stopped still. An envy that was stretched on angry yearning twisted and pierced him. Before him, his children had never played with a delight so lavish and so fearless. But a sudden hope relieved him: surely, they could not play thus before a stranger. Oh, the story he had heard was false! His debauch, the storm, the struggles on the road—from these some nightmare had arisen and taken his mind to delirium. He pressed on.

Now he could see the top of the hill and the place where the road widened to lose itself on the stone-strewn clearing before his home. He could see the roof of his hut. He could see figures. He could see—all the possibilities of life become real for others! For others!

In her chair, twenty yards out on the clearing, sat his wife, with lifted face. The sunlight lay flat and tranquil on the broad planes of it, lay serene on the brow, silvered the smile that barely rippled the skin round her lips. By her feet, upon the ground, sat a man, with long arms crossed over his knees, with thin clear face slightly bowed. His mouth was shut tight in the expression of one who would realize to the full the passing happiness which is his. The youngest child lay sleeping by his side, her little face flushed and delicately rumped as with too much joy. Behind them, the other children, romping, shouted, and leaped, and rolled, and playfully fought. Even Adelaide, though by herself, jumped up and down, and giggled. Framing this clearing, this little hollow of happiness, the young birches glistened; and the great dark pines and tamaracks shaped the breezes to their strong grace.

All the possibilities of life become real for others! For others! But for him—what, what for him? His eyes blurred; his outward senses shut. For a second, he dreamed of going forward with a smile and kindly hand, of welcoming the stranger, of kneeling to his wife. And then—then he would take Eddie in his arms: the fragile little body, the soft little bones, the pitiful thin arms and scrawny legs. His hands reached out, vaguely, grasping in front of him. Then, suddenly, he heard a voice, raucous and hungered, that sounded as if it had been hauled upward from a body that fell exhausted behind: his own! And immediately after, another voice, shrill with panic, Eddie's: "Pa! Oh, oh, it's Pa!"

He fell backward a step, terrified. He wanted to run away, anywhere, anywhere; but was weighted and held. He heard Eddie scamper whimpering to his mother; and knew that the stranger had risen. Then he became conscious of his own appearance: the rusty blood on hands and knees; the mud, the stains, the caking dirt; the wild red eyes and somber terror of his face. What, what for him? He had but to be seen, and happiness vanished from the beholders; he had but to speak, and fright and loathing cried aloud. What, what could there be for him? He took another step backward. His broad scooped chin swung loose upon his breast. His hands hung limp, with palms turned in.

Suddenly he felt arms about his knees, and heard a voice, plaintive and, to his ears, incomparably sweet: "Oh, don't yer go. Pa, Pa, don't go again!"

The thought came to him like a smile that he would never go to Athol again, that he would never go anywhere any more. He reached down with a gesture careless and heavy, infinitely weary; lifted his son; and then, suddenly sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, collapsed his head upon the little shoulder and crushed the little body till the child, wincing, cried in pain. With a gentleness maternally large, he set him down, held him by the arms, looked long and wistfully into the wistful eyes. "Ed, oh, Eddie! Eddie—Ed." Loosing him, he waved his right hand, slowly, upward and downward, three times; then slowly turned away; and, alone, went down the road from home.

Those upon the clearing looked at one another as people look who marvel at a sudden great catastrophe they may not understand. Only Eddie, his eyes still wet with fright and wonder, watched the solitary figure, dark in the morning light; huddled, bowed, unfriended, lonely, so alone.

At Richmond-Four-Corners they still speak of Raymond the good-for-nothing, "Red" Raymond the brute. And if some one, on principle, ventures to doubt the general verdicts of communities, Henry glances at him scornfully, shifts the huge quid from cheek to boyish cheek, spits, and, appealing to his familiars for confirmation, asks in his high clipping voice: "Good-for-nawthin'? A brute? Well, say, what do *you* think of a man what leaves his own home an' goes an' hangs hisself to a tree?"



It was the yacht, her sails gallantly set and the little pennant at her mast wavering in the draft, that struck Diana's imagination

Half-a-Moon

Here is another "top-notcher." For years F. Tennyson Jesse has been writing out-of-the-ordinary stories. She has a natural knack for story-telling and besides knows her *métier* thoroughly—a hard combination to beat. We congratulate you and ourselves that we have been able to buy some of her stories for *Cosmopolitan*. In this story she tells what happened to a young woman who had the nerve to play the marriage game her own way

By F. Tennyson Jesse

Illustrated by Blanche Greer

A MAN and a girl stood facing each other in a big sparsely furnished studio, where the cold brightness of a top-light lay on every horizontal surface, glorifying the dust to a silvery film, softening each edge with a delicate glimmer, and haloing the girl's mop of pale hair. She looked very young and very obstinate, and the palette through which a paint-stained thumb was stuck trembled a

little. So did her voice—a low voice with a husky thread in it like a boy's when it is breaking.

"Those are my terms, my dear Hugh. You may take them or leave them. I like you—oh, very much. I'm awfully fond of you, but I won't marry anyone until I've been away with him for a fortnight first. Then at least he won't be able to say he's buying a pig in a poke!"

"My dear Di!" protested Hugh Le Grice, "who could say that about you, anyway?"

"Well, you know what I mean. The principle's the same. How can we possibly tell that we like having breakfast opposite each other every morning till we've tried?"

"Unless you reform your habits very considerably there'd never be the chance of liking it, Di! And I gather we're not to alter for this test—to put on no frills, but just be our own sweet unvarnished selves. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"You're laughing at me."

"My dear child," he retorted with sudden gravity, "if I make game of it, it's because the thing's impossible. You can't do it, you know. I should be a cad if I let you."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Because—because *it isn't done*."

"A true man's reason!" scoffed Diana.

"Well, of course I can't force you to go away with me if you don't want to. There's no more to be said."

"But, Di—"

"Don't talk to me! D'you think, d'you *dare* to think that I'd have suggested going away with you if I didn't trust you—utterly? if I didn't know I should be as—as all right with you as with one of my girl friends?"

"Pleasant time I should have!" muttered Le Grice, with a wry smile. "Nothing doing, Di. Of course you could trust me, but that wouldn't make other people believe it was—all right."

"Oh, of course if you are afraid of what people will say of you—"

"Don't be a little goose. You know quite well it's what they'd say of *you* I mind."

"If your opinion of me depends on that of others—"

"Di, in another moment I shall shake you."

"Don't you dare to touch me. No one except the man I marry shall shake me."

"That's just how it is I'm going to—"

"It's just why you're not. It's all off, Hugh. You won't agree to my terms. And if the idea of a fortnight with me upsets you so, it's lucky we no longer propose to spend our lives together."

"You are wilfully distorting what I said. And, Di, have you anyone in your mind when you speak of the man you'll marry?"

"I shall marry the man that goes away with me for a fortnight first. That is, if the

experiment's a success. Otherwise I shall say, 'Good-by, sir, and since we get on each other's nerves so, isn't it lucky we took this trial trip?'"

"Banaford, for instance?" went on Hugh, pursuing his own line of thought.

"I don't see why I should tell you, Mr. Le Grice."

"I swear you sha'n't go making a fool of yourself with Banaford. The man's a wrong 'un!"

"He's *something*, anyway, and that's better than being a half-and-halfer."

"Thank you, I suppose that's meant for me. Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not going to confess my sins to you even to raise your opinion of me. Good heavens, Di, I've not been a saint, but I'd keep you from even knowing that kind of thing. And, d'you imagine you could 'trust' Banaford?"

"He's a gentleman."

"He's a man too, poor devil."

"Please don't be coarse."

"And you're the girl that scoffs at a half-and-halfer! Directly you come up against human nature you call it 'coarse'! Di, you cool, untouched thing, can't you allow for the effect you have on other people who aren't—cool and untouched?"

Diana softened, as a woman must at a tribute to her power, and Le Grice seized his moment.

"Di, you can't mean that it's all off? I know you're not in love with me, but I'd love you so well you'd get to care, too. It would come, Di, honor bright."

"I dare say it would, if—"

"If what?" She had never admitted even as much as that before, and Le Grice's heart leaped.

"If you'd give it a chance by doing what I ask."

"Di, it's not fair to tempt me with that."

Diana slowly wiped her brushes and laid them down. Then she came up to Le Grice and turned her back toward him. "Undo my pinafore, please, Hugh. I'm going out."

The most guileless of women are capable of laying snares, and, although unconsciously, Diana was at that moment snaring Le Grice. For she had that rare and satisfying thing, a very charming back to her neck, which was not long, but solid and beautifully modeled. The sturdy nape curved slightly outward, and in the hollow above it lay a ring of soft fair hair. Le Grice loved the back of her neck almost

more than anything else about her, and as he looked down on it now and saw how white it was in the clear light and how two adorable creases ran toward it from her low-

that white nape allowed him. He knew Diana's recklessness, her ignorance, her Quixotic impulses—what if, after all, this were the way he could best guard her?



Seizing Diana suddenly in his arms, he swung her across the threshold, and set her down on the other side. "Oh!" she protested breathlessly. "For luck," said Le Grice; "you know the old superstition." "But that's for brides," said Diana

ered chin, he knew he dared not lose the chance of gaining her. Keeping the two flaps of her painting-pinafore in his hands when he had undone the fastening, he tried to think as connectedly as the wish to kiss

Better he than Banaford, or another. His thoughts flew to the old manor-farm in the west where his childhood had been spent, where the old woman who had been more a mother than a nurse to him still lived. He

could take Diana there, to her. He pulled the pinafore off the girl's shoulders so that he held her arms prisoned for a moment, and very gently shook her.

"That's your shaking, Di!" he said, "and we will do as you wish, my dear."

They went down to Gwarris Manor in the first week of March, and, so that they should run less risk of boring each other, Diana insisted that she should take her painting-materials and Le Grice his golf-clubs. From the station it was a drive of some eight miles to the manor, and the day had drawn to a close when they arrived. For some time all they had been able to see was a network of darkening hedge on either side, but in that wind-swept district the thorns hold a wild beauty of their own; wind-wilted into an ecstasy of contortion, they seem like fantastic goblins with gnarled old-man faces and frantic hands, forever straining from the earth. Presently the jingle left the shadowy lane for a moorland track, where the rain-filled ruts stretched away in two gleaming lines, and the rank grass showed deeply, softly green under the last of the light. A plover, black against the sunset glamour, wheeled far above, uttering his poignant "Pee-wit! Pee-wit!" and from beyond the far gold rim of the moor came another sound, one of the most stirring in the world—the sound of breaking seas. Diana's hand came over Hugh's in a movement swifter than usual with her.

"Oh, Hugh! it is beautiful! Aren't you glad we came?"

Le Grice looked at her for a moment, keeping his fingers calm under the pressure of hers, for he saw it was only a child's excitement that brightened her cheeks and eyes, a child's entirely sexless joy of companionship.

"Baby! Did it like going to the seaside?" he teased. "I'll buy it a spade and bucket to-morrow."

"You have no soul," said Diana petulantly.

The moorland track led to a wider road that climbed upward for a long way and then fell steeply into a valley of trees. Two white gate-posts glimmered through the dusk, and, turning in between them, the jingle jolted up a long drive made dark by elms and sycamores. Another gate led into the farmyard, and the solid mass of the whitewashed house, showing a tender

greenish-gray, became visible, a square of orange light glowing in it here and there. A dog barked with a rattling of chain, the jingle came to a standstill at a scream from the brake, and the house door opened, sending a great stream of warm dusky light into the twilight blue. The thin figure of an old woman stood dark against the glow as Le Grice jumped out of the jingle.

"Eh, Master Hughie!" cried the old voice, with a break into laughter, and the sound of kisses came to Diana's ears. The next minute Hugh was back at the jingle and had taken her hands to help her out.

"Here she is, Pollie," he announced. "Di, this, as you've probably guessed, is Mrs. Polwren."

Diana, suddenly shy, held out a hand and murmured a greeting.

"She'm tired, poor maid," said the old woman. "Take her in while I see to the luggage being put over-stairs. The old sitting-room, Mr. Hugh."

As Le Grice reached the open door, he turned, and seizing Diana suddenly in his arms, he swung her across the threshold, and set her down on the other side.

"Oh!" she protested breathlessly.

"For luck," said Le Grice; "you know the old superstition."

"But that's for brides," said Diana.

Later on, when they had had supper and were sitting by the fire in the walnut-paneled sitting-room, Diana referred to that swift action of Le Grice's.

"I didn't like that—what you did," she said.

"Didn't you?"

"No. It's not only that I'm not one, it's that I mayn't ever be one." She looked tentatively at him from under lowered lids as she spoke. Somehow, sitting quietly there in an old Norfolk suit, the bowl of his best-loved pipe nursed in his palm, he looked so calm, so sure of himself and her, that the realization of the idea of marriage with him, as a definite thing, forced itself on her mind for the first time.

"You're half one," replied Le Grice, "just as this is half a honeymoon."

"I'm not. It isn't."

"Let's understand exactly where we are, Di. As you know, you have come here under the name of Mrs. Le Grice."

"Yes. Because we sha'n't meet anyone we know, and no one here need ever see us again, and you thought it would go down

better with the natives. But that doesn't commit me to anything."

"Agreed. But outwardly you are my wife, to the world down here, always excepting Pollie, who of course knows the truth. There might have been several little *contretemps* if she didn't." Di went pink in spite of herself, and he went on: "Besides, I wanted Pollie to know. I count her my great ally. You are to all appearances my wife, and this to all appearances is our honeymoon—half-a-moon in length and—intensity."

"Appearances don't regulate our relations toward each other, so I don't see why you did what you did."

"A little bit of superstition," declared Le Grice lightly; "say I was working a spell, if you like. I'm out to win, you know. I mean you to get so fond of me you'll be unable to do without me. Laugh away! as Pollie used to say to me. You'll laugh backward before you've done."

"Oh," stormed Diana, stung in her maiden's pride. "I hate you! I wish I'd never come with you! Hugh, don't boast—it isn't like you. Be the nice Hugh I know, my friend Hugh. Oh, please."

As she heard herself, for the first time, appealing to him, she realized how she had put herself in his power, and even in the misery of the moment she felt a shock of relief that it was Hugh and not any other man whom she was with. At the note of distress in her voice Le Grice jumped up, and, laying down his pipe, put his arms around her.

"Dear, I'm so sorry," he whispered. "Don't hate me, Di. Try to remember that this—this half-and-half arrangement isn't so natural for me as for you, and forgive me if in avoiding one pitfall I tumble into another. I'm just the old Hugh you've always known, willing to be nothing but what you want."

"You're an angel and much too good to me," sobbed Diana. "I'm tired, and that makes me silly and irritable."

"Go to bed, there's a good child. You'll be all right in the morning," advised Le Grice.

Lifting her head from his shoulder, Diana dabbed at her eyes with the corner of silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket, and smiled up at him. "Dear old Hugh!" she said. "Good night."

And before he guessed what she would be at, she had stooped and laid a light kiss on

his hand. He was still standing, deeply touched, when the door closed after her.

He sat long by the fire that night, always with Diana's face before him and her voice in his ears, always with the problem of her in his mind. He recalled his first meeting with her, and smiled as he remembered how at first sight Diana's face had struck him mostly with a curious doll-like quality it undoubtedly possessed. The skin was waxen white except for a slight pink flush below extravagantly calm eyes of a clear lilac-gray; the modeling of the face was broad across brow and cheek-bones, and across the jaw on a level with the rather too small mouth, then came a dimpled chin, short as was the tip-tilted nose. It was the type of face, in the breadth of its modeling and the delicate insistence of the tones and fine sharp edges, that suggests a pansy. The extreme blondness of her—ashen hair, white skin, and pellucid eyes—united with the delicate precision of contour in an effect of innocence that surpassed itself, and became the blandness of a doll. She was curiously immobile, always sat very quietly and moved slowly—graceful in the way that a heavily built puma is graceful, because of the thoroughly sound construction of her bones and muscles.

With all the dollish aspect—perhaps because of it—she was suggestive of secretiveness. It was easy to imagine that with that protective mask she could be very bad indeed, and Le Grice wondered for some time over what he described to himself as the "innocent sweet corruption" subtly conveyed by her look and personality, before he discovered it arose from her Undine-like soullessness. Her brain, direct and a little cold, cut through convention without seeing it; right and wrong were terms at which she stared helplessly; only her instincts, clean, shy, and cold also, kept her from harm. Le Grice knew she had really seen no reason for not coming with him, and that she did not guess he consented only because he was practically certain of making her his definitely at the end of the time. At the thought his fingers went to an inner pocket to assure himself of the safety of that special license he had brought, unknown to her, and a smile touched his mouth. He was thankful he had come—she was quite capable in her recklessness and pique of making the experiment with any other of her wooers, and it was not safe to leave her to herself.



Hugh was silent, but Diana exclaimed, "What a splendid studio it would make!" and then was annoyedly aware of a lack of tact

The next day was devoted by Diana to the conquest of Mrs. Polwren, whom she found in the dairy, superintending the butter-making. Susan Polwren was a little old woman thin in the neck, long and flat in the waist; under her polished chin a hollow ran sharply up between two tendons. Her hair, still dark, she wore so smoothly watered down that it showed the thinness of the temples through; her bright brown eyes had the quick twinkle of a robin's. She looked Diana swiftly over as the girl stood hesitating a moment in the doorway, and of the dress at least she approved. The girl wore a severely simple shirt of washing silk with a soft turn-down collar. It was pale lilac to match her eyes, and the hue was intensified by a loosely knotted black tie. Her skirt, sensibly short, was of rough tweed.

She smiled in her sweet slow fashion at Mrs. Polwren, who found herself bidding her step in. Diana obeyed, and came and stood by the table, her hand in the golf-pocket of her skirt, her eyes wandering around the room. At least the girl was not a glib chatterer, thought Mrs. Polwren, one of those all honey-and-sugar young ladies who ogled you as though you were a man. The old country dame was shrewd enough to know that a woman who flirts with her own sex is the most deadly coquette of all.

"What be gwain to do for the day, m'dear?" she asked, slapping some butter into shape as she spoke.

"We thought we wouldn't do much to-day, Mrs. Polwren, only wander about close at hand, and take things easily. Hugh says you must suggest places for us to go to later on. It's such years since he's been here that he doesn't remember them all."

At this diplomatic fiction Mrs. Polwren softened further. She was flattered by being asked for advice, besides unconsciously feeling soothed by Diana's sweet, husky voice, that might have wiled a bird off a tree.

"Well, there's the Devil's Bussa—that's our Cornish for jug, m'dear. It's a great thing o' granite they say the devil drinks out of, 'way up to the moor. Master Hugh was rare and fond o' gwain there."

"He's very fond of your butter, Mrs. Polwren," rejoined Diana. "He's always told me there's none like it. I wish you'd teach me how to make it some time."

"That I will, for 'twould be a relief to my mind, like, to think that Mr. Hugh could

always have the butter he likes," replied the old woman, hitting more shrewdly than she knew, and sending Diana pink-cheeked out into the yard.

Le Grice was there awaiting her, alert and eager, looking younger than he ever had to her eyes before.

"The haunts of your childhood have a rejuvenating effect on you, Hugh," she told him, laughing.

"You can't think how exciting it all is as it comes back to me," he replied. "Everything looks smaller, of course, like one always hears it does, but just as ripping as it used to. I'm going to take you on a personally conducted tour, and we'll begin with the big barn."

They made their way to the yard where the great ricks stood gleaming in the sun under their tarpaulin covers, which were rippling down their tethered lengths as the fresh breeze contrived to slip beneath them. On the steps of the big gray granite barn a group of fowls clustered, brilliant bronze against the faded blue of the door; they scattered with a beating of wings and a scurry of scaly claws, clucking shrilly, as Le Grice ran up the steps, and pushing open the upper half of the door, peered in. Diana followed and peered into the dimness, illumined by a shaft of sunlight in which the motes danced solemnly, wreathing this way and that like steam within the strip of brightness.

Hugh Le Grice was silent, but Diana exclaimed, "What a splendid studio it would make!" and then was annoyedly aware of a lack of tact.

"Goth!" said Le Grice. "This is a place sacred to King Arthur and his knights. It is none other than the banqueting-hall of Camelot, hung with richest arras—whatever arras may be—and I—*moi qui te parle*—have sat at the feasts."

"I'd no idea you were a fanciful kind of child, Hugh."

"No? I suppose I don't appear a fanciful kind of man—the legal profession doesn't encourage fancies—and yet I indulge in them sometimes. I had a fancy to take this pilgrimage into the past with you."

He watched her anxiously as he spoke. He knew the risk of his experiment, how the slightest mischance of mood or incident might upset a thing so delicate and intangible. Diana looked away from him, poising one foot over the edge of the step as though hesitating whether to go back or forth.

"I think I'm tired, Hugh," she said, at last; "let's just sit on a rick till lunch-time. Shall we?"

Half disappointed, yet thankful she had not said anything like "It's only a dusty old barn," and respecting her mood, he installed her on a shelf cut half-way up a straw-rick and lay beside her in silence.

"Whom does this place belong to?" asked Diana presently.

"My father, who's a judge in India, you know. Mrs. Polwren has it on a lease, and of course will have it as long as she lives; we shouldn't dream of disturbing her. I got myself born here, and the governor bought the place as a little memento for my mother. She never lived to enjoy it, and the governor left Pollie in possession and took me back with him. Then, when I grew too old for India, I was sent here with a tutor and lived here till I went to Marlborough. After that relations took to engulfing me for the holidays, and I came no more."

"But you didn't forget it?"

"It's not the sort of thing one forgets."

Diana chewed a glossy yellow straw in silence, and soon the squat, red-haired serving-maid appeared to call them in to the midday meal. That afternoon Diana sent Le Grice out alone, and herself spent the time with Mrs. Polwren. Pollie's subject of conversation was Hugh—Hugh as a little boy.

"He was always a rare one for imaginin' things, but 'ee nawn't think he was nawthen but a Jan o' Dreams," said the old woman; "wasn't a lad for miles could sail a boat or manage a harse better'n he. And when it came to th' maidens, b'lieve he was as forward as any."

"Oh!" murmured Diana.

"Iss, so he was, for sure. Tell 'ee what, my dear, since you'm his maiden, I'll show 'ee his room he used to play en when he was a cheild—nawthen's changed en et. Would 'ee care for et?"

"Please," said Diana, and followed her hostess up the old stone stairs, right up to the attic. There Mrs. Polwren produced a key, blew on it, and turned it in the lock of an old oak door. She flung open shutters and windows, and Diana saw a long room with a sloping ceiling and deep sills. A toy yacht, evidently home-made, leaned against a carpenter's bench where shavings, gray with dust, still lay as they had been planed off the work in hand. There were other

things—a cricket-bat and some fishing-rods among them; but it was the yacht, her sails gallantly set and the little pennant at her mast wavering in the draft, that struck Diana's imagination.

Mrs. Polwren took one of the drawers out of the chest of drawers and carried it to the light.

"These are his photos," she said. "I had 'en took every year to Corpus Fair, and in between whiles I often had him done to the photographer's to send his da."

Diana crossed over to her, and side by side in the window-seat the two women went through the photographs together. So this was what Hugh had been—this dark, wide-eyed little boy with the scowling brows and close-cropped head. Diana imagined that his hair must have grown in an adorable point behind. She asked Pollie, and had the idea confirmed. Hugh astride a pony, Hugh painfully sleek looking in an Eton suit, grasping a book unhappily with one hand, even Hugh in a little plaid frock all over tabs and buttons, Hugh in every phase met her eyes.

"There's somethen else to show 'ee," said Mrs. Polwren, putting the photos away at last, "but that's in my room."

"Oh!" said Diana, when she saw what the thing was; "it—it was his, I suppose?"

It was a stupid thing to say, but she felt stupid. None of the orthodox emotions thrilled her as she looked at the solid walnut cradle where Hugh had lain; she only felt inadequate, and miles away from Pollie.

"Iss, it was his, and it'll be his childer's," said Mrs. Polwren; "I'll give it up to 'ee when the time comes, my dear."

"I'm not at all sure I'm going to marry Mr. Le Grice," Diana blurted out desperately.

Mrs. Polwren remained entirely unperturbed. "Ah, you're maid-shy, my dear. Tes fitty enough," was all she said, and Diana, with a curious feeling of being beset on all sides by unseen forces of which she had never dreamed, fled down into the garden. In the night she woke suddenly, and, unable to fall asleep again, she at length lit her candle and crept up to the attic. There she went softly about, touching each thing lightly, handling the tools, even blowing on the little pennant to set it streaming out. The room obsessed her, and she resented the fact; it was with a shock she suddenly realized that it no longer seemed the room of a

ghost-child. Hugh's childhood seemed a living part of a definite whole; that helped her to understand him, and she drew back from the deep sense of intimacy conveyed, seeking the shelter of her own room again.

The days slipped past at Gwarris in the way they have when people are happier than they realize till afterward, and spring took a fuller hold on the land. The primroses smelt honey-sweet in the copses, the thorns' green buds followed the earlier crumpled leaves of the elder, the violets made a blur of blue by the tree-roots; and then came the silvery pussy-willows and the pale-gold tassels on alder and hazel. In the orchards the blossoms broke pearly and pink on the boughs, and from the grass below, the tremulous heads of narcissi and daffodils showed white and yellow, or the rich-colored gilliflowers made the air sweet. Nowhere was there anything dark—land and weather alike were of a clear pallor. Against the cold clear blue of the sky and its huge gold-clouds, the trees seemed of penciled silver, their buds still forming only a faint green mistiness. The plowed lands were a pale wine-color, and the soft cloud-shadows trailed swiftly across them; here and there a curving slope of green pasture-land caught the sky in a reflection that shimmered like water. In the midst of so much light Diana was glad of her own fairness, and Le Grice's eyes told her he was glad of her as well.

Their experiment, as such, was failing through being too idyllic—they no more showed each other the every-day domesticity that is supposed to prevail in marriage than if they had been on a real honeymoon. It was one of those times when the magic of a place, and still more of that intangible atmosphere more potent than any actual air, catches up the mind and with it the senses into an exaltation that is quite placid and free from strain. Once, when Diana was sketching, and her easel blew over for the third time, she said "Damn!", irritably accused Le Grice of having fixed it up badly, and stuck her palette-knife through the canvas. And once, when for the second time running Diana had forgotten to pack anything to drink in the luncheon-basket, Le Grice, who was hot and thirsty from carrying the self-same basket over many miles of moor, was distinctly out of temper and read her a lecture on thoughtlessness. But both flare-ups ended in laughter, and the experiment was hardly advanced at all.

And all the time that they were being such good comrades in that most magic of all countries—which avowed lovers have to leave behind them—the '*pays du tendre*'—Diana was beset by a feeling that they were not two, but three. The child Hugh, the straight-browed little boy of Mrs. Polwren's faded photographs, went with them, lay beside them on the moors, dug his brown toes into the firm damp sand, kept his sleek round little head bobbing beside them through the foam on the wave-slopes. She laughed at herself for the feeling, but it held her none the less. Each place they visited was full of memories for Le Grice, that he shared with her by telling; the streams told of days when he worked an old tub down them as a pirate-chief, the sea-caves were still fearful with the smugglers of his childish imagination, in the holes between the piled boulders on the moor he remembered how he had crouched, a fugitive Royalist; and the child Hugh was no more vivid in the memory of the man than he was in the girl's obsessed imagination.

The last day of their visit dawned, wet and stormy. They went for a long walk, came in drenched, and had to change their clothes; and then, toward evening, Le Grice went out alone to the village to order their jingle for the next day. Left by herself, Diana felt restless—she knew that that evening Hugh would want to come to a definite arrangement, and she tried to sort out her confused thoughts. The storm raged without; against their sitting-room window gusts of rain drove heavily, and a tree

branch kept on beating upon the pane until, distracted by the noise, Diana fled from the room. She wandered up to the attic, half wishing, half dreading, to realize the child Hugh for the last time. Somehow, as she stood there, she failed in what she did not usually have to attempt, and she only

received a yet stronger impression of restlessness; it was as though something were appealing to her that she still would not let herself understand. Wandering out of the room again, she was going down-stairs, when a sudden impulse made her go into Pollie's empty bedroom. Through the dusk the bulk of the old-fashioned cradle loomed darkly,

and she went slowly forward. Kneeling beside it, she fingered the little bedclothes Pollie always kept in it, then rocked it tentatively. Hugh's mother had bent over it like that, she thought, when he had slept in it, perhaps lying with one tiny hand flung palm upward beside his head, as she had seen babies lie. She imagined it so clearly that she put her hands out to the pillow



Kneeling beside the old-fashioned cradle, Diana fingered the little bedclothes Pollie always kept in it, then rocked it tentatively

low as though expecting to touch a warm cheek, then, as she bowed her own head on them, understanding came to her, bewilderingly sweet, with a swiftness that set her heart thudding and drove the blood to her temples. This was what was calling to her—this, this. Not the child Hugh appealed to her that evening from the old nursery, but Hugh's child—Hugh's child that she could evoke from the future. And with that knowledge came its attendant gleam: "Then I do love Hugh after all. I'm in love with him at last."

Laying her cheek upon the little pillow,

she bunched the coverlet up to her breast, aching with the promise of happiness. She was still lying so when from below unwonted sounds won her back to the present—sounds of trampling feet and men's voices, then a cry from Pollie. The woman's age-old instinct of fear for her man when he is away from her caught at Diana's heart, and prepared her for what met her eyes when she ran into the sitting-room—Le Grice's still figure laid upon the long table. Pollie was arranging cushions under his head, and she looked up as Diana pushed past the frightened farm servants.

"'Twas th' old elm by th' drive," she told her; "et blawed down and hit 'en as et fell. They'm always treacherous trees, elms, wi' no roots to 'en."

"Not dead, Pollie—he can't be," said Diana tonelessly, as she bent over him; "not when we were going to be so happy!"

"He's not killed yet, my dear," said the old woman soothingly; "his heart's waggin' sure 'nough. Doctor'll be here soon to see to 'en."

She forced brandy between Le Grice's lips, while Diana bathed his head, where the blood had matted his hair into stiff points. It was an hour before the doctor arrived, and all the time one thought was beating at Diana's soul—if it were too late, if she had left it too long before yielding to the influences from which Le Grice had hoped so much, and now joy would never be for them! If he died, she would never be able to get away from the bitter regret that she had not married him at the beginning of their fortnight; for then at least they would have known; joy would have been theirs for a space, and life would never be quite bare for her. And if he died, the little Hugh died with him, was dead forever. Better never to have had that glimpse of what the future could be than to have the possibility of its fruition withdrawn as soon as dreamed of. Dry eyed, she sat, sick with fear lest what they had never yet had might be taken from them. When Doctor Boase arrived, and proclaimed the injuries to consist of a blow only just serious enough to stun, and a slight scalp wound, she was almost angry with him in the revulsion of her feeling.

The following day, Le Grice, still a trifle pale and interesting looking, lay in a long chair set in the tiny scrap of garden, where the twinkling leaves of the box-borders sent up a pleasant fragrance in the sun and the

cushions of arabis gleamed as snowy as the whitewash splashed along the top of the low granite wall. Hugh lay with his head in the blue shadow thrown by the house, but Diana, sitting on the cobble-stones beside him, had her ash-fair mop full in the sun. As she raised what Le Grice called her "pansy face" to him, he saw that though the bright light intensified her pink-and-white waxiness, the scarlet of her narrow mouth, and the pellucid blandness of her eyes, yet the doll-like quality was gone. He thanked the fates that it was the Diana behind the odd charm, which might have appealed to anyone, that he had grown to love during the fortnight, and he drew the round boyish head to his knee.

"Do you realize our experiment's been a success?" he asked.

"Your experiment," amended Diana; "it's been quite different from what I meant it to be. My idea was we should get to know each other thoroughly, and I'm sure we haven't, because I know you can't possibly really be as peerless as I think you are! I seem to have got to know a new me, though."

"We've grown to know the most out-of-the-ordinary part of each other instead of the most ordinary, that's all," said Le Grice, "and it seems to me it's not a bad way to begin. It gives you a standard of happiness to keep up to. Oh, I'm full of theories, and we've had an idyllic time few people get."

Diana gave a sigh to the glamorous "*pays du tendre*" left behind them for the better regulated land of definite roads; then her look deepened. "I think," she said slowly, "that I've got hold—no thanks to myself—of something a bit more personal than theories. Your experiment has led me a great deal farther than you know, Hugh. Oh, being in love? Yes, but I didn't mean just that."

She knelt upright as she spoke and put her hands on his shoulders; her eyes met his in silence. Of that which had companioned her all the fortnight, of that which appealed to her in the attic and still more clearly in the other room, and of the thought which held her during the hour of waiting, she never told him anything; but they were all in her eyes as she looked at him. She realized that through all the difficulties and failures that her brain told her were sure to come, the memory of those things would never lose the power of solace.

Carter Harrison the Second

By John Temple Graves

STORMY petrels of American politics have been the Carter Harrisons of Chicago—flying high over many a wind-swept sea, their voices always clear amid the storm.

Stalwart and strenuous figures in the political arena, these Carter Harrisons—and thoroughbreds to the core, their harness always flecked with the foam of the fiercest races, fiercely fought and almost invariably won. For nineteen out of the last twenty-nine years a Carter Harrison, as mayor has ruled Chicago with almost autocratic powers. Carter Harrison the First served the city five times as mayor, and Carter Harrison the Younger is now serving his fifth term as mayor of the "Windy City."

The Carter Harrisons are eighteenth-century Americans—out of a long strain of Virginian and Revolutionary blood, including the two Presidential Harrisons, William and Benjamin, and touching the Carters, Randolphs, Russells, Burwells, and Graysons and harking back to the Pochontas stock—Americans all the way.

The younger Harrison, present mayor of Chicago, was born to his political tastes and political career. He was a delegate to the Democratic state convention of Illinois in 1896. It is not generally known, but he was a member of the sub-committee on resolutions which drafted the famous resolutions finally adopted by the National Demo-

cratic convention of 1896, and afterward historic as the Chicago platform.

Perhaps the greatest municipal fight Carter Harrison the Second ever won was in 1899 when he nearly doubled the votes of Altgeld and the Republican nominee as a result of the magnificent fight he had made against Charles T. Yerkes, the traction baron of Chicago. Yerkes had tried to

force a sixty-year traction ordinance on the city. There

were hardly enough members of the council who could be counted upon to sustain a veto. Harrison called meet-

ings of citizens in every ward. He demanded that

the two aldermen of each ward meet their constituents face to face and debate with

them why the ordinance should be defeated. He arranged

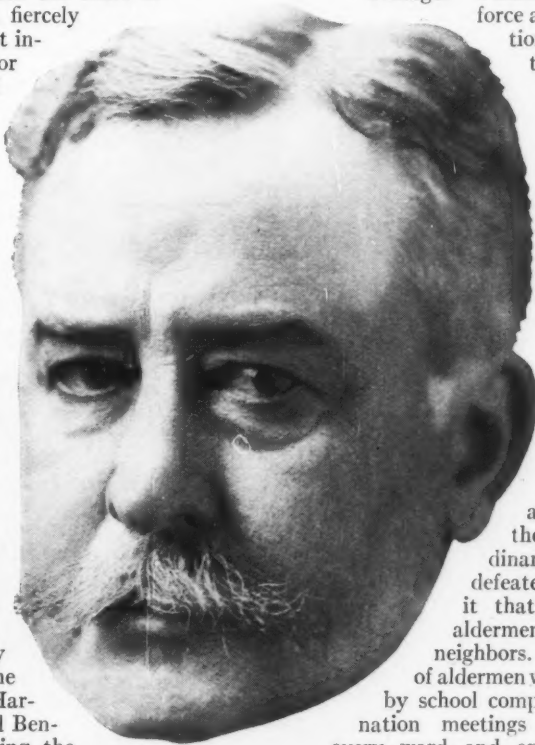
it that the wives of aldermen were visited by neighbors. The children

of aldermen were approached by school companions. Indig-

nation meetings were held in every ward and on almost every street-corner. So overwhelmingly was the public opinion aroused that Yerkes did not dare bring the ordinance to a vote, and later left Chicago,

a beaten man, in the first great conflict in this country between a community and a great corporation in which the people were victors.

While this fight was on Richard Croker, of Tammany Hall, made a secret visit to Chicago in the endeavor to persuade Harrison to abandon his opposition. Croker had just made a public statement in New York that



(C) MOTT
Carter H. Harrison, now
serving his fifth term
as mayor of Chicago

Carter Harrison the Second

the Democratic party believed in home rule. Harrison called Croker's attention to this statement when he came to Chicago, and told him that Chicago not only believed in home rule, but was abundantly able to settle its own controversies. During all this time Mayor Harrison would never see Yerkes alone. He always had somebody with him. One evening, just as he was finishing dinner, the door-bell rang and the maid brought in Yerkes's card. Harrison placed his wife and brother in an ad-

joining room where they could overhear the conversation. Yerkes, a most brilliant and interesting conversationalist, after touching a variety of questions, finally got on the franchise extensions, and after a lengthy explanation of his views, wound up with

a meaning smile and the question, "Now, Mr. Harrison, what do you want?" Harrison answered: "If I do you injustice in my answer by suggesting something you do not mean, I apologize. But if my surmise is correct, let me say there is not money enough on earth to budge me one inch." A day or so afterward, Yerkes issued a long, open letter attacking Harrison and ending with the statement: "I do not understand Mr. Harrison. He is an enigma." Harrison retorted, "Yerkes cannot understand me because I am an honest man."

Carter Harrison the Second is one of the strongest proponents of the municipal ownership of public utilities. He is an opponent of the contract system and an advocate of direct labor in performing public work. He established in Chicago the system by which every user of public property must pay compensation to the city. This system nets

Chicago about \$1,800,000 a year. In eleven years, Mayor Harrison has never missed a meeting of the city council or been out of the presiding officer's chair

one minute. In all these years but one ordinance has ever been passed over his veto.

In many ways Mayor Harrison has proclaimed his independence.

He has time and again supported honest Republican aldermen against



PHOTOGRAPHS OF MRS. HARRISON BY THE CAMPBELL STUDIO, NEW YORK

(c) MOWETT

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, and Mrs. Harrison, who was Miss Edith Ogden, of New Orleans. Both are descended from a long line of distinguished Americans and both are notable in their own right

corrupt Democrats. He has even run independent aldermen and won with them when Democratic and Republican aldermen have been unsatisfactory or corrupt. As a law-and-order mayor he was put on the "unfair" list by the Chicago Federation of Labor because of his attitude in city railway and stock-yard strikes. He has curbed the gamblers, and elevated the law. He has secured

plished woman, is of a distinguished family of brilliant men and women of the South, daughter of Judge Robert N. Ogden of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, with governors, senators and other Supreme Court judges hanging thick on her family tree.

Mrs. Harrison is a devout Catholic, convent educated, speaks French and German fluently, has traveled a great deal, and with all her public duties has found time to write six books for children and two novels. With the almost romantic political history of his race behind him—



"With health and wealth and fame, with a beautiful, accomplished, and devoted wife, the second Carter Harrison is an enviable figure in the public life of our country"

the elevation of almost every railway track in Chicago without expense to the city. He has always favored, out and out, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

Mayor Harrison was offered the nomination of the Democratic party for governor of Illinois in 1900. He was also offered the nomination for Vice-President in 1900, and according to the chronicles of that time, practically effected the nomination of Adlai Stevenson for that place.

Mayor Harrison is happily married to Miss Edith Ogden, of New Orleans. Mrs. Harrison, too, who is a beautiful and accom-



in present power and authority in the second city of the Republic—

with every human and logical prospect of continuing preferment, with health and wealth and fame, with a beautiful, accomplished, and devoted wife, and living full blooded and high couraged in a great progressive age, the second Carter Harrison is indeed a brilliant and enviable figure in the public life of our country.



DRAWN BY CHARLES S. CHAMBERS

There was a new crackling of branches and dry twigs, and a long, lanky man, with a thin wisp of whiskers on his chin and a gun in his hand, came dashing from among the trees. "Where are them two young devils?" he demanded with glaring eyes

("The New Adventures of Wallingford")

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

If you had Wallingford's quick business wit and his skill in converting another man's cash into his own—within the law—would you do it, and take the cash? Probably not. Our gambling spirit runs high, but for most of us stops short—possibly—at a game of cards, or the stock market. The “get-rich-quick” ante is too steep. Yet in America to-day there are plenty of business pirates like Wallingford—pirates who work on Wallingford's recipe—who, together, take hundreds of thousands of dollars from us every year. After reading Wallingford it ought to be the waste-basket for “get-rich-quick” circulars—and money in your pocket. Perhaps that is one reason for Wallingford's popularity. But the main reason is that Mr. Chester tells a corking good story as here, where, with the assistance of the “Kids,” Wallingford makes enough money out of another man's country place to pay the expenses of a vacation—and then some

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

TOAD JESSOP and young Jimmy Wallingford came tearing through the woods from the lake, neck and neck, lickety-split, and dived into their own tent. Blackie Daw, sitting on a log in front of the elaborate portable camp-stove, and drawing doleful melody from his saxophone, looked after them in serious disapproval.

“Don't you know I'm trying to grow a beard?” he called. “How do you expect these whiskers to prosper if you keep them startled like that?”

Receiving no answer and feeling that now was the time to assert the importance of his incipient Vandyke, he rose and looked into the tent. It was empty. With a smile of inner satisfaction he went back to his log and his tune.

There was a new crackling of branches and dry twigs, and a long, lanky man, with a thin wisp of whiskers on his chin and a gun in his hand, came dashing from among the trees and circled completely around. “Where are they?” he demanded with glaring eyes.

“Sit down and let's talk it over,” suggested Blackie. “To begin with, where are who?”

“Them two young devils,” answered the man with the gun.

“So far so good,” granted Blackie. “Now we begin to understand each other; but, before we go any further, Jimpers, may I be permitted to ask one question?”

“I reckon so,” grudgingly agreed the other, eying the small tent with ill favor.

The two larger tents had their flaps open, and it could be readily seen that they held no present occupants. “What's your question?”

“Thank you,” returned Blackie. “At what age did you begin to grow your whiskers?”

“That's none of your business,” snapped the woodsman. “Them tough brats has been racing my cows!”

“How interesting are the diversions of childhood,” commented Blackie, lighting a cigarette. “Could you tell me which of them won?”

“Where are they?” insisted Jimpers.

Blackie rose politely. “The last that I saw of those two innocent children they ran in here,” he stated, and opened the flap of the little tent, into which both men peered. “No doubt, however, they are far, far away by this time.”

“I reckon you helped 'em get away,” charged the lanky one, turning a portion of his wrath on Blackie.

Blackie grinned amiably at him. “I reckon,” he admitted. “What are you going to do about it, Squire?”

“Run you all off the place, that's what I'm going to do,” said the “squire,” his knobby cheek-bones turning purple. “Them younguns has been the pest of my life! They've let out my pigs; they've run all the fat off my hens; they've clubbed every apple out of my tree of July Sweets; they've swamped my row-boat; they've made my cows nervous; and they've done more blasted damage all around than I ever

believed two human bein's could do! You've got to go, the whole kit and boilin' of you!"

Blackie regarded the man with drawn brows. "Why all this change of emotion on your part, Mr. Jimpers?" he puzzled. "But one short day ago you loved these two cute darlings, and were friends of us, and took the choice money we paid you with radiant smiles. Now you order us off the place. Why is this as it is?"

"Well," explained Mr. Jimpers, "the boss is coming. Young Burlingame got home from Europe yesterday, without sendin' me any word that he'd be here this year at all."

"How rude!" commiserated Blackie. "Mr. Jimpers, I dislike to call anybody a harsh name, but it does seem to me that you are little less than a mogus or a bim-jack. I perceive that you have been renting camping privileges on your own account, and now that the boss is about to disconcert you, you are angry with the innocent people whom you induced to get you into trouble."

"It don't make no difference what you think," sullenly stated Mr. Jimpers. "You got to get off the place right away."

Blackie blew a contemplative strain on his saxophone. "You're a rotten diplomat, Jimpers," he decided. "If you had come to me like a nice little man and said that you were in trouble, Jim Wallingford and myself, and Mr. Hackett across the lake, might all have discommoded ourselves. As it is, and speaking just at random, and for my friends, companions, and neighbors, I think we'll give you a rough toss."

"What can you do?" demanded the sulky Jimpers.

"First of all," replied Blackie, "I am going to pull your whiskers; and second, I'm going to keep my share of this camp right here and watch you get fired."

So saying, Blackie put the first part of his threat into execution at once; and felt better for it.

II

BLACKIE DAW made a careful toilet for his morning call. He took a dip in the sequestered inlet which elbowed its way in among the rocks from the lake, combed his patchy black stubble anxiously, put on his overalls, tennis-shoes, soft silk shirt, cut-away coat, and silk hat; then, tucking his saxophone-case under his arm, he solemnly

padlocked the front flap of the Daw tent, stepped into a skiff, and rowed across the lake to where an enormous white tent, flanked by three smaller ones, gleamed from the edge of the tree line.

Here, lolling in hammocks and lounging in camp-chairs, he found his wife and Fannie Wallingford, Mrs. Hackett and her daughter Florence. A colored maid, in white cap and apron, was serving lemonade to these ladies, and with great enthusiasm they invited Blackie to join them.

"No, thank you," refused Blackie soberly. "I require, rather, the services of your butler. I have just had a shock, and I think it will be rather bad for my whiskers unless I have a stronger stimulant than lemonade."

"You'll probably find old Sam where the men are," laughed Mrs. Hackett, who was a very comfortable-looking middle-aged lady. "I think they are around the point in the Café Piazza."

"Just where I would prefer to find them," said Blackie. "I have some important business, about which I will not hint to you ladies because I don't wish you to be worried."

"What is it, Blackie?" demanded Violet Bonnie Daw, trying to sit up suddenly in a hammock, and failing because of her excessive roundness.

"I beg of you not to ask me," replied Blackie. "I wish to conceal it from you until we men have decided what to do. Jimpers has ordered us all off the place."

"Oh," laughed Florence Hackett, dropping another lump of rock candy in her lemonade and settling back in relief; "you're joking."

"No, he isn't," guessed Fannie Wallingford, studying Blackie sharply. "What have the children been doing?"

"Racing the cows," announced Blackie solemnly.

"Oh, were they!" exclaimed Florence, who was a slender and active girl of seventeen. "They're cheaters! I suggested that race to them. Did the black cow win?"

"The official report is not yet in," Blackie told her, moving away toward the point.

Fannie Wallingford walked down to the edge of the water, and, shading her eyes, peered across the lake. "Where are the children?" she anxiously inquired.

"Fannie, listen a moment," Blackie kindly implored. "I would not distress you



"I have a ripping idea, Berrlnm," suggested Lord Bertie. "Suppose we just turn the place over to Mr. Wallingford and go away. We'll bring a crowd back next season, and hunt Indians, and fish, and kill a few buffalo. Eh, what?"

for worlds. Nobody knows where the children are," and he disappeared around the corner of the rocks.

J. Rufus Wallingford and a large, solid-boned man were sitting in friendly ease on a natural rock bench which the party had dubbed the Café Piazza. Before them, on the broad, smooth, rock floor, against which lapped the wavelets of the lake, was a portable table. On the table was a comforting collection of bottles and glasses, and a perfectly smooth and highly glistening old colored man was squirting seltzer into a brown liquid which had a chunk of ice in it.

"Make it three, Sam," requested Blackie, as he drew up a camp-chair.

"I thought you were going to stay home and practise until lunch-time," complained Wallingford, glancing at Blackie's saxophone with distinct aversion.

"I have important news," said Blackie, hanging his silk hat carefully on a struggling sapling. "We've been stung, by renting a camping privilege from Jimpers. The owner of this thousand acres of beauti-

ful scenery has unexpectedly come back from Europe, and Jimpers wants to hustle us off the place immediately."

"I thought Jimpers was a crook," grumbled Wallingford.

"When does he want us to go?" inquired Mr. Hackett, who had proved to be a very agreeable camping neighbor.

"Yesterday," replied Blackie. "Jim, I pulled the squire's whiskers."

Wallingford rose with a sigh. "In that case, I suppose we'd better go home and pack up," he considered.

"I decided not," announced Blackie. "Jimpers didn't come to me for help. He broke into the camp by chasing the kids for amusing his cows, and ordered us off the place as if we had cheated him by coming. You see, Jim, you don't look at things the way I do. Your idea is that, after I pulled his whiskers, we have to leave. Mine is that, after such an episode, we have to stay."

"I'm of Blackie's opinion," laughed Hackett. "I like this place," and his eye roved affectionately around the beautifully

wooded shores of the little lake. "Frankly," he confessed, "I don't like to move away from all this fine white oak."

"You might take it with you, except that we have to leave in such a hurry," chuckled Wallingford.

"It certainly would look good stacked up in my various lumber-yards," conceded Hackett. "There must be a hundred thousand dollars' worth of white oak alone on this estate."

"By George, I hadn't thought of that," speculated Wallingford, surveying the land with a new interest. "I suppose the other timber would bring it up to a rather respectable figure."

"Only the white oak interests me," returned Hackett, still admiring the beauties of nature. "There's a couple of trees over in front of that old bungalow, for instance, which I would give one of my porcelain teeth for."

"The owner of this estate is a young fellow by the name of Burlingham, but, since he's lived in England so much, he spells it Burlingame, and pronounces it Burliman," said Wallingford, looking out across the lake and collecting such bits of information as he could remember about their landlord. "I suppose his present given name is Chauncey."

"Oh, pinch yourself, Jim," advised Blackie, opening his saxophone-case. "There's no use your trying to frame up a scheme to sneak away a thousand acres of shade, because it couldn't be done without leaving a clue."

"Hardly," agreed Hackett. "I wish it were possible. I don't suppose young Burl'n'am would sell his white oak."

"My word, nao!" scorned Wallingford. "I think Chauncey intends to make a preserve out of this. Blackie, if you try to play a tune on that thing, I'll throw it in the lake!"

"I don't suppose you'll ever be educated," sorrowed Blackie. "I had intended to show you how near I can make this thing sound like 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' but now I shall be stingy with you. I shall go over and play for the ladies."

He adjusted his silk hat with great nicety, replaced his saxophone in its case, and was about to depart in justly offended dignity when Wallingford suddenly stood up and looked down through the trees.

"I hear an auto," he said.

"I hear two of them," supplemented Blackie, who had a keener ear. "Maybe it's Chauncey. Suppose the tenantry all turn out, and give him a royal welcome. What would you play for him, Jim—'Lauterbach' or 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here'?"

"Cut it," directed Wallingford crisply. "Blackie, I wish you'd save any idiotic impulses you might have."

Blackie glanced at Wallingford and read something in his eye. "All right, chief," he cheerfully acquiesced, and sat down in the rock seat where he could not be seen from the forest road.

There came presently into view a touring-car piled high with luggage, and another one containing two young men with drooping yellow mustaches, two young Japs, a fat Frenchman, and a curly-haired Italian.

Both young men wore tweed caps, and the taller one stared frowningly at the two men on the Café Piazza.

"It's Burlingham all right," decided Wallingford. "I wonder if he's as big a saphead as he looks."

The ladies came running back, and Florence Hackett was giggling hysterically.

"Oh, Percy!" exclaimed Violet Bonnie Daw. "Who's the fancy company?"

"The lord of the white-oak domain, and his friend Lord Splush, I fawncy," conjectured Wallingford. "With them are Chauncey's valet, and Lord Splush's man, and the chef, and the old family retainer."

"Lord Splush's familiar name is Bertie," laughed Fannie Wallingford. "As they passed just behind the shrubbery I caught the name."

"Ow, Berrlnm, who are these people?" quoted Violet Bonnie, holding an imaginary monocle to her eye. She dropped the monocle and twirled an imaginary yellow mustache. "'Pon honor, Bertie, I didn't know Jimpers had any squatters on the place. I'll have the rotters cleared out.'"

Mr. Hackett, who had a very ruddy skin, turned a shade darker. "I'd like to go up to that bungalow and clean up the crowd," he suggested wistfully.

Blackie was out of his corner in an instant. "Wait 'til I get the kids," he begged. "They'll want to see it."

"Suppose you leave it to me," suggested Wallingford slowly. "Don't do anything until I've had time to think it over." He lit a big cigar, and walked down along the beach by himself.

Blackie looked after him and grinned. "Chauncey shall pay dearly for this outrage," he confided to Hackett.

III

WALLINGFORD, who had hurriedly shaved and dressed himself in immaculate outing-costume, including the fool sombrero which Blackie had insisted on buying for him, found, as Blackie, after a rapid scouting trip, had reported, a very discontented Burlingame on the rickety porch of the bungalow at the head of the lake. The Italian house-man was washing the windows; the two Japs were opening trunks; the chef stood in the doorway consumed with rage; Jimpers stood by the visiting proprietor with an expression of defiantly injured innocence. Young Lord Bertie, very much amused, lounged against a porch post, and Wallingford gave him a second glance. He seemed the nearest human of anybody in the lot.

"Whatever this man says ain't so," declared Jimpers, as Wallingford came up. "His crowd come here, and put up their tents, and just laughed when I ordered them to move off."

"I'm afraid we didn't quite understand," said Wallingford suavely, with a glance at Jimpers. "We had secured a camping privilege at Moose-ear Lake," and he presented his card.

"That's five mile further on," interrupted Jimpers, clutching eagerly at the opportunity to protect himself.

"So it seems," admitted Wallingford. "When your man came to us, we thought he was just some shrewd country fellow trying to bunco us. I'm very sorry to find that we were actually trespassing."

"It's rather awkward," condescended Burlingame, with unwilling graciousness. "Of course, if you were mistaken, it can't be helped, although it can be rectified."

"By our removing our camp as quickly as possible," surmised Wallingford with a smile. "Naturally we would do that in any event, but, if it won't annoy you too much, we'd like to have twenty-four hours in which to pack."

"Oh, by all means, take your time," granted Burlingame. "If you can't get away decently in twenty-four hours, make it day after to-morrow morning early. I think we passed your camp down there as we came in."

"No, that was the camp of a Mr. Hackett," responded Wallingford. "My tents are on this side of the lake. You can't see them from the water."

"Ow," responded Burlingame. "Jimpers, go down immediately and ask Mr. Hackett if he can't be off the grounds by day after to-morrow morning."

"I'll answer for Mr. Hackett," offered Wallingford, suppressing a glint in his eye. "I will see that he breaks camp when I do. It seems scarcely necessary to send him an uncomfortable message by an uncomfortable servant, if you can avoid it."

"The gentleman's right, Berrlnm," laughed Lord Bertie, lounging forward. "Seems to me he's nipped off a bit of your side."

"It may be, Bertie," said Burlingame, with the alacrity of agreement one should give a lord. "I apologize to the gentleman for what must have seemed an unnecessarily rude reception; but the fact is that I've been very much annoyed."

"Well, rather," chuckled Lord Bertie, who seemed to find pleasure in the keen eye and the jovial countenance of the broad-chested Wallingford. "It's a rotten place this, and yet Berrlnm is nasty to the only cheerful person we've seen since we left New York. Eh, what, old chap? A little hospitality, now what do you say?"

"With pleasure," agreed Burlingame, his face brightening as he contemplated that of Lord Bertie. "How about a bit of Scotch, Mr."—and he glanced at the card—"Mr. Wallingford?"

"Thank you, no," refused Wallingford stiffly. "I'm sorry we trespassed, but I don't like either yourself or the way you've treated our error. I'll be off your property as soon as we can possibly make it. I'm only sorry a live American doesn't own this estate. I'd like to make something out of it."

He delivered this parting shot as he stepped off the porch.

"Three and a tiger," cheered Lord Bertie. "Why don't you let him, Berrlnm?"

"I say," called Burlingame.

Wallingford half turned.

"What did you remark about doing something with this place? Do come on up and sit down, old chap."

"Sort o' overlook the past, and have a bit of Scotch," grinned Lord Bertie, placing a chair.

Wallingford hesitated, then changed his indignant scowl for a chuckle of deliberate good humor. "I can't hold a grouch for more than five minutes to save me," he declared, sitting down comfortably and producing some cigars. "I think you'll find these perfectos very fair. I have them made expressly for me in Havana."

Lord Bertie examined his with the care of a connoisseur. "I hope you won't mind my sniffing," he smiled, as he smelled the cigar before lighting it. "It's a perfectly complimentary sniff, I assure you."

"Have another sniff," invited Wallingford cordially. "I happen to be a landscape architect," he went on, turning to Burlingame. "I've been enjoying this preserve largely in the light of its possibilities. It's a magnificent estate, but it wants a lot done to it."

"The gentleman is entirely truthful," advised Lord Bertie pleasantly.

"It wants everything done to it," declared Burlingame. "Shan; ow, I see you already have the Scotch. Fact is, Mr. Wallingford," he resumed as the sleek little Jap served them, "I'm deuced sorry we made this trip. Lord Bertie and I ran over for no other reason than because I'd bragged about my American preserve. I think we shall go back immediately."

"I don't think it's so rotten," objected Lord Bertie. "I never saw a more beautiful stretch of country, nor a more picturesque forest, nor a prettier lake. The cover's too thick for game, however."

"That's it exactly," assented Wallingford eagerly. "The trees need thinning out a bit, and, in some places, you need clearings, in order to get a view."

"That's right," mused Burlingame. "You can't see more than twenty rods in any direction, for the underbrush. You may go, Jimpers," and he frowned slightly as he noticed the presumption of Jimpers, who was still standing by and listening with both ears.

"I can tell you about that underbrush," offered Jimpers, stepping forward and leaning his bony knuckles on a corner of the table.

"Well, my word!" exclaimed Burlingame, who had been away from this sort of thing for the better part of fifteen years. He looked up at Jimpers in wonder, for a moment, and then something which was everlastingly American in him struggled to the

surface through his foreign veneer. He rose, and a big biceps swelled in his coat sleeve. "Get out!" he said.

"Oh, all right, if you say so," Jimpers grudgingly gave in, yielding to his perfectly logical respect for a biceps, and he slouched away.

"He's a good enough caretaker," smiled Wallingford. "He's energetic in your interests, I know, from the vigor with which he ordered us off the place. You need a new bungalow here, Mr. Burlingame."

"Well said," emphatically agreed Burlingame. "This lodge is a disgrace. I remembered it as quite small enough, but had no idea it was in such a beastly state of repair."

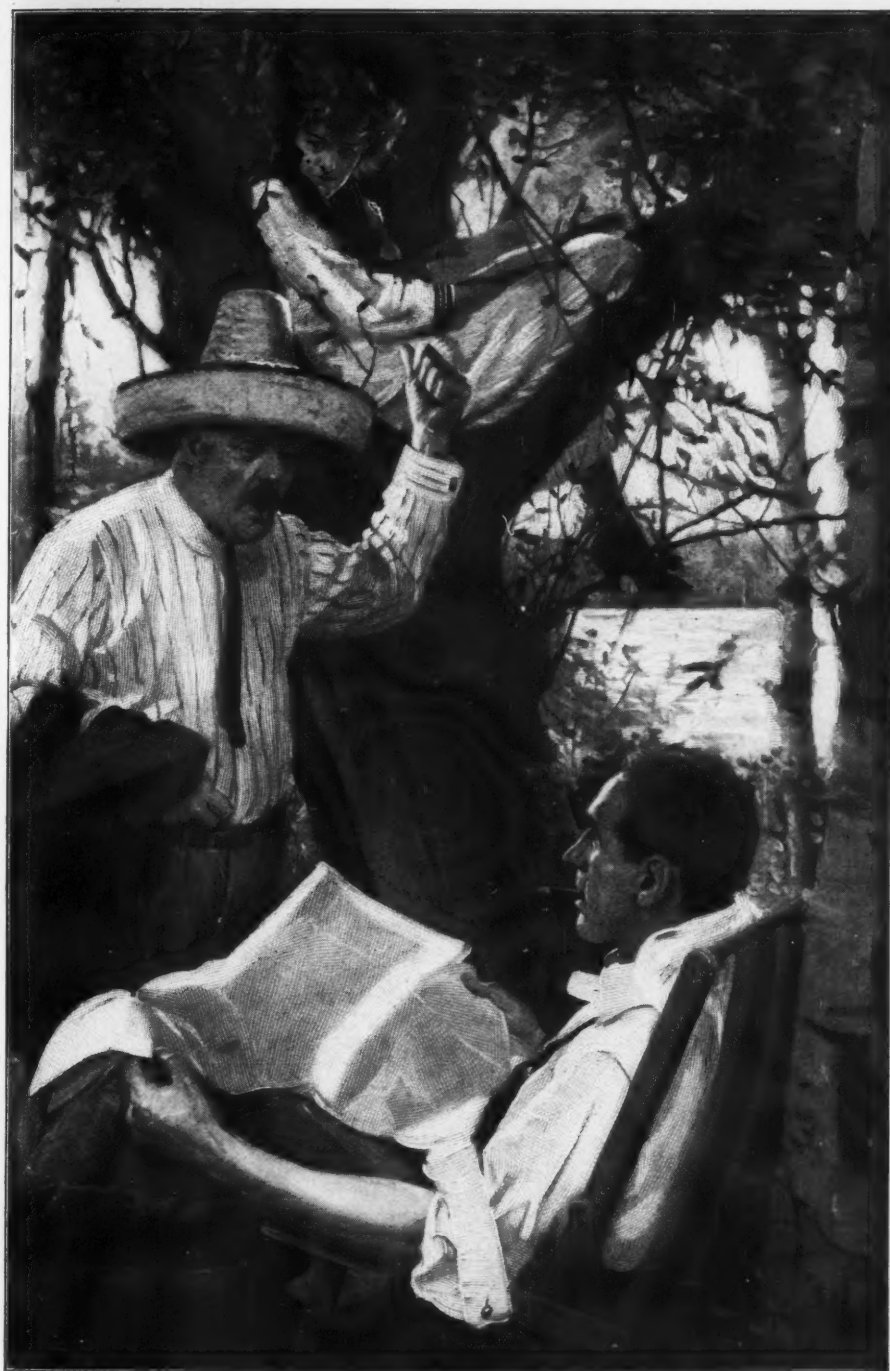
"It is not in keeping with the lake," Wallingford pointed out. "It should not be a plank-and-shingle affair like this. It should be entirely rustic, kept low and squat, with the walls of the beautiful gray stone which you have here in such abundance. There should be a wide porch around the whole lodge, supported by natural columns trimmed from these glorious trees, and with the bark still on them. One roof should cover the whole thing, and that roof should be of rough-hewn clapboards, bark uppermost. Out through there is a small waterfall, which can be harnessed to a dynamo, and serve you electric lights and shower baths."

"I have a ripping idea, Berrlnm," suggested Lord Bertie. "Suppose we just turn the place over to Mr. Wallingford and go away. We'll bring a crowd back next season, and hunt Indians, and fish, and kill a few buffalo. Eh, what?"

Wallingford looked at him sharply, but Lord Bertie was grinning.

"I could stock up the place with a few Indians, and the fish are here, but the buffalo are too scarce to promise," chuckled Wallingford. "I like your friend Lord Bertie's suggestion. If you'd turn this place over to me, I'd make it a labor of love to fix it up, and trim it out. Here's the sort of bungalow I'd build."

He produced from his pocket a fountain-pen, and asked Shanto for paper. He drew a spacious floor-plan of a hunting-lodge, big enough for a house-party of a dozen people. He made deft little sketches of the rustic stairway and the gallery in the big lodge hall, and the fireplace, and the drinking-fountain, and the swimming-pool.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"There isn't a pretty girl within fifty miles," Wallingford assured Lord Bertie, and hurrying over to the camp of the experienced forest-trimmer, he ordered that astounded gentleman to keep Florence in a tent until Lord Bertie had gone

The New Adventures of Wallingford

Both Burlingame and Lord Bertie bent closely over him as he sketched, and they listened raptly, while Wallingford, with the genius of a creator, described the work of regeneration; particularly the thinning-out process.

"Stunning!" pronounced Lord Bertie, as Wallingford, still aglow with his oratorical effort, paused for a gulp of his Scotch and soda.

He had talked in dulcet tones, he had charmed with the wisdom of the serpent, and he began to estimate more carefully than by Hackett's hasty guess, the number of thousand feet of white oak in the thousand-acre estate.

"By Jove, I think I shall have you do it!" decided Burlingame with vast enthusiasm. "If you'll give me an estimate of the cost, I'll make an arrangement to have you draw on my bankers."

Wallingford considered this proposition very carefully. "I scarcely think it will be necessary," he finally announced. "I imagine that I should be able to sell the trees which I thin out for enough to cover all improvements."

"Ripping!" exclaimed Lord Bertie. "Why, just think of it, Berlin! You'll have your preserve brought right up to the mark, and it won't cost you a penny!"

"But, will there be enough to cover your fee?" inquired Burlingame, who had a hereditary tendency to the practical in him, though he was more or less ashamed of it.

"Don't worry about me," laughed Wallingford. "If the cost of the improvements, including my fee, amounts to more than the sale of the lumber, I'll send you my bill, and if it amounts to less than the sale of the lumber, I'll take what's left. Besides, Mr. Burlingame, it will be a labor of love," and here he looked affectionately over the surrounding forest, "to trim this place properly."

"That's what I want you to do," acquiesced Burlingame heartily; "trim the place properly."

"I think I had best write out a little agreement," suggested Wallingford, and, to the intense admiration of both young gentlemen, he wrote two copies of a document, in which he set forth, with much elaboration, the type of bungalow he was to build, the horse-power and equipment of the electric-light and power plant he was to install,

and various other attractive improvements he was to make.

Burlingame and Wallingford signed the two documents gravely, and Lord Bertie witnessed them both enthusiastically.

"The first thing I shall do will be to tear down this bungalow," said Wallingford, as he pocketed the document, and watched Shanto mix them all another Scotch highball. "How soon will it be convenient for you to vacate?"

"In about an hour would suit me," declared Burlingame, with a glance of intense dislike at the disreputably decrepit bungalow. "Unfortunately there's no train until evening."

"Buck up, old chap," encouraged Lord Bertie. "We can lunch here very fairly. I've endured much worse after big game, and if there were any pretty girls in the neighborhood, I could stand it for longer."

"There isn't a pretty girl within fifty miles," Wallingford promptly assured him. "By the way, you're very fortunate in the balance of the camping party you find here. Mr. Hackett, whose camp you passed on the way up, is one of the most experienced forest-trimmers in the United States, I think. He has been most eager to get at this job, and I will give you my personal guarantee, written if you like, that he will do the work carefully and thoroughly."

"Ow, that won't be necessary," said Burlingame indifferently. "I'll leave all such details to you. Our contract, you know, makes you responsible for the entire undertaking anyhow."

"Quite true," assented Wallingford softly. "It couldn't be in better hands. You'll hardly recognize the place next time you see it."

"I hope not," laughed Burlingame. "I presume you'll keep your forest-trimmer right on the place, now that he's here. And by the way, I'll give Jimpers orders that you are to have carte blanche."

"Do," begged Wallingford, suppressing a chuckle. "I think I'll keep Jimpers busy cutting underbrush."

"Won't you stay and have a bite with us?" invited Burlingame.

"No, thank you," declined Wallingford. "I have some important business to see to," and, hurrying over to the camp of the experienced forest-trimmer, he ordered that astounded gentleman to keep Florence in a tent until Lord Bertie had gone.

IV

"Now tell me what this is all about," insisted Hackett, after they had waved a cordial last good-by to the visiting foreigners. "You kept alluding to me as a forest-trimmer and kicking my shins alternately all the time we talked to those fellows."

"Burlingame is as good as English now, and I hadn't patience enough to explain anything further to him," said Wallingford easily, as they walked back up from the road to the Café Piazza. "If I had told him that you were a lumber-dealer, he wouldn't have been so willing to trust you with the work of improving the estate. Under your title of a forest-trimmer, he has more confidence in your ability."

"I see," returned Hackett doubtfully. "After all, though, I don't understand how the building of a new bungalow can interest me."

"I think it will," went on Wallingford, sitting on the rock seat behind the portable table, and ringing, with a stone, for Sam.

He was beaming happily, even though, from the sward behind him, there came the doleful strains of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"Hackett, in how short a time, if you used all your resources, could you trim out all the white oak on this place?"

"Using all my resources?" speculated Hackett. "Well, Wallingford, if you'll let me have sixty days, I can turn this 'preserve' into a lawn."

"We don't care to go that far," cautioned Wallingford, holding up his hand. "This is to be a clean and careful job of forest trimming. Now, Hackett, make me a close estimate of how much you'll give me for all of this white oak. A lump sum, I mean. Make your own gamble. I've made mine."

Mr. Hackett showed his great excitement by taking off his coat and swinging his gaze completely around the horizon. "I'll start a survey to-morrow morning at daybreak," he stated, with the brisk decisiveness of a

good business man whose professional instincts are thoroughly aroused. "Wallingford, it's too good to be true! I didn't suppose it was possible to secure any of this white oak. How did you manage to get the selling of it?"

"You don't think I'm a mere agent, do you?" protested Wallingford, ringing again for Sam. "That white oak belongs to me. Read this contract."

Mr. Hackett read it, and looked up, puzzled. "Why, this gives you a free hand to sell all the timber on the place, and put the proceeds in your pocket!" he expostulated. "I never saw such a rich contract in all my life! Why, the white oak alone on this estate is worth seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars!"



Blackie, with his saxophone under his arm and a watch in his hand, on the judge's stump, was keeping a sharp eye on a mark across the dust of the road

Wallingford fixed him with a reproachful eye and shook a warning forefinger at him. "Now, you be good," he cautioned; "or I'll give the Dinsman White Oak Company a chance to figure on this trimming. You estimated it at a hundred thousand this morning, remember."

"That was before I thought I could buy it," chuckled Hackett.

A delighted cry from Florence Hackett interrupted them. "The black cow wins!" she exclaimed. "I knew it would!"

Stepping around the point, Wallingford and Mr. Hackett beheld young Jimmy Wallingford on the black cow and Toad Jessop on the dun one, racing down the road, and Blackie, with his saxophone under his arm and a watch in his hand, on the judge's stump, keeping a sharp eye on a mark across the dust of the road. Fannie and Violet Bonnie and Mrs. Hackett and Florence were in the grand stand, which was a long, flat rock, and, over their shoulders, peered the eagerly interested faces of the neat colored maid and old Sam. "Squire" Jimpers strolled up to Wallingford with a grin.

"Got a pretty good price from Mr. Daw for them heifers," he allowed. "Mr. Daw says he's goana develop 'em into hurdlers next week."

"We'll all be busy," judged Wallingford, as Jimpers moved away. "I have to hunt up a contractor to build a fifteen-thousand-dollar bungalow and a five-thousand-dollar electric plant; and the worst of it is that I have to pay for them out of my own profits on this white oak."

"Twenty thousand dollars," figured Hackett with widening eyes. "Why, man, that will leave you from sixty to eighty thousand dollars' profit at the very least, and you won't have lifted your hand to earn a cent of it!"

"Didn't I create a bungalow and a properly trimmed preserve?" Wallingford indignantly reminded him. "And isn't creative genius to be rewarded? Besides," and here he lifted his hands to his ears to shut out the piercing blast with which Blackie's saxophone announced the conclusion of the race, "besides, I have to split with that infernal idiot down there on the stump. Blackie's my business partner!"

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the March issue.

We just want to remind you not to miss the first instalment of

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Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

By Mrs. John A. Logan...

"He had shown the qualities of the born soldier which were to make him a great commander: coolness and promptness in action, quickness in taking advantage of ground and a situation, and the ability to infuse his own spirit into his command."—Mrs. Logan's tribute to her husband for his part in the battle of Belmont

EDITOR'S NOTE.—One of the hardest, and at the same time most vital, tasks confronting the Northern leaders in 1861 was to keep the southern portions of the loyal states loyal. In no state was this harder than in Illinois. Part of that state is South; Logan's task was to convince the people living there that their only salvation lay in standing by the Union. In this chapter of her "Recollections" Mrs. Logan tells the thrilling story of how he did it. She also pictures vividly the building of the magnificent army that fought so gallantly in the West and furnished the leader to checkmate Lee. We recommend the reading of this bit of history of a stirring time.

GENERAL GRANT was once asked why it was that, while southern Indiana was a hotbed of secession, southern Illinois was loyal to the Union. "Logan," was his answer.

Mr. Logan was a Douglas Democrat, and that represented in politics the overwhelming idea of the sixteen counties lying at the lower extremity of the state which he represented in Congress. The mass of his constituents had for him a genuine personal affection such as a member could win only in a frontier community. Yet if, when he started back to Washington in answer to President Lincoln's call for an extra session of Congress in July, 1861, he had announced his intention to raise a regiment for the Union, all the fat would have been in the fire. He knew his people far too well to take them into his confidence until events had reached a more acute stage.

In the preceding chapter I told how I remained at home in Marion to play in earnest his better half. I had to answer all the questions which would naturally have been put to my husband had he been at home, to mollify the fault-finders over what was being done in Washington, and to explain each new move North and South, always in an adroit effort to direct opinion into the channel which would subserve my husband's



FROM HERBERT COLLECTION

plans. General Logan wrote me by every mail, which came only three times a week, keeping me informed of what to tell his followers in the district. His determination to raise a regiment among his own people when the psychological moment came was still unflinching.

MY BROTHER JOINS THE CONFEDERATES

Many young men whose home ties were in the North were joining the Confederates. My oldest brother, who was only twenty and had many secessionists among his chums at the school in Lebanon, Illinois, enlisted in a company assigned to General Cheatham's command. He was devoted to Mr. Logan and to me; and yet in a moment of mad impulse, characteristic of the time, he placed himself in the attitude of an enemy to his own kindred. Before me, in addition to all my other cares, was the heartrending prospect of having my husband in one army and my brother in the other. My dear father and mother were beside themselves with grief.

The sweep of the tide of secession in the South had its inevitable effect on the more timid portion of our people, who were inclined to accept the Southern view that the men of the South, who could "shoot and ride," were invincible. Personal encounters among the lawless were frequent. Suspicion became so universal that it often included the members of the same family. The secessionist element was growing bolder. Midsummer found the whole region one vortex of threats and discussion.

The Confederate success at Bull Run served to confirm the general opinion of Southern prowess. My husband was one of the congressmen who went out from Washington to witness the battle. There he had his baptism of fire in behalf of the Union. Securing a musket, he fought, in high hat and frock coat, in the ranks of a Michigan regiment. In the retreat, he helped to bring away young Charles McCook, one of the famous family of fighting McCooks, who had been mortally wounded. He aided the boy's father in holding him up in a carriage, and Mr. Logan's trousers were spattered with McCook's blood.

After Bull Run Lincoln issued another call for volunteers—three hundred thousand strong. My husband wrote me that he was coming home to raise a regiment in his district, and for me to inform his most

trusted friends of his intention and to arrange for his reception upon his return to Marion. I was proud to think of how he depended upon me, but how concerned I was for his safety and how fearful lest I should make some mistake!

J. H. White, later lieutenant-colonel of my husband's regiment; Mr. Swindell, sheriff of Williamson County; one or two others, and myself canvassed the county on horseback. Going to the houses of the coolest and most reliable men, we asked them to come to Marion on the day that my husband was to arrive, to a meeting which he would address. They were to be prepared to protect him or to quell any disturbance should mob violence be attempted if he failed to impress his hearers favorably.

The day set for the speech was one of those hot dusty days, common in that semi-tropical climate, when man and beast pant for breath. Marion, the county-seat, was a little town of only six or seven hundred inhabitants; but the country people, driving in from great distances in all directions, had formed a restless crowd in the court-house square long before noon—the hour when Mr. Logan was due. Then they impatiently watched the road by which he was to drive into town.

FORTY MILES WITH HORSE AND BUGGY

Starting in a buggy early that morning, I took the road which led to Carbondale, a station on the Illinois Central Railroad some twenty miles from Marion. I wanted to meet Mr. Logan and apprise him of the situation and temper of the people and of the preparations that had been made for his reception and protection. I arrived in Carbondale, to learn that the train from the East, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and the Illinois Central train upon which he was to complete his journey had missed connection at the crossing at Odin. There was no possible chance for him to arrive until two o'clock the following morning.

Appreciating the resulting disappointment to the crowd at Marion and its inflammable nature, and realizing that many members of it had probably been drinking, I knew that it was no time to trust a messenger with the simple message that my husband had been detained but would come the next day, when they might return to hear what he had to say. I also wished to

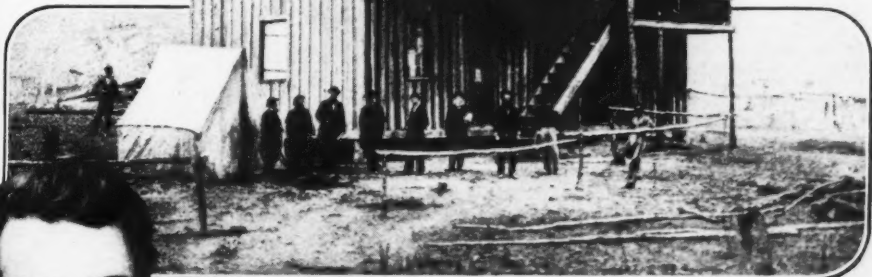
consult with trusted friends, so I got a fresh horse and drove back to Marion.

Many eyes were still peering down the long road, and the moment they spied me coming alone they could hardly wait for me to reach the center of the square. They gathered around the buggy, stopped the horse, and eagerly cried out: "Where is Logan?" "What is the matter?" "What does this mean?" "We have got to know all about this business," and many such questions and threats.

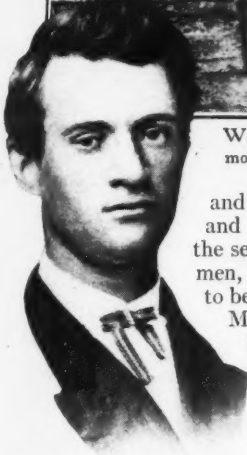
Heart-sick, frightened, weary with the forty-mile drive,

East being late, he stood up on the seat of the buggy and addressed the people. He appealed to the manhood of the better element, to their sense of right and propriety. He besought them to go home quietly and to come back by two o'clock on the following day, when Logan, their leader and best friend, would be there and answer all their questions. With no pretensions to eloquence, his earnestness and the occasion made him eloquent.

He told the crowd that, as they valued their liberty, their homes, and their country, it behooved them to follow Logan



War may flutter the flags of glory on the firing line, but behind the scenes it is commonplace and even dreary—quartermaster's depot at the Cairo headquarters in 1861



Mrs. Logan's brother who fought on the Confederate side

and choking with anxiety and discouragement over the seeming madness of the men, I could only beg them to be quiet and to send for

Mr. Swindell, the sheriff, in order that I might explain to him, when he in turn should stand up in the buggy and explain to everybody. Many who were drunk were muttering in a savage fashion and were fast developing an irre-

sponsible mood. I was almost in despair.

Very soon Mr. Swindell, a tall, powerful man with a fine face and blue eyes, who was known for his moral courage and coolness, came to me. After I had briefly told him how Mr. Logan's failure to keep his appointment was due entirely to the train from the

wherever he should go; that Logan had more at stake than they had; that all he or they held dear was in the balance against anarchy and rebellion; and that he personally was ready to join Logan with all he had in whatever move Logan said would bring peace to the distracted country, without which they could expect nothing for themselves or their children. Many were deeply affected and at once started homeward, while others manifested an ugly spirit and continued their wrangling and dissipation, making threats and in many instances causing me great solicitude.

I drove to my father's home and after consulting with our friends, I decided to take another horse and drive back to Carbondale to meet my husband, in order to tell him exactly what to expect, who was for him out of town and in town, and to discuss with him the line of action he should take. I knew that I could not arrive in Carbondale before midnight, but it was bright moonlight, and I was not much afraid, as it was before the day of tramps.

In those days produce and merchandise were freighted across the country to the railroads in large wagons, sometimes a train of ten or a dozen together. At night the teamsters would camp at the side of the road, sleep in their wagons, and build fires to cook their food and make their coffee. Usually they sat up late, playing cards and telling stories. In a period of such excitement, the prospect of having to pass one of these camps was quite enough to work upon the imagination of a timid woman.

While driving along, with a dense forest on either side, I saw the gleam of fires ahead and knew what it meant. At the sound of the approaching vehicle, some of the teamsters walked from the fires out toward the road as if they intended to stop me or at least to find out who was passing at so late an hour. Fearing that they might not know me, I was greatly frightened. Fortunately they did recognize me and also my horse, and they called out pleasantly: "Where are you going? Has anything happened?" I halted long enough to explain, and they expressed regret that none of them could leave his team to accompany me. I bade them good night and hurried on to Carbondale, where I waited in the station until the train with my husband aboard arrived at two A.M.

LOGAN COMES HOME FOR THE CRISIS

He was weary from his long train ride and I from the sixty miles I had ridden in a buggy that day, in addition to the excitement of the day's events. We went to the hotel, and as quickly as he could get away from the men of Carbondale, who had been waiting for him, we retired to our room to rest till seven in the morning, when we must start for Marion. There was no sleep for either of us, so anxious were we both. Events of grave character had occurred since he went to Washington. The unknown was before us. A more or less reckless people surrounded us; all of them unreasonable in their expectation of what Mr. Logan could do. Some went so far as to aver that if he had tried he could have secured the adoption of the Crittenden compromise, forgetting that Crittenden himself, Douglas, Caleb Cushing, and the oldest and ablest men in the nation had failed in this endeavor. Many of those who had been our closest friends had become radical secessionists. Our families were

much divided, and we felt that we could trust only each other. He had resolved to enter the army for the war, with no alternative for me but to remain at home to care for our little daughter and to try to sustain my father and mother in their distress over my brother's action. Not knowing what fate awaited us, we drove over the familiar road sadly and thoughtfully.

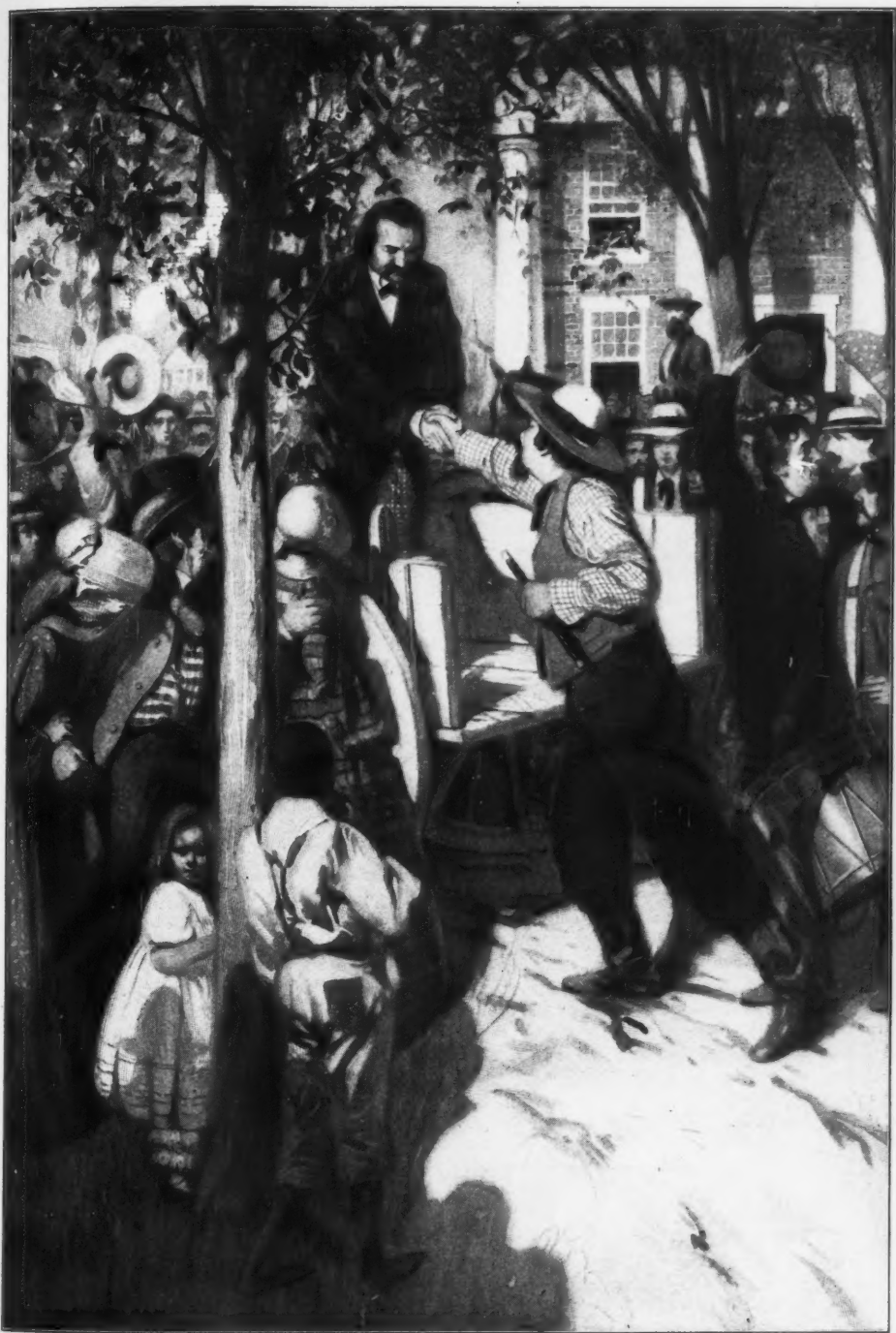
As we approached Marion, his friends and the Union element began to gather about the buggy, cheering and shouting their welcome. They crowded so near to grasp his hand that it was almost impossible for the horse we were driving to move. He assured them he would speak to them at two o'clock. It was then almost noon, and he had to go home long enough to remove the dust of travel from his clothing and to get his dinner.

I GO TO THE MEETING IN DISGUISE

When the time came for him to go to the meeting he begged me on no account to go into the street. He insisted that he would be unnerved if he thought I was in the crowd and it should become violent. I gave my promise with a mental reservation not to keep it, as I had determined to be near him, whatever happened. I thought that by a disguise in dress and keeping behind him (as he was to speak standing in a wagon in the square) I could watch the actions of one or two persons who had made threats of a personal assault upon him in the event that he declared for war or made an attempt to raise a regiment. I felt sure I could at least scream a warning if I saw a hand move suspiciously toward a hip pocket.

Soon after he had left the house I followed him, keeping out of his sight, but where I could see him and every movement made toward him. Preoccupied with my fears and my purpose, I did not speak even to my acquaintances, lest thus my husband should be warned of my plans and insist that I go back home. He mounted the wagon, and, after waving a salutation to the throng who surrounded him, he began to speak.

This was the most eloquent speech of his life, as it was the great crisis of his career. I can see him, and the upturned faces of the crowd, as plainly now as if it was only yesterday, and not fifty-odd years ago, that he stood there and declared his loyalty to



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

Saving southern Illinois for the Union. In his own town, a hotbed of secession, Logan, speaking from a wagon in the public square, pleaded for loyalty to the flag, risking his life to do so. When he called for volunteers, an old fifer of the Mexican War instantly went forward. In a few minutes more than a hundred men had enlisted for the war. Lincoln's state was safe

the Union. His black hair was brushed back from his forehead; his eyes were flashing. He was used to public speaking; he knew his audience. They were his own people, among whom he had been reared. They knew his reputation for courage, and his whole aspect was that of a man who had chosen his path and would not deviate from it. The prestige of his career in the community was back of him. An indomitable confidence was in his great voice, which carried to the very outskirts of the crowd, as he asked the people to listen. Indeed, he looked like the kind of man to whom you were bound to listen.

"I SHALL STAND FOR THIS UNION"

Within a few minutes there was complete silence. It was evident that he had much to say and that he meant to say it all. Simply and deliberately he pictured the state of affairs as he had seen it develop in Washington. He dwelt on how patiently his party had tried for peace, and how every offer of compromise had been scorned. He pictured the struggles to establish the republic that was now in danger, and how it was a part of their inheritance and their blood. For two hours the crowd listened; they saw that he was speaking the truth of his convictions, and they knew he would stand for them even against his neighbors. The applause grew into cheers as step by step he led up to the climax of his speech.

"The time has come when a man must be for or against his country, not for or against his state," he said at last. "How long could one state stand up against another, or two or three states against others? The Union once dissolved, we should have innumerable confederacies and rebellions. I, for one, shall stand or fall for this Union, and shall this day enroll for the war. I want as many of you as will to come with me. If you say no and see your best interests and the welfare of your homes and children in another direction, may God protect you."

In the crowd was an old fifer, Luke Sanders, six feet four inches in height and very large in proportion, who had been in the home regiment which had started for the Mexican War. I had arranged for him to come and bring his fife, and he had promised that at a signal from J. H. White he would go up to Mr. Logan, give him his hand as a volunteer, and then play a patriotic air on his

fife; whereat Mr. White and a few others were to step in line and continue the volunteering. Mr. Logan did not know of these plans, and when he saw the herculean figure of his old comrade striding through the crowd toward him, he utterly lost control of his feelings for the moment. It is needless to add that I wept with happiness—for my husband had won, and my bit of stage managing had succeeded.

At the sound of Sanders's fife and the beating of an old drum by Gabriel Cox, who had been a member of the drum corps of the same regiment and who had been hunted up and brought to town, the line began to fill up (one of the teamsters who had frightened me so the night before was among the very first to fall in). Soon my husband jumped down from the wagon, gave the command, "Forward! March!" and started around the square, followed by one hundred and ten men, or more than the full roster of a company. All were enrolled for "three years or during the war." There were tears in Logan's eyes and in the eyes of most of the volunteers, and they were not ashamed of their emotion. It was a period of emotion far removed from the peaceful routine of the present day. The ugly spirits who a few hours before were boasting and threatening all sorts of bloody deeds had departed, thanks to the determined attitude of the new soldiers.

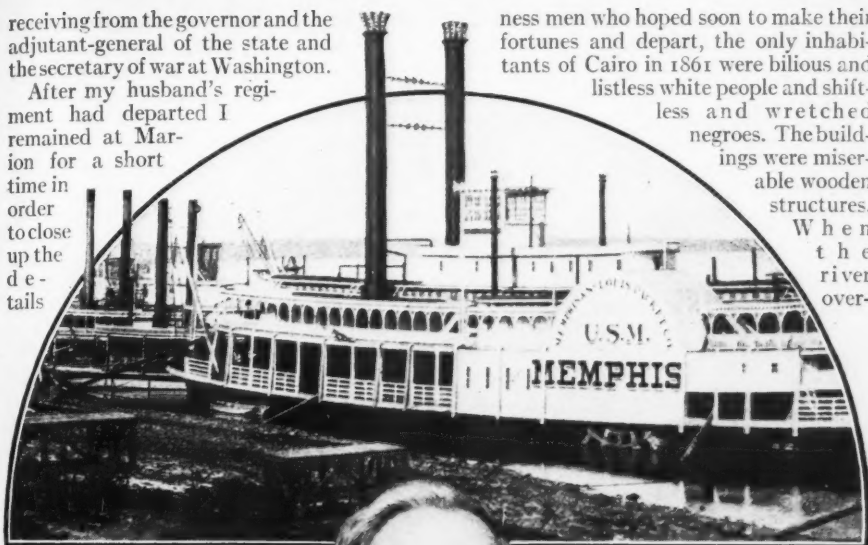
RECRUITING THE THIRTY-FIRST ILLINOIS

Mr. Logan immediately set out over the roads of the district, recruiting the other companies of the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers, which he commanded until he received his brigadiership for his gallantry at Ford Donelson. The Marion company became Company A, and naturally had a place in his affections never enjoyed by any other group of men. Absorbed in the details of raising his regiment, and in promoting Union sentiment in face of the activities of the secret propaganda of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which still kept up, Colonel Logan found that there was work for me to do other than that which ordinarily falls to the lot of an officer's wife in assisting her husband. I was kept busy driving back and forth between Carbondale, the nearest telegraph station, and the points where he was employed in recruiting. He would not trust anyone else to handle the despatches he was constantly sending and

receiving from the governor and the adjutant-general of the state and the secretary of war at Washington.

After my husband's regiment had departed I remained at Marion for a short time in order to close up the details

ness men who hoped soon to make their fortunes and depart, the only inhabitants of Cairo in 1861 were bilious and listless white people and shiftless and wretched negroes. The buildings were miserable wooden structures. When the river over-

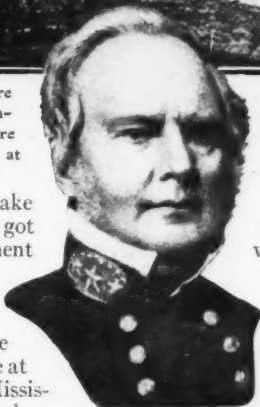


Her former glory gone forever. Before and down the Mississippi, the high-the river, and passenger-vessels were "Memphis" is shown lying at

of his personal affairs and make sure that any late recruits got away promptly. The regiment had gone into camp at Cairo, only sixty miles distant, where I soon joined Colonel Logan. Already the Confederates were establishing themselves in force at Belmont, Missouri, across the Mississippi below Cairo, and at Columbus, Kentucky, opposite Belmont.

A glance at the map will show at once why Cairo was chosen as the strategic point of mobilization, where the untrained volunteers were to be whipped into shape for the advance which, after many rebuffs, was to sweep southward to Vicksburg and finally to Atlanta and the sea. It was at the southernmost point of a loyal state, at the confluence of the two rivers, and the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, which connected the loyal states to the northward with the great waterways.

In "Martin Chuzzlewit," under the satirical name of "Eden," Charles Dickens has given us a disgusting picture of the Cairo of ante-bellum days. Steamers stopped there only long enough to unload cargo. Except for a few enterprising busi-



JOHN HERBERT COLLECTION
General Sterling Price,
a Confederate leader
in Missouri in 1861

the war a fleet of steamers plowed up road of the West. Secession closed turned into army transports. The the Cairo water front in 1861

flowed, it left pools of water that became stagnant and covered with green scum.

Arriving regiments found their equipment dumped on the levee; all was confusion in the midst of insanitary surroundings. Soon every bit of dry space in the immediate neighborhood of the town was occupied by the camps. The mud in places made the streets impassable. Men who had enlisted so readily in the flush of enthusiasm found that soldiering did not consist in fighting, but in drill and preparations under most exasperating conditions. There was nothing of the pomp and circumstance of war; there was, instead, every imaginable discomfort of peace. For the first time these simple youths of farm and village knew the discipline which said that they might not go where they pleased and that they must obey orders, however disagreeable.

All of them wanted to "fight the rebels and fight right away," so that they could go back home. They could not see what all this routine had to do with war. It was very difficult to teach them the importance

of military etiquette and that respect to their superior officers which it requires. They had been accustomed to call Colonel Logan "John" and me "Mary," and were hurt to think that anybody had any idea that they should not continue the familiar and pleasant custom.

WHY SOL WANTED A FURLOUGH

One day a big soldier, always cheerful and willing, came to the colonel's tent looking much depressed. When he had acquitted himself of an awkward military salute, the colonel inquired what the matter was.

"John," said the soldier, "I've got to go home, but I swear that I will be back in three days."

"What has happened?"

"I guess you won't refuse me, John, when you see this."

Sol produced a letter which was signed by "Your loving wife, Amanda."

"For God sake, do come home," said Amanda. "I am sick. There is nothing in the house to live on. I can't do a dam thing with the children. The cows got in and et up the garden, and everything has gone to the devil and you jist got to come."

"Now, Sol," the colonel told him, "you know that I cannot grant you leave. You know that the reasons which your wife gives for wanting you to come would not be entertained at headquarters. Besides, we are likely to be ordered to the front at any time. In that case, you would hate to have it said that you were absent when the regiment was engaged."

"See here, John," said Sol, "do you really think that there is a chance for a fight?"

"Yes, I am pretty sure of it, and I wouldn't want you to miss it."

"Then Amanda will have to fend for herself," said Sol. "I don't want any furlough, and she wouldn't want me to have one, either."

Homesickness was a common complaint, which brought a continuous appeal for furloughs; this was best met by keeping a continual promise of action in the air. But if military discipline could prevent the volunteers from visiting their folks, there was no law to keep their folks from visiting the soldiers. Wives, sisters, sweethearts, parents, and friends came in parties and singly, by rail and by wagon, and pitched their tents or built brush houses as near as the commanding officers would permit to

the camp of the regiment in which they were interested. In their off-duty hours officers and privates could be seen on their way to visit their relatives, who always brought quantities of cakes, pies, and preserves for their heroes. It was a condition highly exasperating to the ideas of the regular soldier; but, nevertheless, it helped to keep the men contented in the period of preparation and drill when anything which would contribute to this main purpose was vital.

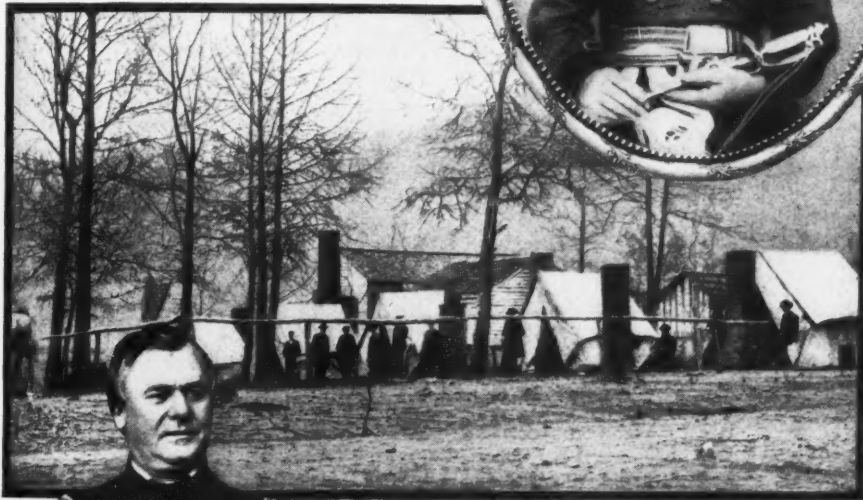
BLACK JACK, MY HUSBAND'S WAR-HORSE

Colonel Logan had not been at Cairo long when Captain Arter, who commanded a steamboat on the Mississippi, gave him his famous war-horse, Black Jack. My husband, defending him from a charge of manslaughter when he was attacked by a steamer-roustabout, had secured his acquittal, and he was accordingly grateful. Black Jack was a magnificent stallion, with a coat of satiny jet. The colonel was so fond of him that he had him led on the march and always rode him when the army was going into action. If ever a horse was spoiled by soldierly care it was Black Jack. At first he was the hero of a regiment; and thereafter successively, through my husband's promotions, of a brigade, a division, a corps, and an army.

I lived at a hotel in town, but spent much of my time in my husband's camp. As I knew the officers and men of the regiment almost as well as my husband knew them, I found that I could do a great deal toward keeping them in good cheer. In such insanitary surroundings, at a time when sanitation was such a neglected science, sickness and epidemics were inevitable. One-half of the men of Colonel Logan's regiment were down with the measles at once. The medical officers were as little skilled in army work as the military officers; and nurses and medical supplies and hospital accommodations were lacking. There was not the readiness on the part of the commanders to seize property for public use which later on became commonplace; while merchants and property-holders were loath to accept in payment the government vouchers, which they later learned to regard as good as gold. Requisitions for medical supplies remained unfilled for weeks and even months. Our army was so far from Washington that we were the last to receive consideration.

Colonel Logan seized a small hotel, owned by a Mr. Yocum, for hospital purposes; but after equipping the brigade hospital there was nothing left with which to furnish the hospital of the Thirty-first Regiment. The helpless regimental surgeons were in a quandary. Hundreds of the sick were lying rolled up in blankets with nothing but their knapsacks under their heads. Two or three had died; and Colonel Logan was much distressed over his inability to get any cots, bed-clothing, or medicines through the routine channels.

I said to my husband that I had only to get on the train and go to Marion and Carbondale, where, by appealing to friends, I could secure everything needful for the hospitals, including many delicacies for the sick, inside of thirty-six hours. He decided to let me



Do you know the man at the top? Almost nobody did at this period, but a little later Fort Donelson had made U. S. Grant famous.—General Logan's camp near Cairo, Illinois, in 1861.—General Oglesby, whom Grant succeeded in command at Cairo



PORTRAITS FROM MERRIVE COLLECTION

carry out this suggestion. I was to take the first train, which went at two A.M. The town was under martial law; and the provost marshal was Major Kuykendall, of my husband's regiment. At six in the evening he always closed the provost office and returned to regimental headquarters. I must have a pass in order to leave town. Colonel Logan was to get this for me and send it by Captain Edwin S. McCook, who was to escort me to the train.

When we reached the station, it developed that Captain McCook had forgotten to get the pass. Regimental headquarters were about two miles away, and there was not time in which to send a messenger there and

back before the train started. The captain was much exercised as to how he was to get me aboard without a pass.

"Watch me, and see if I don't get by the train guard," I said to Captain McCook. "If I fail, you can escort me back to the hotel, where I will spend the night, starting in the morning."

My wide acquaintance with the people in southern Illinois served me in good stead, as it had on other occasions. When the train pulled in, I saw on the platform as guard a young man by the name of Donahoe whom I knew.

"Donahoe, I want you to let me into that car before the crowd. Will you?" I asked him.

"Yes, you bet I will, Mrs. Logan!" he said in hearty assent.

I kept my promise to the colonel. In less than thirty-six hours I had succeeded in collecting car-loads of home-made blankets, pillows, homespun bed linen, jellies, marmalades, wines, and fruits for the new hospital. These blankets were made in bright colors, not unlike the famous Roman stripes. They were so showy and comfortable, and attracted so much attention, that the hospital was known during its existence as the "Striped Hospital of the 31st Regiment." Though regular pavilion and hospital tents were afterward provided by the government, nothing of the kind had yet made its appearance in the West.

THE COMING OF GRANT

One day early in September, a man with a square jaw and a close-cut brown beard, and attired in civilian clothes, came into the office of Colonel Richard Oglesby, then in command at Cairo, and wrote out an order, which placed the bearer, who was Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, in command. It was not many days before both officers and men began to feel the newcomer's presence. He was in no wise a nervous person, but he had a genius for promoting activity in others.

It was at his first review that I got my first impression of the great man of the war, who was to become so close a friend of both my husband and myself. He was mounted on a clay-bank horse; he did not sit in his saddle like a soldier. Indeed, you would have taken him for a farmer rather than an officer. With shoulders bent forward and chin down he was an immovable figure who never lifted his eyes from the regiments as

they marched past. The men realized that he was scrutinizing them sharply. They liked him for his absence of "style" and his quiet, businesslike manner. He had been away from the regular army long enough to know the vicissitudes of civilian life; and he had lived long enough among the simple men of the frontier to understand their sterling qualities and their feeling against "fuss and feathers." Discipline improved and confidence increased without the application of the methods of the martinet.

With the coming of frost and the chilling rains of late autumn, many of the relatives and friends departed, much to the relief of General Grant, who hardly considered them of any military assistance. He now had twenty thousand men. The size of our force and reports of the numbers of the Confederates at Columbus, Kentucky, and operating under General Sterling Price in Missouri formed a combination of facts that indicated that there would soon be important work for us to do. Only the river separated us from the enemy. We knew that we must take the offensive. The soldiers felt that they were ready. They were increasingly impatient for action. So was the country; and so was Grant. But his hands were tied by Washington. If Grant could have had his way he would have taken Columbus early in October. Now it was so strongly fortified that it was very formidable.

Once a number of regiments were put aboard the transports; but it proved a false alarm as far as battle was concerned. The men found that the object was foraging and not fighting. Jeff Thompson and his command of freebooters had collected a lot of supplies over on the other shore of the Mississippi, and General Grant sought to appropriate them for his own use. Naturally everybody was disgusted at what was called the "bloodless attack on the corncribs."

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT

At last, on November 6th, came another order for cooked rations and for putting in readiness everything for a bona-fide expedition against the enemy. The regiments were marched down to the levee and aboard the transports, while all the women relatives and friends who were still in Cairo saw their husbands and brothers and sons off. The men tried to appear very gay, while the women called out their adieus with tearful



A station near the "front" in 1861. Cairo, Illinois, was the "farthest South" of the Union troops in the first year of the war. It continued to be an important way station through which men and supplies were hurried to the Western armies



FROM
REBECCA
COLLECTION

Mother Bickerdyke, a famous nurse with the Western armies

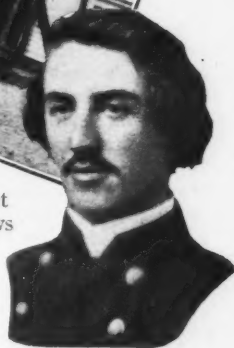


Provost-marshal's headquarters at Cairo in 1861

voices. It was such a scene as hardly occurred again in the War and unnerving to both men and women. The transports pulled out with the bands playing "We are coming, Father Abraham," and other patriotic airs.

All next day we heard the sound of cannonading, which told us that a battle was in progress. Silently we women folk walked the levee, knowing that the ones we loved were in danger. We watched the river bend, hoping for a glimpse of the returning transports. From the direction of the firing we knew that the troops were on the Missouri side and that the guns at Columbus would not permit the transports or gunboats to go

below that point. Hour after hour went by, and still no news and no sound except that of the firing. After dark, when the firing had died down, still we lingered and watched. Then one, after another the lights



Col. E. S. McCook

of the transports came around the bend, returning from the action that was known as the battle of Belmont. When the transports tied up to the shore, the regiments began marching off on their way to their camps.

THE FIRST TASTE OF WAR

In the flickering torch-lights the faces of the men were eagerly scanned. There were cries of joy as one was recognized and of distress as one was missed from his place in his company. Finally came the prisoners of war. They were miserably clad and shivering from the cold, and were pitiful to look at. I had often pictured such scenes in imagination, but now the grim reality was before me. I was seeing what war was like. It was the reaction, with its horror and suffering, after the charge and the hurrahs.

When the prisoners were off, those among the friends and relatives who had missed the faces they had looked for in the lines coming down the gangplank were allowed to go aboard to search among the dead and wounded. But not all the dead and wounded had been recovered after the battle, which only added to the suspense for many unhappy people.

The "Striped Hospital," where we women worked unceasingly with our ministrations, was filled with wounded. Many amputations were made by the surgeons. Men who would not have flinched under fire of the Confederates lost their self-control at the prospect of such a loss. Inexperienced surgeons sacrificed limbs unnecessarily; and in more than one case the man who insisted that he had rather "be buried all at once" than submit to an amputation succeeded in saving his leg and recovered. Most of the wounded were surprisingly cheerful. They had had their baptism of fire; they had been hit; and they had come out alive. They were veterans and heroes in the eyes of sweethearts, wives, and mothers.

Captain Looney of Company A, of the Thirty-first, who had been so loyal a helper when Colonel Logan came home to face the crowd at Marion, had been severely wounded in the shoulder. He was taken to our rooms in a private house. After weeks of suffering he was sent to his home. Though he lived for many years afterward, he was never again fit for duty. Thus my husband was deprived of one of his most valuable subordinates in the long campaigns to come.

One day in the brigade hospital I saw a captain of an Iowa regiment, who had been wounded through the left breast by a minie ball, sitting upon his cot writing to his wife. He was as bright and happy as could be. Mother Bickerdyke, a volunteer nurse who followed the Western armies from Cairo to the Grand Review, came in with a bowl of broth for him, which he took and drank with relish, after which I assisted him in getting into a comfortable position to resume his writing on a pad. He suddenly turned very pale, and we laid him on his pillow. He looked up with a smile on his face and breathed his last. We were horrified and ran for the surgeon, who came, but too late; all was over with the brave man. Upon examination the surgeon found that the minie ball had lodged just above the lung, and in sitting up he had moved it in such a way as to cause instant death.

MY HUSBAND PROVES HIS METTLE

In the midst of these pathetic scenes I had the personal joy of knowing that my dear husband had come off unwounded, though he had had a horse shot under him. It was no surprise to me that he had distinguished himself and exposed himself without thought of danger at the head of his men. He had shown the qualities of the born soldier which were to make him a great commander: coolness and promptness in action, quickness in taking advantage of ground and a situation, and the ability to infuse his own spirit into his command. But for him, Belmont might have spelled disaster instead of success for the Union cause. When the Confederates got between our force and the transports and the cry went up, "We are surrounded," with its consequent demoralization, and other commanders were confused, with his regiment he led the advance in fighting the way back to the transports. He was the last man to go aboard the transport, amid the hearty cheers of his faithful soldiers.

The battle of Belmont had proved Grant's and his contention that these green Western volunteers were already well enough trained to fight with gallantry and steadiness if Washington would only give them a chance. It was all very welcome news to the people of the North, who had waited so patiently since Bull Run for some word from the front other than of endless drill and preparation.

The next instalment of "*Recollections of a Soldier's Wife*" will appear in the March issue.

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Moltoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Ferris, sculptress, twenty-two years old, daughter of a famous physician had had many love affairs, but could not trust herself to marry. The most assiduous wooer was a lifelong friend, Wilmot Allen, who, when the story opens, has been thrown upon his own not very promising resources. These finally failing, he accepts a considerable loan from a legless man whose livelihood is apparently gained by the hand-organ species of begging. This man now makes subtle inquiries about Barbara which Allen resents but cannot, on account of his obligation, evade. Wilmot goes to Barbara's studio, where he finds her discouraged over a bust of Satan upon which she has been working. Still, what she chooses to call her career is stronger than his appeal for her to give it all up and marry him. She tells him to go away and amount to something, and he warns her that somehow he will make her love him, make her marry him. But upon him is the obligation to a street-beggar who can lend various thousands in ready cash, who does not scruple at murder, who has a hat-manufactory manned with pretty girls, and who, for some reason, is interested in Barbara Ferris, daughter of the Avenue.

Walking to her studio on a May morning, Barbara comes upon the beggar. One glimpse of his face and she knows she has discovered her model for Satan. The artist in her overcoming her repugnance for the legless man, she asks him to pose for her, and he consents. At the studio she inquires of her studio-boy, Bubbles, about the beggar and learns that he is a wicked man, mysterious, a power on the East Side, and is held in general fear. Nevertheless she welcomes him to the studio. Bubbles is all solicitude and manages to have a young secret-service agent present in the guise of a workman while Blizzard is posing. The beggar gone, the young man warns Barbara against him, but she makes light of his fears and says it is her own affair anyway. At home she finds young Allen, who also warns her against Blizzard. Again she refuses to be alarmed, even when Wilmot insists that she carry an automatic pistol which he gives her. The struggle to save Barbara from a danger she will not acknowledge is now threefold: the secret service places a spy, Rose, in Blizzard's shop; West, in Barbara's studio, continues to guard her there—but she scorns his guardianship; Wilmot Allen goes to her father and pleads with him to interfere. This Dr. Ferris agrees to do, but when he arrives at the studio he is met by Blizzard, and at once it is the doctor, not the beggar, who is on his guard. Blizzard hints that he loves Barbara, and dares Dr. Ferris to tell her the truth about him. The doctor accepts the challenge, and that night he tells Barbara how he, through a mistake in judgment, had cut off a child's legs—how the child had sworn vengeance, had soon turned to crime, had become finally the Blizzard she knows. The recital has a wrong effect—Barbara sympathizes with the beggar.

Blizzard now plans a desperate move—to get possession of Barbara. A note to her that he is leaving the city brings her post-haste to his den to beg him to remain until the bust is finished. Now, Blizzard plans, she shall disappear; but he weakens, tells her he will not leave, and sends her out of the quarter with one of his trusted lieutenants. His talk during the following days is of regeneration for himself, and Barbara believes him. Believing that the way to her heart is open to him, Blizzard plans a concert in his den when he will play for her and break down her last scruple. Then he sends Allen away and at his concert succeeds almost as well as he had hoped. But Bubbles makes the startling discovery of a tunnel leading from the river to Blizzard's house, and on the heels of that Barbara decides that the bust is finished. Blizzard has no plan to meet this announcement, and realizing that his campaign has failed, he rushes at Barbara in the wild hope that the luck of his lawless career will not desert him here. But his stumps of legs fail at the crucial test.

FOR once the legless man had been deserted by the power of cool reasoning. And his fury was of a kind that could not wait for satisfaction. He was more like a mad dog than a man. And this, although it added to the horror of Barbara's situation, proved her salvation.

Occupying a point from which he could head off her escape by either of the studio doors, he abandoned this, and attempted to match the stumps of his legs against her swift young feet. And must have overcome the disparity, but that in the lightning instinct of self-preservation she overturned a table between them, and during the moments thus gained dashed into her dressing-room and locked the door behind her.

Blizzard vented his rage upon the locked door, splintering its panels with bleeding fists; but in the meanwhile his quarry had escaped him, and was already in the street walking swiftly toward Washington Square.

He leaned at last from a window, and saw her going. And in his heart shame gradually took the place of fury. Why, when she laughed at him, had he not been able to dissemble his emotions for a few seconds? to mask his dreadfulness? For then, surely, he must have got her in his power. He should have hung his head when she laughed, begged her to forgive him for daring to lift his thoughts to her; and begged her as a token of forgiveness to shake hands with him.

Well, he had made a fool of himself. Perhaps he had frightened her utterly beyond the reach even of his long arm. Fear would carry her out of the city, out of the state, out of the country, perhaps. To prevent the least of these contingencies he must act swiftly and with daring wisdom.

He passed into the studio, glanced upward at the bust of himself, stopped, and looked about for something heavy with which to destroy it. Later he would tell

her that he had done so, and let that knowledge be the beginning of her torment.

But the thing that he planned to destroy looked him in the eye, smiling. The thing smiled in the full knowledge of good and evil, the fact that it had chosen evil, the fact that it was lost forever. It was no contagious smile, but a smile aloof and dreadful. So a man, impaled, may smile, when agony has passed beyond the usual human passions—and even so the legless man smiled upward at the smiling bust of himself. And he found that he could not destroy the bust: for the act would have about it too ominous a flavor of self-destruction.

He caught up his crutches, his little hand-organ, and hurried from the studio. By now Barbara must be well on her way up-town. He entered a public telephone station and gave the number of her house. He asked to speak with Miss Marion O'Brien, and when after an interval he heard the voice of Barbara's maid in his ear, he said: "She's been frightened. Let me know what she's going to do as soon as you know. Don't use the house 'phone. Slip out to a pay station. I must know when she's going and where, and if she says for how long." He hung up the receiver, and hurried off.

An hour later Barbara's maid telephoned him the required news, but all of it that mattered was that Barbara was not going out of town until the next day. There was a whole afternoon and night in which to act.

The legless man sank at once into deep and swift thought. And ten minutes later he had abandoned for the present all idea of kidnapping Barbara. Certain dangers of so doing seemed insurmountable. He must possess his soul in patience, and in the meanwhile discount, if possible, the fright that he had given her. To this end he wrote the following letter:

"It wasn't your fault that I lifted my eyes to you, and hoped that you would lower yours to me. But now I know what a fool I have been. I forgive you for laughing at me, though at the time it made me mad like a dog, and I only wanted to hurt the woman I love. I won't trouble you any more, ever. Indeed I am too ashamed and humbled ever to wish to see you again. Only please don't hate me. If I had any good sides, please remember them. Sometime you will hear of me again; but never

again from me. I have work to do, but I have given my time to dreaming.

"When your father comes back will you ask him to let me know if he will see me? You thought he could do something for me—or hold out some hope. I would risk my life itself to be whole, even if I could never be very active. And science is so wonderful; and I know your father would like to help me if he could.

"If you don't think I am being punished for threatening you, and going crazy, you don't know anything about the unhappiest heart in this world. But it is terrible for a cripple when the one person he looks up to laughs at him. I have a thick skin; but that burnt through it like acid."

The messenger who carried the letter to Barbara brought him her answer:

"I will give your message to my father. You are quite wrong about the laughing. I didn't laugh at you or anything about you. I laughed because I was nervous and frightened. But it can't matter much one way or the other. I am sorry that you have been hurt twice by my family. But the second hurt is not our fault. And I do not see that there is anything to be done about it. As for the first, my father would end his days in peace if he could make you whole. I shall hope to hear nothing but good of you in the future."

The shame and remorse which Blizzard pretended, Barbara actually felt. All her friendships with men had been pursued by disasters of some sort or other. But her most disastrous experiment in friendship had been with Blizzard. She had been bluntly told by truth-speaking persons that he was not a fit acquaintance for her. His own face had warned her. But she had persisted in meeting him without precautions, in treating him like an equal, in overcoming her natural and just repugnance to him, and in calling him her friend. It was humiliating for her to realize and acknowledge that she had made a fool of herself. It was worse to remember the look in his face, during those last awful moments in the studio. Even if the bust she had made of him was a great work of art, she had paid too high for the privilege of making it.

XXXV

DR. FERRIS was delighted to learn that Barbara had left town. Her meetings with



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

In the lightning instinct of self-preservation Barbara overturned a table between herself and Blizzard, and during the moments thus gained dashed into her dressing-room and locked the door behind her

Blizzard had been horribly on his mind and conscience. He had dreaded some vague calamity—some intangible darkening of his darling's soul.

A few days in the country had worked wonders for her. Her skin had browned a little, and her cheeks were crimson. But dearer to the paternal heart than these evidences of good health was the fact that she seemed unusually glad to see him. She seemed to him to have lost a world of independence and self-reliance, to be inclined to accept his judgments without dispute. She seemed more womanly and more daughterly, more normal and more beautiful.

For a man with a heavy weight always upon his conscience, the excellent surgeon found himself wonderfully at peace with the world and its institutions. There was no doubt that the hand which he had come from grafting was going to live and be of some use to its new owner. His mail was heavy with approbation. And it seemed to him that the path which he had discovered had no ending.

"In a hundred years, Barbara," he said, "it will be possible to replace anything that the body has lost, or that has become deceased and useless or a menace—not the heart, perhaps, nor the brain—but anything else. What I have done clumsily others will do to perfection."

"What are the chances for Blizzard?"

"Even," said the surgeon. "They would be more favorable if he had not lost his legs so long ago. At the worst the experiment wouldn't kill him. He would merely have undergone a useless operation. At the best he would be able to walk, run perhaps, and look like a whole man. If anything is to be done for him, the time has come. He has only to tell me to go ahead."

"I think he'll do that," said Barbara. "But there's one thing I don't understand," and she smiled; "who is to supply the spare legs?"

"That's the least of all the difficulties," said her father, "now that ways of keeping tissues alive have been discovered and proved. In time there will be storages from which any part of the human body may be obtained on short notice and in perfect condition for grafting. Just now the idea is horrible to ignorant people, but the faith will spread. Only wait till we have made a few old people young—for that will come, too, with the new surgery."

"You will be glad," said Barbara, "to hear that I have severed friendly relations with Mr. Blizzard. He behaved in the end pretty much as you all feared he would."

And she told her father briefly, and somewhat shamefacedly, all that had happened in the studio.

"He thought I was laughing at him," she said. "Of course I wasn't. And he came at me. Do you remember when poor old Rose went mad, and tried to get at us through the bars of the kennel? Blizzard looked like that—like a mad dog." She shuddered.

The surgeon's high spirits were dashed as with cold water.

"He ought not to be helped," said Barbara, "he ought to be shot, as Rose was."

But Dr. Ferris shook his head gravely. "If he is that sort of a man," he said, "who made him so? Who took the joy of life from him? Barbara, my dear, there is nothing that man could do that I couldn't forgive."

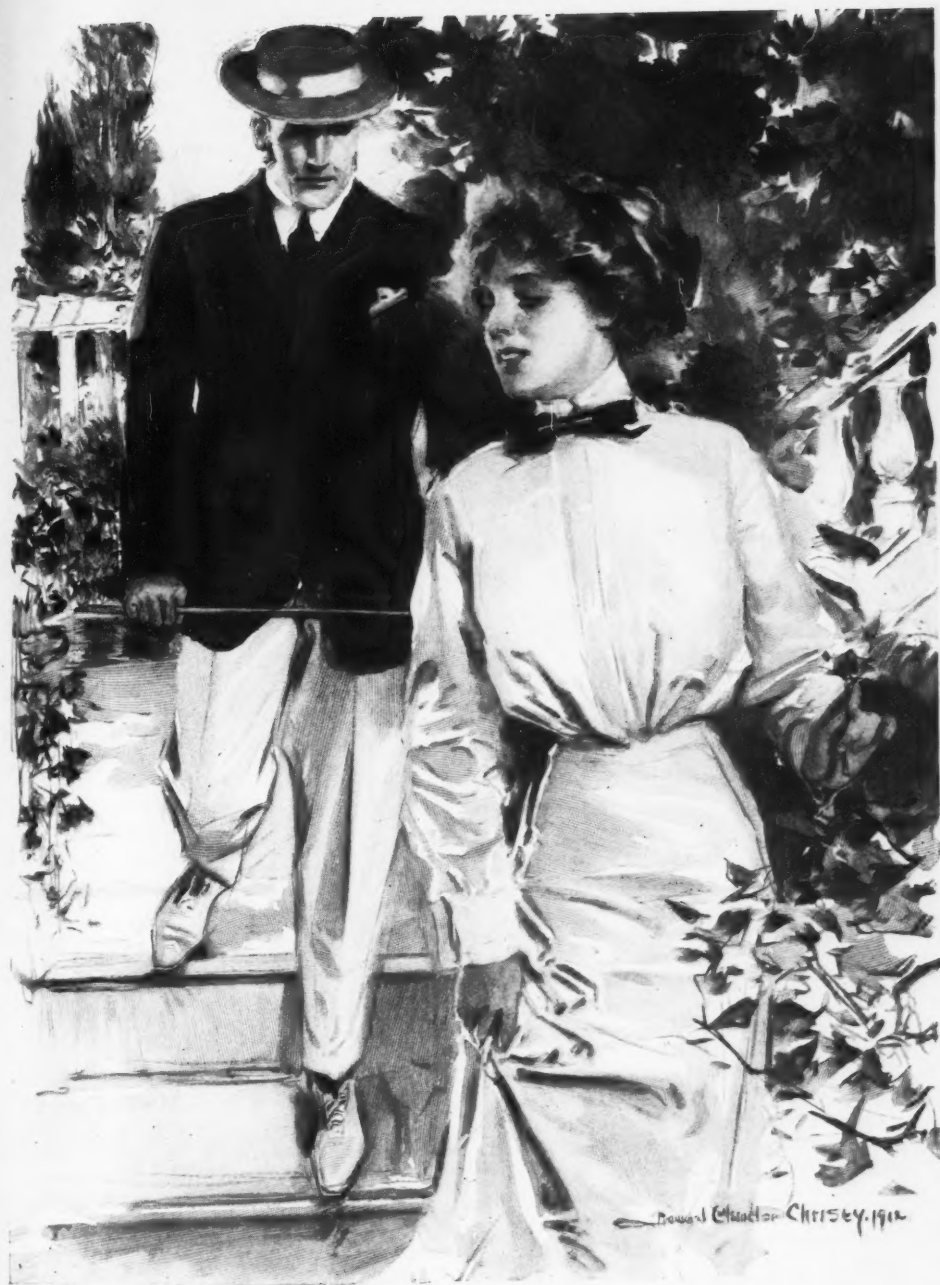
"And I think that your conscience is sick," said Barbara. "I used to think as you think. But if you had seen his face that day! . . . The one great mistake you have made has ruined not his life, but yours. If he had had the right stuff in him, calamity would not have broken him! It would have made him. Give him a new pair of legs, if you can; and forget about him, as I shall. When you first told me about him, I thought we owed him anything he chose to ask. At one time I thought that if he wished it, it would be right for me to marry him."

"Barbara!"

"Yes, I did—I thought it strongly. Shows what a fool a girl who's naturally foolish can make of herself! Why, father, what if he has suffered through your mistake? That mistake turned your thoughts to the new surgery—and for the one miserable man that you have hurt you will have given the wonder of hope to the whole of mankind."

She slid her hand under her father's arm.

"Let's potter 'round the gardens," she said, "and forget our troubles. It's bully to have you back. There's not much doing in the floral line. The summer sun in Westchester doesn't vary from year to year. But there are lots of green things that smell good, and the asters and dahlias are making the most extraordinary promises of what they are going to do by and by."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"If I ever do another piece," said Barbara, "it will be executed here at Clovelly. I never want to leave Clovelly. I feel safe here, safe from myself and other people. I think," and she smiled whimsically, "that I should almost like to settle down and make you a good daughter"

They passed out of the house and by marble steps into the first and most formal of their many gardens, and so down through the other gardens, terrace below terrace, to the lake.

The water was so still as to suggest a solid rather than a liquid; to the west shadowy mountains of cloud charged with thunder swelled toward the zenith. The long midsummer drought was coming to an end, and all birds and insects were silent, as if tired of complaining. Across the lake one maple, turned prematurely scarlet, brought out the soft greens of the woods with an astounding accent. Directly in front of this flaming tree, a snow-white heron stood motionless upon a gray rock.

To Barbara it seemed on that day that Clovelly was the loveliest place in all the world and her father, who had fashioned it out of rough farm lands, one of the world's most charming artists. "Why paint with oils, when you can draw with trees and flowers and grass and water?" she asked herself.

"In the time it took me to do Blizzard's bust," she said, "I could have planted millions of flowers and seen them bloom."

"At least," said her father, "you can finish a bust, but a garden that is finished isn't a garden. What are you going to do with it?"

"The bust? Why, sometimes I think I'll just leave it in the studio, and let it survive or perish. Sometimes I want to take a hammer and smash it to pieces."

"It didn't come out as well as you hoped?"

"Of course not. Does anything ever? But it's the best that I can do. And I shall never do anything better."

"Nonsense."

"I shall never even try. I want to recover all the things I've thrown away, and put them back in my head and heart where they belong, and just live."

"Well," said her father, smiling, "if you feel that way, why, that's a good way to feel. But I'm afraid art is stronger in you than you think. Just now you're tired and disillusioned. In a month you'll be making sketches for some monumental opus."

"If I do," said Barbara, "it will be executed here at Clovelly. I never want to leave Clovelly. I feel safe here, safe from myself and other people. I think," and she smiled whimsically, "that I should almost like to settle down and make you a good daughter."

"A good daughter," said the surgeon, "marries; and her father builds a beautiful house for her, just over the hill from his own—remember the little valley where we found all the fringed gentians one year?—and the shortest cut between the two houses is worn bare and packed hard by the feet of grandchildren. Good Lord, my dear, what's the good of art, what's the good of science? I would rather have watched you grow up than to have made the Winged Victory or discovered the circulation of the blood. Come now, Barbs, tell me, who's the young man?"

For the first time in her life she told him of the wild impulsiveness and the shocking brevity of her affections for various members of his sex; naming no names, she explained to him with much self-abasement (and a little amusement) that she was no good. "A nice wife I'd make!" she concluded.

But her father only laughed. "The only abnormal thing about you," he said, "is that you tell the truth. The average girl shows men more attentions than men show her. I don't mean that she demonstrates her attentions; but that she feels them in her heart. To be absolutely the first in a woman's heart a man must catch her when she's about three months old."

"But a girl," said Barbara, "who thinks she's sure and then finds she isn't, hurts the people she's fondest of. In extreme cases she breaks hearts and spoils lives."

"Hearts," said her father, "that can be broken are very weak. Lives that can be spoiled by disappointment and injured pride aren't worth preserving. If you have nothing more serious on your conscience than having, in all good faith, encouraged a few young men, found that you were wrong, and sent them away with bees in their bonnets, I'm sure I envy you."

Barbara simply shook her head.

"When you do find the right man, Barbara, you'll make up to him with showers of blessings for whatever cold rains you've shed on others. . . . What is Wilmot doing with himself these days?"

"He went away," said Barbara, and she sat looking steadily across the lake, her eyes troubled.

XXXVI

IN many ways the life which Barbara led at Clovelly was calculated to rest her mind.

She developed a passion for exercise, and when night came was too full of tired good health to read or talk. Since the estate was to be hers one day, she found the wish to know her way intimately about it, and since there were three thousand acres, for the most part thick forests spread over rocky hills, she could contemplate weeks of delightful explorations. To discover ponds, brooks, and caves that belong to other people has its delights, but to go daily up and down a lovely country discovering lovely things that belong to yourself is perhaps the most delightful way of passing time that has been vouchsafed to anyone.

On these explorations Barbara's chosen companion was Bubbles. He was no longer a mere Buttons: her interest and belief in the child had passed beyond the wish to see him develop into a good servant. She wished to make something better of him—or if there is nothing better than a good servant, something more showy and ornamental.

He was sharp as a needle; and he was honest. He was not too old to be molded by good influences, schools, and associations into a man with proper manners, and an upper-class command of the English language. He should go to one of the New England church schools, later to college, then he should choose a career for himself and be helped into harness. So she planned his future. In the meanwhile she wished to see the thin, spindling body catch up with the big, intelligent head. Although his muscles were tough and wiry he had a delicate look which troubled her, and a cough which to her inexperienced and anxious ears suggested a consumptive tendency.

Dr. Ferris laughed at this, but to satisfy her he gave the boy a thorough questioning and a thorough looking over. "Any of your family consumptives, Bubbles?"

"Don't think so, sir."

"Well, you're not. Heart and lungs are sound."

"Miss Barbara says she doesn't like my cough."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "it worries her quite a good deal. And I advise you to stop it."

"But my throat gets tickling and—"

"Your throat gets tickling because you are an inveterate cigarette-smoker. And that's the reason why you are under-sized and under-nourished. How long have you smoked?"

"I don't remember when I didn't."

"Can't you stop?"

"I stopped once for two days, and then I took a pack of smokers that wasn't mine. That was about the only thing I ever stole."

"But if you gave me your word not to smoke any more till you're twenty-one, couldn't you keep that promise?"

"I could try," said Bubbles, evincing very little confidence.

"Will you try?" said the surgeon. "Hello, what's this?"

The boy in lifting his left arm had disclosed a dark-brown birthmark shaped like the new moon. All amusement had gone out of Dr. Ferris's eyes; and he had that look of tragic memories that so often put an end to his smiling and optimistic moods.

"Do you remember your father?"

"No, sir."

"Mother living?"

Bubbles hesitated. "She's in an asylum. She's crazy."

"What was your father's name?"

Bubbles shook his head.

The surgeon considered for a moment.

"Well," he said, at length, and once more smiling, "put your clothes on, and then go to Miss Ferris and promise her that you won't smoke any more. What asylum did you say your mother was in?"

"Ottawan."

"Do you ever see her?"

"No, sir. She don't like to see me."

"What is her name, Bubbles?"

"Jenny Ward."

Dr. Ferris ordered a car, and in less than two hours he was talking with the superintendent of Ottawan about the patient, Jenny Ward.

"The boy," he was saying, "is a protégé of my daughter's. She means to educate him, and we are naturally interested in his antecedents. I wonder if she has any lucid recollection of the father?"

"When she first came she seemed to have lucid moments. Even now she never makes trouble for anyone, except that sometimes she wakes in the night, screaming. She has been very pretty."

"H'm!" said Dr. Ferris. "You think she couldn't tell me anything about the boy's father?"

"I know she couldn't. When she was examined after being committed, it was found that her tongue had been cut out."

The woman, upon being visited, proved a meek, gentle, pathetic creature, eager to please. As the superintendent reported, she had been very pretty. She would have been pretty still, but for her utterly vacant look.

The doctor questioned her, but she made no effort, it seemed, even to understand the questions. Given a pencil and paper, she seemed to take pleasure in making dots, dashes, and scrawls; but she made no mark that in any way represented a letter of the alphabet. Confronted with a printed page, she thrust it aside.

"Very likely she never could read or write," said the superintendent; "usually when you give 'em a pencil they make letters by an act of muscular memory."

In the corridor outside the woman's room, they encountered one of those nurses who are used in managing the violent insane. He was a huge fellow, with a dark, strong, and somewhat forbidding face. He nodded to the superintendent and passed. Dr. Ferris looked after him down the corridor, had a sudden thought, and communicated it to his host in a quick undertone.

"I say, Gyles! Look here a moment."

The huge nurse turned on his heel, and came towering back to them.

"Have you ever assisted in looking after the woman Jenny Ward?" and he pointed toward the door of her room.

"No, sir."

"Dr. Ferris wishes to try an experiment."

"Yes, sir."

"He wishes you to throw open the door of her room, and to enter quickly—upon your knees."

"On my knees?"

"Yes."

"All right, sir." The man shrugged his big shoulders, and, his face sullen and annoyed, knelt at the door of Jenny Ward's room, unlocked it, flung it open, and entered quickly.

Over his head the doctors saw an expression of fear, almost unearthly, come over the woman's face. And she filled her room and the corridor without with a hoarse and horrible screaming.

Instantly the big nurse rose to his feet, and came out of the room. His face was passionately angry. And he said,

"It's a shame to frighten her like that."

The superintendent's eyes fell before the glare in those of the employee, and he mur-

mured something about "necessary experiment—had to be done."

XXXVII

"THERE'S no room for doubt in my mind," said Dr. Ferris. "The coincidence of the birthmarks, most unusual in shape and texture, the poor woman's behavior at the sight of a man who at first glance appeared to be without legs—"

"Yes," said Barbara, "but I go more on a certain expression that Bubbles sometimes has and that makes him look like his father. You see, I've done both their heads, and studied them closer than anybody else."

"Do you suppose the boy knows?"

She shook her head. "I think not. He's too—too decent. If he thought that Blizzard was his father, he wouldn't say the things that I have heard him say about him. He's the most loyal child."

"Do you suppose Blizzard knows?"

"Why, of course. A man could hardly have a son without knowing him—especially a man who lives with his ears to the ground and his mind in touch with everything in the city."

Doctor Ferris smiled a little. "Well," he said, "shall we tell Bubbles?"

"Why should we? I shouldn't like to be told out of a clear sky that I had such and such a father. It doesn't seem in the least necessary."

But before the day was out Barbara thought best to tell Bubbles. He came to her, with a slightly important air, which he did his best to conceal, and said that he wished to go to the city for a few days, on business.

"Sure the business isn't free untrammelled smoking?"

Bubbles was offended. "If I hadn't given you my word," he said, "you might think that. I told you when we came that I might have to go back any time on business. I got to go. Honest, Miss Barbara."

"Well, that settles it, Bubbles. But don't you think as long as I'm trying to give you some of the things you've missed, that you might take me a little more into your confidence?"

She maintained a discreet and serious countenance, although she wished very much to laugh.

The boy studied her face gravely with grave eyes. "The ABC of my business," he

said presently, "is knowing who to trust. I know you won't blab, Miss Barbara, 'r else I wouldn't tell you. There's a society in New York city for putting down grafts and crimes. There's a rich man back of it. And there's more kinds o' people working for it than you'd guess in a year. There's even policemen workin' for it."

"But it's their business to put down crime."

Bubbles shook his head sadly. "The chief business of the society is to put down police graft in crime," he said. "But there's heaps o' side businesses. Harry West, he's one of us. He's way high up. I'm way low down. But when I'm called to do what I can, I got to do it. There's one member younger'n me. And there's Fifth Avenue swells belongs, and waiters, and druggists, and bootblacks, and men in hardware stores, and barkeepers—"

"What sort of work do you have to do?"

"To go places and find out things."

"Why, then you're a detective, Bubbles."

A look of contempt swept into the child's face. "Detectives is in business," he said, "for what they can get out of it. We're in it because the house we live in is dirty and full of rats, and we want to make it clean."

The boy had raised his voice a little, and Barbara found herself thrilling to it.

"But, Bubbles," she objected, "you can't go to school and college and keep up this work at the same time."

"If I get education," said Bubbles, "it's so's to be fitter for the work when I come out. But I can't give the work up till the job I'm on is finished. It wouldn't be square."

"Can you tell me the job?"

"I'm one o' them that's helpin' to get the old un where he's wanted."

"What old one?"

"Blizzard."

Barbara was very much taken aback. "The man I made the bust of?"

"We can send him to the chair any time. But what's the use? He knows things that we got to know before we pass him up."

"But, Bubbles, how can you help?"

"Oh, I'm little. I can get into little places. They wouldn't want me if I weren't of use."

"But I don't like the idea of your running down Blizzard, Bubbles."

"Why not, Miss Barbara? There's no one in the city that's *needed* as much as him."

"Aside from that, Bubbles—I'm willing to grant that—there's a reason why I think you should have nothing to do with running him down."

"It's got to be an awful good one, Miss Barbara—not just good to you, and maybe to me, but to men higher up."

"I think it would be good enough for the very highest up, Bubbles. Will you take my word for it?"

"Yes, Miss Barbara. But *they* won't take my word for your word."

"No," she said, "of course not."

She considered for a few moments. Then she said: "Bubbles, I'm going to tell you my reason. I hope I'm not doing wrong. It's a serious thing for me to tell you and for you to know. There is very little doubt but that Blizzard is your father."

"Say that again, please," said Bubbles.

"Blizzard is probably your father."

Bubbles took the news very coolly. His eyes sparkled; but he made no exclamations of surprise or chagrin. Instead he said, "That accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?"

"Oncet he caught me in his house. He said the next time he'd skin me alive. If I hadn't been his son he'd a-skun me that time. Do you get me, Miss Barbara? He's my father, sure. But—" Now chagrin, wonder, and perplexity were written in Bubbles's face. "Why," he said, "it makes everything different. He never done anything for me; but if he's my father—"

"You can't very well spy on him, can you, Bubbles? You've got to stand aside and leave all that to others?"

"I got to see the head, Miss Barbara. I got to ask him."

"Who is the head, Bubbles?"

"I'd tell you in a minute, Miss Barbara, only we're all swore to tell no one. But what he says goes with me. It's got to be that way, else we'd never get nowhere."

XXXVIII

MR. ABE LICHTENSTEIN looked up from a mass of writing. "So," he smiled, "you got your few days off?"

"Mr. Lichtenstein," said Bubbles, his eyes big, his voice trembling, "an awful thing has happened."

"You can tell me nothing bad but I can tell you something worse. What has happened?"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Hearts," said Dr. Ferris, "that can be broken are very weak. Lives that can be spoiled by disappointment than having, in all good faith, encouraged a few young men, found that you were wrong, and her head. "When you do find the right man, Barbara, you'll make up to him is Wilmot doing with himself these days?" "He went away," said



ment and injured pride aren't worth preserving. If you have nothing more serious on your conscience sent them away with bees in their bonnets, I'm sure I envy you." Barbara simply shook with showers of blessings for whatever cold rains you've shed on others . . . What Barbara, and she sat looking steadily across the lake, her eyes troubled

"The old un is my father!"

"Yes," said Lichtenstein, "I have thought of that. You are sure?"

"I'm sure enough not to want to have anything more to do with huntin' him. But that's for you to say. I do what you say."

"I won't ask you to go on," said Lichtenstein; "but you're still with us, Bubbles? You're still for cleaning up the dirty house and making it fit for human beings to live in?"

"Yes, sir."

"As far as your father's concerned you'll be neutral?"

"Meaning I won't do nothing against him, nor for him?"

The red-headed Jew nodded. "You won't do like Rose?"

"Rose?"

Lichtenstein's face became very cold and grim. "She's gone over to him, body and soul, Bubbles, and heart and mind. For weeks she's fooled us with nonsense—stuff they've made up together. Worse, she's broken every oath she ever swore. Our strength was secrecy. Well, your father knows the name of every agent in our society. Oh, he's got it all out of her! Everything!"

"Does he know that you are—"

"Yes, confound him, he does. And my life is about as safe in this city as that of the average cat in the Italian quarter. My life isn't the important thing. It's what I've got in my head—cold facts. See all this stuff? That's what's in my head going down on paper for the first time. It's to guide the man that takes my place—to help him over some of the hard places—three hundred sheets of it already, and only a week since I began."

"Rose!" exclaimed Bubbles.

"There was none better—none smarter—till she fell in love—*fell* in love!"

"Does he know I'm one of us, Mr. Lichtenstein?"

"Why, yes. I suppose she'll have given even the children away." Mr. Lichtenstein's eye roamed over the suite of rich rooms with their elaborate gambling-paraphernalia. "Not much doing," he smiled, "since Rose went over. The tip's out that I'm wanted. Nobody drops in for a quiet game. Bubbles, you tell people when you're a man and I'm gone that I wasn't only a gambler. Tell 'em I took money from peo-

ple who had plenty but wouldn't take the trouble to do right with it, and tell 'em I used that money to do right—to help make dirty things clean."

He turned and regarded the face of the black marble clock on the mantelpiece. As he looked the face of the clock was violently shattered, and so, but on a lower level, was a pane of glass in the window immediately opposite.

Abe Lichtenstein fell face down upon his unfinished manuscript.

XXXIX

THEN he began to speak in a quiet voice. "Never touched me, Bubbles. Pull that cord at the right of the window. That will close the curtains. Careful not to show yourself. The man that fired that shot thinks he got me. I fell over to make him think so and to keep him from shooting again. Now then"—the curtain had been drawn over the window with the broken pane—"let's see what sort of a gun our friend uses, and then perhaps we can spot our friend. Did you hear the shot?"

"No, sir. There was a noise just when the clock broke like when a steel girder falls on the sidewalk."

"That noise was just before the clock broke, Bubbles. And it was loud enough to drown the noise of our friend's gun. Clever work, though, to *have* to pull the trigger at a given moment, and to make such a close shot. Probably had his gun screwed in a vise."

Meanwhile Lichtenstein had extracted from the ruined clock a .45-caliber bullet of nickel steel. A glance at the grooves made by the rifling of the barrel from which it had been expelled caused him to raise his colorless eyebrows and smile cynically.

"New government automatic, Bubbles," he said, "and the funny part of it is they've only been issued to officers so far, and the factory hasn't put 'em on sale yet."

"Must have been stole from an officer, then," said Bubbles.

"You steal her jewels from an actress," said Lichtenstein, "her mite from the widow, its votes from the people, but you don't steal his side arms from an American army officer. No. Somebody in the factory has let the weapon that fired this slip out. It doesn't matter—it's just a little link in the long chain."

He seated himself calmly at the table and set down in black and white the fact that he had been very nearly murdered by a bullet fired from the new army pistol. Then he began to gather up the sheets of his manuscript.

"Now I wonder," he said, "where I can go to finish this document? I don't want them to 'get' me until I've paved the way for the man that comes after me. Now then—the secret passage isn't only for the wicked."

Kneeling on the clean hearth, Mr. Lichtenstein caused the ornamental cast-iron back of the fireplace to swing outward upon a hinge. Reaching a long arm into the disclosed opening, he unfastened and pushed ajar the iron back of a fireplace in the next house.

Bubbles, crawling through first, found himself in a somewhat overdressed pink and blue bedroom. The lace curtains were too elaborate. The room was luxurious and vulgar. Among the photographs on the center-table reposed a champagne-bottle, three parts empty, and two glasses, in which a number of flies were heavily crawling.

Lichtenstein, having carefully replaced the fire-backs, rose, smiling, and clapped a hand upon Bubbles' shoulder.

"Now then, Bubbles," he said, "push that bell-button by the door four times, and we'll see what Mrs. Popple can do to get us out of this. Never met Mrs. Popple? She's one of us, and at heart a good one."

The lady in question came swiftly in answer to the four rings. At first sight she passed for a woman of hard and forbidding aspect; filmy laces and a clinging kimono of rose-pink silk neither softened nor made feminine the alabaster-colored face with its thin straight mouth, heavy, hairy eyebrows, and clean-cut Greek nose. Only her costume and her hair, indescribably fine and indescribably yellow, betrayed that there were follies in her nature. But the moment she spoke you liked her. She had a slow, deep, beautiful voice, and the slowness of her speech was offset by the fewness of her words.

"What's wrong, Abe?"

Lichtenstein explained briefly, and added, "Now how are we to get out of this without being spotted and followed?"

"Easy," said Mrs. Popple. She went to a vast wardrobe painted white, and pulled the creaking doors wide open. "Wedge the

man into one dress," she said, "pad the boy into another. Send 'em off in a taxi. Now, boy. Is this Bubbles? Pleased to meet you. I'm old enough to be your grandmother."

The words were a command, and the boy, much embarrassed, began to take off his coat.

"Get busy, Abe. Can take your own things along in a suit-case. I don't look, see? I'm looking out duds for you. What's that? Razor? Find everything in medicine-closet over wash-basin in bath-room."

Lichtenstein disappeared, and gave forth presently the rasping sounds of a man shaving in a hurry. And in the meanwhile, always swift and sure, Mrs. Popple initiated Bubbles into the ABC's of female attire.

"No trouble about a straight front for you," she chuckled, and gave a sudden strong tug at the laces of Bubbles' corsets. He gasped, and the tears came to his eyes.

"Mind to take little steps," she said, "and don't swing your arms." She clasped a blond wig upon his head, and drew back to see the effect.

"Abe," she called, "she's a pippin!"

A moment later she frowned, almost savagely, laid her finger on her lips, knelt at the fireplace, thrust her head far in and listened intently.

Lichtenstein, one side of his face in lather, appeared at the bath-room door. His eyes on the crouching figure of Mrs. Popple, he continued calmly and methodically to shave himself.

After an interval the woman rose, and shook her head. "Can't make out who's in there," she whispered. "Have Lizzie watch front window see who goes out."

Lichtenstein nodded, washed the tag ends of lather from his face, and proceeded in dead silence to dress himself as a lady of somewhat doubtful age, looks, and position. But Bubbles would have made a very pretty girl, if Mrs. Popple had not insisted on powdering his face till it was as white as that of a clown.

"Won't do to be conspicuous," she explained.

Lichtenstein packed the things which he and Bubbles had taken off into a suit-case marked "A. P." (Amelia Popple), and led the way down-stairs. A little later a taxi-cab drew up at the curb, and the two disguised secret-service agents sauntered down the high steps of Mrs. Popple's brownstone



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

A sudden change had come over Lichtenstein's face: the smile had vanished, the eyes grown sharp, even stern. "nized me— Shut the door into the hall, Bubbles." The door being shut, Lichtenstein crossed his arms, his expression changed. Then a smile flickered about his mouth, and, sure of his effect, O'Brien kneeling in the opening. He caught her by the wrist, drew



"Your maid passed just now—by that door," he said to Barbara. "She's in Blizzard's pay. If she has recog-
nized the room and stood near it, his hand on the knob. For nearly a minute he neither moved nor
with a sharp gesture he flung the door wide open, and discovered Miss Marion
her to her feet and into the room. "Marion!" exclaimed Barbara

house, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and got in.

"Where to?" said the driver, with rather a bold leer. The average lady who descended or ascended Mrs. Popple's steps was not considered respectable even by taxi-drivers.

It had been agreed that Bubbles, having of the two the more feminine adaptabilities of voice, should do the talking.

"Grand Central," he said.

XL

BARBARA was reading and did not wish to be interrupted by a "young person" (in the footman's words) who refused to give her name. Nevertheless she was weakly good-natured in such matters, and closing her book said, "Very well—in here, John."

A moment later the young person was shown into the living-room. Barbara was still more annoyed, for young faces covered with powder were odious to her. But suddenly the young person's mouth curled into a captivating grin, and the young person trotted forward in a very un-young-personish way, and cried triumphantly,

"It's me—Bubbles."

And Bubbles followed Barbara's gratifying exclamations of surprise and inquiry with a syncopated outburst of explanation, finishing with: "And Mr. Lichtenstein said I was to throw us on your mercy, and ask if he could stay to finish his writing, and he's stepped into some bushes off the driveway to put on his own clothes. And please, Miss Barbara, he's just the finest and bravest ever and don't care what happens to him, only he says they're bound to get him now everything's found out, and he's just got to finish writing down what he carries in his head."

"Of course," said Barbara, "we'll have to tell my father; but all will be well. Mr. Lichtenstein shall stay. Bring him to me when he's finished changing, and then you'd

best change, and if you don't want to have a sore face wash all that nasty stuff off it."

Lichtenstein had already changed, and was coming up the driveway, carrying the suit-case. Bubbles brought him at once, and with great pride, to Barbara. Mr. Lichtenstein had never seen her before. In his bow there was a trace of Oriental elaboration, and his curiously meagerish, pug-nosed, sandy face beamed with pleasure and admiration.

"I thought I knew my New York, Miss Ferris," he said, "but it seems I was mistaken."

Since the compliment was obviously sincere, Barbara took pleasure in it, and the pleasure showed in her charming face. "And Bubbles says," said she, "that you are the 'finest ever.' I'm glad if staying here is going to help the cause. You can be as private as you like—"

A sudden change had come over Lichtenstein's face; the smile had vanished, the eyes grown sharp, even stern. "What is your maid's name?" he asked abruptly.

"My maid? Why, what about her?"

"She passed just now—by that door. I saw her in the mirror at the end of the room. What's her name?"

"Marion—" Barbara hesitated.

"O'Brien?"

"Yes, O'Brien."

"I thought so. She's in Blizzard's pay. If she has recognized me— Shut the door into the hall, Bubbles."

The door being shut, Lichtenstein crossed the room and stood near it, his hand on the knob. For nearly a minute he neither moved nor changed expression. Then a smile flickered about his mouth, and, sure of his effect, with a sharp gesture he flung the door wide open, and discovered Miss Marion O'Brien kneeling in the opening. He caught her by the wrist, drew her to her feet, and into the room.

"Marion!" exclaimed Barbara.

The next instalment of "*The Penalty*" will appear in the March issue.

Your Choice of Fisher's Girls

"Irma," the cover picture for this month's *Cosmopolitan*, painted from life by Harrison Fisher, is not only his latest creation, but one of the best he has done. Reproductions of this painting, in all the beautiful colors of the original, on heavy plate paper eleven inches wide by fourteen inches high—just right for framing—and without lettering or other advertising, may be had, postage paid and damage-proof, for fifteen cents each. Then there are a very few similar reproductions left of "Alva," "Sue," "Motherhood," "Winifred," "Barbara," and "Sweethearts," which appeared on recent *Cosmopolitans*. They are fifteen cents each—or all seven cover pictures for \$1.00. Send money or stamps at our risk.

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THE REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF

Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde

The adventure-mystery-detective tale is Mr. Oppenheim's particular hobby. He has been riding it for years—at full gallop—and without a fall. Cosmopolitan has been particularly fortunate in getting what we think are his very best—the “Mannister” stories, “The Illustrious Prince,” and the others. And now this present series strikes ten. The idea of a woman-detective with a keen-witted side partner is novel, and you can bank on it that Mr. Oppenheim needs no coaching to make the best of it. In the present story a houseful of criminals meets up with Grace—and one of them escapes. Each story in the series is complete in one number.

The House of Rest

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Long Arm of Mannister," "The Moving Finger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

GRACE BURTON was sitting on a grassy knoll of sand, looking out at the sea. She wore a soft shirt and collar, a flowing tie, no hat, and a white cotton skirt. Her cheeks had lost their pallor, she was even a little sunburned. By her side sat a young man, tall and slim, with fallow face and dreamy eyes.

“No,” Grace decided, “I cannot see the slightest reason why I should tell you my name.”

“It is usual,” he pleaded. “How am I to address you? Shall I say ‘fair stranger,’ or ‘little girl in the cotton skirt’? Or am I to call you after the color of your eyes?”

“It is so like Margate,” she murmured.

He shivered. “I have never been there,” he declared. “As a matter of fact, I don’t believe you have.”

“There is no doubt at all,” Grace continued, “that we are much too promiscuous, nowadays. Why, because you hit me in the middle of the back with your golf-ball and had the nerve to come and apologize, should I allow you to speak to me next time we meet?”

Her companion extended his hands. “It is the effect of the sun and the sea and the empty places. One has no time here to be small. You are a young lady of quiet but engaging appearance, apparently enjoying a fortnight’s holiday. I am a somewhat older person, a resident, a householder, an individual of proved respectability. I am also

your landlord for those few yards of sand on which you have pitched your tent. I frankly confess that it gives me pleasure to talk and be listened to. Why should I not indulge myself?”

“At my expense!”

“Some day,” he remarked, “your tongue will get you into trouble.”

“I am not at all sure,” she retorted, “that your manners won’t place you in a similar predicament.”

He sighed. “I take off my hat when I see you and when I leave. I walk on the outside, I observe all the small courtesies of life. I even offer you my card.”

She took it from him and read it out, “‘Mr. Roland Dewis.’ Quite a nice name,” she admitted. “I should not, however,” she went on, “call it an informing card. No club, no address, no anything.”

He smiled. “The dawn of curiosity! A hopeful sign! I belong to the Savage Club, which, as you may have heard, is in itself a distinction. I have written verses and published them. I was brought up as a physician, I have ended by becoming a crank.”

“And what is your peculiar mania?” she asked.

“Collecting weird guests,” he told her. “Some day you ought to come and have tea with me and see them.”

“Thank you,” she replied, “I would rather not.”

"They are paying guests, you know," he went on. "That old house was left to me unexpectedly, and I couldn't possibly have kept it on without a little assistance."

"Do you read poetry to them or give them medicine?" Grace inquired.

Her companion coughed. "I am no great believer in physic," he asserted. "At the same time, I do give them a certain amount of medical attention."

Grace looked over her shoulder across a stretch of marshland, across a field, to where the ground suddenly took a dip, from the midst of which rose several tall Elizabethan chimneys.

"I shouldn't have thought your house was suitable for invalids," she remarked. "It is very picturesque, but it seems so unhealthful down in that hole."

"Quite a mistake," he assured her. "The air here is the finest in the world."

"What class of patient do you take?" Grace asked.

Her companion stroked his chin for a moment. He had a long, rather thin face, deep-set eyes a little too close together, and a powerful chin. "Well," he said, "you needn't be afraid if you meet any of them about, but they are all more or less mad. Not mad enough for an asylum, you know, or that sort of thing, but they are queer in their ways. I have a method of my own for dealing with those people. I give them lectures twice a day, and see that they read only the books I provide for them. I also make use to some slight extent of my suggestive powers."

"On the whole," Grace remarked, "I think I am glad that I decided not to come and have tea with you."

He glanced along the beach toward a tent. "The invitation has been given," he reminded her. "I presume it never occurred to you that a return of the civility might be in order?"

"Certainly not," Grace replied. "I have only one cup and saucer."

"I might," he suggested, "bring my own mug."

"Don't be silly," Grace said. "I suppose you think that I am the most unconventional person breathing to come down here and set up a tent alone on a waste piece of beach. I shouldn't have dared it but for those people in the caravan."

"You seem to me," he remarked, "to be a young lady very capable of taking care of yourself."

"I am," she assured him.

"Have you any profession?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And what is it?"

"Minding my own business," she answered promptly.

He looked away from her and watched a fishing-boat come nearer. "After all," he decided, "I am not sure that I like you."

"If you do not," she said, "you are very much in the minority. The real reason I came away was to escape from my admirers."

"Let us talk seriously," he begged.

She looked at him blankly. "I should never have associated frivolity with our conversation," she declared.

"You are rather good at phrases," he went on. "I am not. I find you, all the same, rather interesting—shall I say stimulating? Would you like to come for a ride in my motor-car?"

"With you?"

"Certainly with me!"

"No," she answered. "In any case, I don't like motor-cars. Down here they would remind me of London, and taxicabs, and machinery, and noises. The only movement I can take any interest in is the rolling of those small sailing-boats."

"Well, let's go for a sail, then," he suggested.

"I sail every morning myself," she told him. "I have my own trusted fisherman here, whom I have tried to drown in sixteen different ways, and who takes the greatest interest in the operation. I couldn't think of another passenger."

She looked across the marshes once more toward that dip in the land and the chimneys from which the smoke was stealing upward. "I am not sure," she said, "but I think that if you were to press me to inspect your house, I should come. It looks rather fascinating."

For a moment he did not reply. She was watching him, carelessly enough to all appearances, yet closely.

"Why, of course," he declared, "any afternoon you like—this moment, if you will."

"Thanks, no!" she answered, getting up and shaking out her skirts. "You are too impetuous. I am going to make my own tea now. Run along, please. I have had enough of you for to-day."

Her voice, as usual, carried conviction. She walked away lightly but briskly. The



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man stood and looked after her for several moments, a puzzled frown upon his face. Then he turned and walked slowly along the path which led across the marshes, a path which in places became the raised top of a dyke, on either side of which the tide flowed in. Grace went to her little tent, put her kettle on the stove, and sat down to write to Pryde.

Pryde came in with a gun under his arm from a morning's rabbit-shooting. He had taken possession of his new quarters—a pleasant old house in one of the quietest of Norfolk villages, with a man and his wife to look after him, a charming old-world garden to sit about in, and a few hundred acres of rough shooting at his door. He would have been perfectly contented but for one thing.

The letter was lying ready for him on a round table set in the middle of his hall. He bore it off at once into his little study and opened it eagerly:

MY DEAR PARTNER:

Don't start when you see the village from which I write. I had no idea, when I arranged to come here, that your new home was also in Norfolk. However, since it is so I am not so sure that it may not be a good thing. For listen. Here, in the remotest of little fishing-hamlets on the very edge of the sea, living in a tent, absolutely alone, I rather believe that I can see an adventure looming. I was driven here from Wells in a farmer's cart by a loquacious native.

As we neared the village, he pointed out to me the queerest old Elizabethan house, set down almost in a pit. The place had been empty for fifteen years, he told me, but had recently been occupied by a gentleman from London, a gentleman whom he variously described as a doctor, a literary person, and a millionaire. According to my informant, this person, whose name is Roland Dewis, makes a specialty of collecting queer guests. I haven't seen any of them, but I have met the proprietor. I got in the way of his golf-ball when he was practising iron shots a few days ago, and although he did not know it, I encouraged him to talk to me. I think the real reason why I am a little interested in his mysterious household is the recollection of the last time I saw Mr. Roland Dewis. He stood then in the dock at the Old Bailey, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for blackmailing. His hair has gone gray since then, he has changed his name and cultivated a limp, he wears an eye-glass, and he is clean shaven. He would not be easily recognized. I happen to have a good memory, though, and I am not mistaken. However, that isn't all I am going to tell you, although it is the most important part of it. His guests, who are supposed to be here for their health, never seem to move out of the grounds. He has a motor-pinnace and a very small steam-yacht lying out in the harbor here, ready for sea. He has also a ninety-horse-power, six-cylinder motor-car. Somehow or other, the appurtenances of his place do not seem to me in the least like the appurtenances of a sort of hospital. What do you think?

I can see you sitting down and writing that you are on your way here. You please won't do anything of the sort. For one thing, you might be recognized, and another thing, there is no place for you to stay, and a third thing, the two of us together might easily suggest our identity to any observant person. There is a telegraph-office close here, and I have hired

a bicycle. Of course you may say that it is all rather idiotic; that I am so keen on work that I am imagining all sorts of things which don't exist. Perhaps so. Anyway, I thought I would tell you as much as I have told you, so that you will understand if I do send for you.

I am enjoying my simple life immensely, and am feeling very much better. I heard from Stella yesterday. She and her husband are at the Italian Lakes, and, I believe, perfectly happy. You read in the papers, of course, that Jerome was found dead in his rooms with a revolver by his side. He was mad about Netta Fawcitt, but the way he killed Bartlett was brutal.

I hope you, too, are enjoying your country life. You can write me to the post-office here, if you like. At present I have not made up my mind when to return to London, but I will let you know.

Sincerely yours,
GRACE BURTON.

Pryde read this letter through, word by word. Then he folded it up, placed it in his pocket, made a hasty luncheon, and caught the afternoon train to London.

In many respects, Grace's was an ideal holiday. She spent her mornings sailing with a boatman from the village, her afternoons sometimes in the same way, sometimes wandering about the great wilderness of sea-riven marshland. At nights she read for a time by her little oil-lamp, and went to bed with the darkness. Beyond the making of tea and coffee, she attempted little cooking. Once or twice she had visited the village stores. For the most part she lived on the cold things she had brought down with her. The position she had chosen for her tent was entirely isolated save for the presence, about fifty yards off, of a family caravan. On the afternoon after the despatch of her letter to Pryde, she returned from a sail to find the beach deserted. The caravan was drawn up at the end of the sandy road, on the point of departure. She went over to the little man and woman, with whom she had been in the habit of exchanging ordinary civilities.

"Why, I thought that you were here for a fortnight, Mr. Brown!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Brown, who was a small man of ginger complexion, seemed somewhat confused. "Had to change our plans," he explained. "The fact is, the agent was down this morning. Pitched into us like anything—turned us off, in fact."

Grace looked at him, perplexed. "But I thought you said that we had a perfect right here," she declared. "You were so strong upon that."

Mr. Brown was decidedly not at his ease. "So we have," he protested. "I didn't want to get into a row, though. We are going to move on a mile or two. Sorry to leave you, young lady. If you took my advice," he added deliberately, "I am not at all sure that you wouldn't come with us."

"Same here!" his wife declared, a little tartly. "It's no sort of life, this camping out, for young women alone!"

"I am very much obliged to you," Grace said, "but it isn't quite so easy for me to move on as it is for you. However, I dare say I shall be all right. I wish you'd told me that you were going, though."

"As a matter of fact," the little man confessed slowly, "I had no intention of moving. The agent made it worth my while. He seemed to want to get rid of me."

"So that was it," Grace remarked quietly. "Thank you very much for telling me that. Good-by, and good luck to you!"

The caravan rolled off. Grace went back to her boatman.

"Nichols," she said, "I am left all alone here, you see—not that I mind it very much, but I don't quite understand why those people have been turned off."

The boatman looked across the marshes toward the spot where from those tall chimneys the smoke was curling up to the sky. "Nor me neither, miss," he declared. "I don't understand half the things that go on here, nowadays. He's a real queer fellow, is our new landlord."

"His agent has given those people money to go," Grace continued thoughtfully.

Nichols shook his head. He was an elderly man, strong and stalwart, a widower for many years. "I don't know, miss," he said, "but what, if I were you, I'd come to the village and find a room somewhere. I ain't no confidence in those people up yonder. It's a queer lot they are altogether, to my way of thinking."

Grace smiled. "Well," she said, "couldn't we, just for this once, compromise? It's hot enough to sleep out of doors, isn't it? Don't you think you could sleep in the shed over there for one night, and then we could get up at sunrise and go out after the crab-pots?"

"I'm willing, miss," he agreed. "I'll get home and have my bit of supper, and sail the old boat down with the ebb tide. I'll be here long before it's dark."

Grace thanked him, and a few minutes

later he disappeared down the broad waterway, his brown sails catching the last gleams of sunlight as he passed away. Grace turned and, entering her tent, prepared her evening meal. Afterward she sat outside and watched the shadows deepen, watched the lights fade from violet into gray, and from gray into obscurity. By and by, a few little yellow lanterns from the tops of the fishing-boats dotted the horizon. Then, all of a sudden, the small steam-yacht, which she had missed all day, came round the point, a blaze of lights, and steamed up to its anchorage. She lay a little way back from her tent, upon a sandy mound, watching. The motor pinnacle had been lowered from the yacht, and soon she could hear the beating of its engine rapidly approaching. The landing-place was close to where she was. The boat was driven onto the beach and two men descended. One was Dewis; the other a man who was wrapped from head to foot in a light dust-coat, with a cap pulled over his eyes. They were scarcely more than thirty feet from her, but she herself was unseen. She noticed that Dewis's eyes were fixed all the time upon her tent.

"It seems a lonely spot," she heard the unknown man say, as he stood for a moment looking around him.

"There is no other place quite like it," Dewis replied. "No one who lives here ever notices anything, ever thinks anything. Yet it is not so far out of the world that the comings and goings of any unknown person attract too much attention."

The newcomer pointed to the tent.

"Trippers," Dewis explained. "Quite harmless. I wouldn't send for the motor. You won't mind walking? It's only a mile."

They passed away, side by side. Grace caught a glimpse of the stranger's face—a queer, heavily lined face, with deep-set eyes which even in that solitude seemed to flash from side to side. He walked, too, like one in fear. She watched them disappear—a man in danger, surely! A man, too, who reminded her of some one. She sat puzzling until the darkness came, and with it Nichols. He bade her the shortest of good nights and rolled himself up in a deserted shed at the head of the beach.

"I'll give you a shout at sunrise, miss," he said. "I'm wishful to be off as soon after four as suits you. It's a matter of the tide, you see."

"I'll be ready," she promised him.

Punctually at four o'clock, Nichols awakened her. For three hours they sailed about in the bay. They saw the sun rise, saw it pierce the faint white mists which hung around the chimneys of the Old House. Afterward she slept through the later part of the morning. Nichols returned about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Shall I be up again to-night, miss?"

"If you don't mind," she replied.

"I'll come out on the ebb," he promised.

She sat watching him disappear. Then she brought out some books. She had scarcely settled down, however, before she heard the sound of a horse's galloping hoofs. It was Dewis who came, riding along the narrow dyke path with loose rein and the careless seat of a man utterly reckless. He pulled up close to her, the sand flying into the air from his horse's hoofs.

"Are you in a hurry?" she asked.

He pointed seaward, and she saw that the little white steam-yacht, which had been missing again all day, had once more rounded the point and was coming to an anchor. "I saw her from my windows," he said. "I scarcely expected her back so soon."

"Is she bringing another guest?" Grace inquired.

Dewis did not answer. He was looking through his field-glasses at the boat which was being lowered. Suddenly a little exclamation broke from his lips. The hand which held his glasses shook.

"Yes," he replied quietly, "it is another guest who arrives."

"Your house must be getting quite interesting," she sighed.

He turned toward her irresolutely. "Look here," he said, "let me give you some good advice."

He pointed to the road which led to the village. "You've been here long enough," he declared. "I have taken a queer, foolish fancy to you, and I'm not the sort of person who should have any part in your life. Get away this afternoon. Get away before to-night."

Grace shook her head quite decidedly. "You have a queer way of showing your preferences," she laughed.

"What way would you prefer?"

"I think," she replied, "for one thing, that you might offer to show me over your house. You have made me horribly curious."

Something which had lightened his face a few minutes before had passed away. He leaned toward her. He was not quite so pleasant to look upon. "Come," he said, "I will do better than ask you to tea. Do you see that boat?"

She followed his forefinger. The little launch from the yacht was fast approaching the beach.

"A lady!" she exclaimed.

Dewis nodded. "A chaperon for you," he remarked. "Will you dine with me to-night?"

She hesitated. "I have no evening frock."

"Come as you please," he answered. "You may find it amusing. Afterward—"

"Yes, I'll come," she decided. "I can't keep away—I'm too curious."

"Be there at eight o'clock," he directed. "Do you mind going into your tent now? You will meet my latest guest to-night."

Grace strolled away, and Dewis stepped down to the landing-place. He assisted the lady to alight and walked slowly with her up the shingles. She held her skirts in both hands, and she talked volubly in French. Grace watched them disappear. Then she pulled out her steamer-trunk and began to examine its contents.

The approach to the Old House was of the simplest possible description. There was no lodge nor any gate. The drive wound its way through a pleasant meadow, rich in buttercups and celandines. There was a small brook crossed by a little bridge, and several cows were standing about, almost knee-deep in the long grass. A ring fence alone separated the meadows from the lawns of the house. There was an iron gate across the drive, propped hospitably open. Before the entrance was a circular patch of lawn, and under the cedar-trees were several basket-chairs. Grace made her way to the front and rang the bell. The door itself stood wide open, affording a view of a large white stone hall, cool and perfumed with flowers. For some few seconds after she had pulled the bell, nothing happened. The silence of the place, its very homeliness, seemed to Grace somehow mysterious. She was filled with a curious sense of coming adventure. Then, through a swing door opposite to her, came a dark, sallow-faced servant. He spoke with a strong French accent.

"Will you come into the drawing-room, madame?" he said.

She followed him across the hall and into a drawing-room furnished with faded Victorian furniture, a drawing-room with a faint, unused perfume of lavender, and darkened by closely drawn blinds. Almost as she entered, Dewis came in through the French windows.

"This is charming of you," he said cordially. "I am so glad that you summoned up your courage."

"I am afraid it didn't need much summoning up," she replied. "You know how curious I was to see your house."

He led the way out into the hall. "You shall see as much as you like of it after dinner," he declared. "At present, doesn't your fancy turn to one of those chairs under the cedar-tree?"

They stepped out together and strolled across the lawn. He leaned toward her.

"Didn't you get my message?" he asked quickly. "I sent a boy on a pony with a note an hour ago."

She shook her head. "I saw him in the distance, then he took the wrong path across the marshes, and he had to turn toward Cley. There was a strong tide to-night. We came down the creek, and Nichols sailed me up just to the other side of the road. What was your message?"

"I told you not to come," Dewis replied quietly. "It is too late now. We must make the best of it. There is just a little trouble among my guests, but it is nothing which should affect you."

"I am sorry," she said simply.

"By the bye," he continued, "I can't very well introduce you as my little friend in the cotton frock, can I?"

"You may introduce me as Miss Smith," she told him demurely.

She did not offer to go away. Two men were strolling across the lawn toward them. Dewis stretched out his hand.

"Miss Smith," he said, "please let me introduce two of my guests, Mr. Barton and Mr. Leonard Wright."

They were both men of quite unremarkable appearance. Wright was young, of athletic build, and sunburned. The other man was taller and older. They were both clean shaven. They greeted Grace pleasantly, and talked for a few moments quite naturally.

"Dewis doesn't often spoil us in this way, Miss Smith," Wright declared. "A parson

once a week and the doctor every now and then are the only visitors we've seen anything of. Do you live near here?"

"Only for a time," Grace replied. "I am really here for a holiday."

A third man came striding across from the house—a large, ungainly man, with a brown beard recently grown and as yet unsightly, high cheek-bones, and gaunt face. He had the air of a man furiously angry. When he saw Grace, however, he seemed to check something which he had been about to say. Dewis looked at him quite coolly.

"Allison," he said, "if anything is wrong, speak to me about it afterward, please. We are honored with a lady guest to-night. Miss Smith, let me present Mr. Allison. He looks very angry now, but he is really quite a good-natured person."

The man bowed civilly enough to Grace, but he tried to draw Dewis on one side. Dewis, however, only laughed and pointed to the servant who was standing at the edge of the lawn.

"Dinner is served," he announced. "Come. We will not wait for Madame Floquet. It was her special request. Miss Smith, will you permit me?"

She took his arm. They crossed the lawn, which felt like velvet beneath their feet. The birds were singing all around them; the air was sweet with the perfume of roses and heliotrope. Grace looked around her and looked down the drive toward the road, toward the marshland, shimmering still in the sunlight. Before her was the interior of the house, with its vague air of mystery.

"I think," she said, "that I shall run away. I am frightened of your guests."

He only drew her arm a little closer through his, and they passed on. "Too late, my dear young lady," he insisted. "I, also, had a presentiment, but it has passed."

He led the way to a small dining-room at the back of the house. Dinner was somewhat elaborately laid at a round table in the middle of the apartment. There were a great many bottles of champagne upon the mahogany sideboard. Grace noticed, as she took her place between her host and Wright, that there was one vacant seat at the table.

"Madame Floquet will be down in a few moments, beyond a doubt," Dewis remarked. "I am sure you will all be interested to meet her."

Allison leaned across the table. He still had the appearance of a man nursing a grievance. "Look here, Dewis," he said, "you're avoiding the question all the time, and I am sorry to have to refer to the matter before Miss Smith, but all the same, when you accept another guest here, we have a right to know who she is. Who is Madame Floquet?"

Dewis looked across the table at his questioner. "My dear fellow," he answered coolly, "within a few moments you will see her. You will then know. Why should I not enjoy my little surprise?"

Wright leaned across to Grace. "Queer lot, aren't we, Miss Smith?" he remarked. "But then you must remember we are all half invalids. I've had a shocking nervous breakdown, and Allison has been ordered complete rest. We didn't anticipate any women here permanently. We are all a little down upon Dewis about it."

Dewis filled his glass with champagne. "My dear guests," he said, "Madame Floquet will be here in a moment to speak for herself. All I can tell you is that under no possible circumstances could I have refused her visit."

Almost as he spoke the door was opened. A woman, dressed in a black evening gown, with a collarette of pearls around her neck, came slowly into the room. She was very fair, she had strange eyes, and a mouth curiously firm. It parted in a smile, however, as she paused with her fingers upon the back of a chair and glanced around.

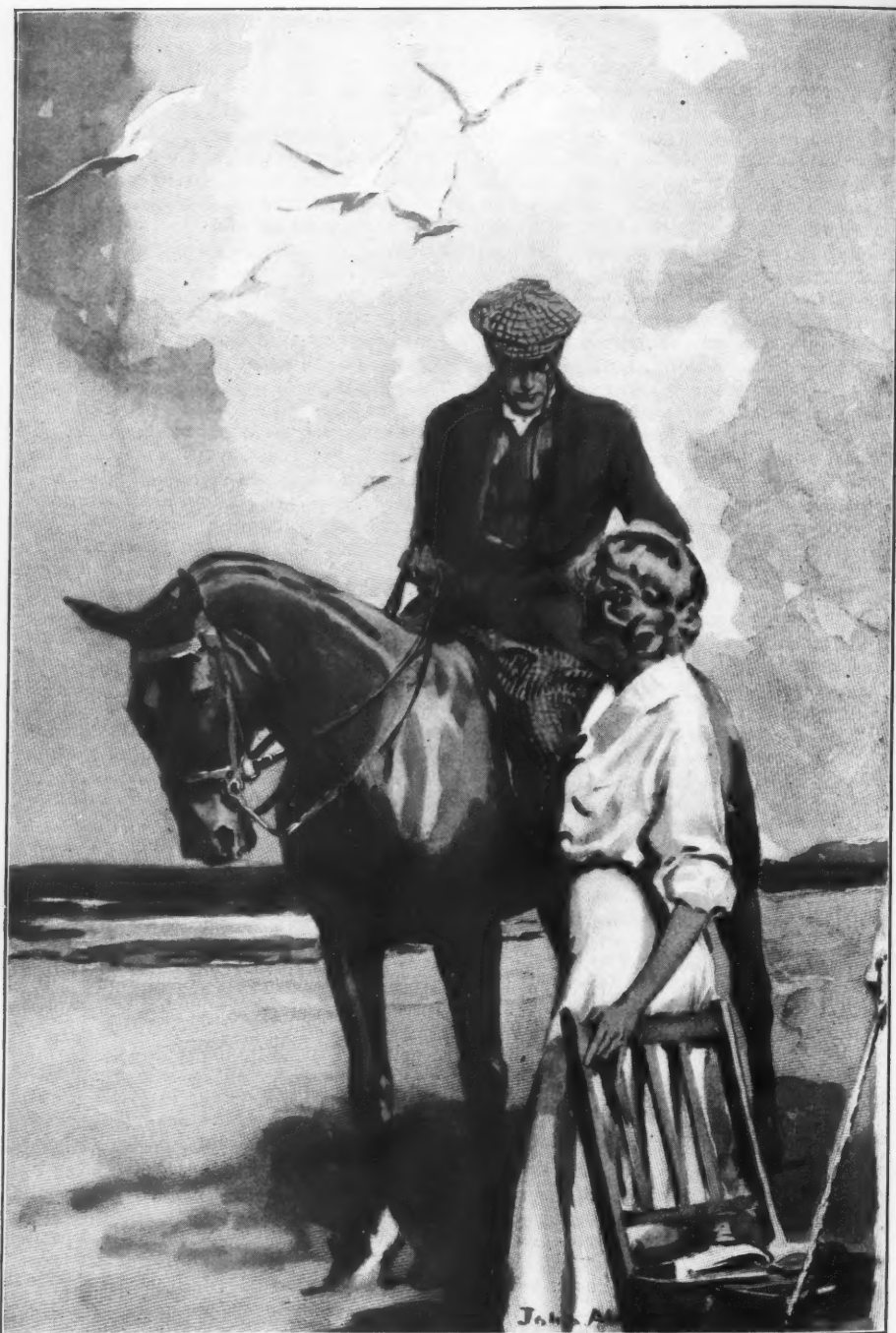
"Ah!" she declared, "it is like old times indeed. I congratulate you, my dear Mr. Dewis, upon this meeting of old friends. It is indeed delightful."

There was a moment's silence. The eyes of everyone present were fixed upon the newcomer. Then Grace was conscious of something strange in the face of every man there. Allison seemed struck dumb with terror. Wright was sitting back in his chair, his head thrown back; his mouth open. Barton was clutching the table-cloth.

Allison was the first to find his voice. "My God!" he muttered. "It's Martha!"

Even Grace shivered at something in the man's tone. They all turned now toward Dewis. Their faces were full of fierce questioning. He sat quite still with his wine-glass in his hand.

"My friends," he said, "you disgust me. Such fear is imbecile. The lady who takes



DRAWN BY JOHN ALTON WILLIAMS

"You've been here long enough," he declared. "I have taken a queer, foolish fancy to you, and I'm not the sort of person who should have any part in your life. Get away this afternoon. Get away before to-night"

her place among us to-night, and whose name Allison had better have kept to himself, has a perfect right here. She has as much right to the shelter of this house as any of you. Your lack of restraint is appalling. Must I remind you that we have a stranger among us?"

Allison pointed suddenly to Grace. "My God!" he cried. "Why not put an advertisement in the local paper, give a garden-party, write to—"

"Hush!" Dewis interrupted sternly. "I will answer for this young lady's discretion. I will answer for it that she does not gossip. As for the rest, the *Iris* has steam up in the harbor, the cars are in the garage. If any one has a fancy that they will be more comfortable elsewhere, let him try it. Luigi, you may serve the fish."

The butler, who had been standing motionless by the sideboard, touched a bell by his side. A couple of men entered at once. Dinner was served almost in silence. Conversation, such as it was, was furnished entirely by Dewis, Grace, and Leonard Wright. The meal was about half-way through when the door opened and a tall dark man, also dressed in the livery of a butler, entered. He carried a note in his hand, and he came toward Dewis.

"If you will be so good, sir," he whispered, "as to read this at once."

Dewis nodded and turned to Grace. "You will excuse me?"

"Certainly!"

Dewis tore it open. There seemed to be only a few lines, but he read them twice over. Then he crumpled up the sheet of paper in his hand. He turned slowly toward Grace.

"What is it, Dewis?" Allison asked hoarsely.

Dewis seemed to collect himself with an effort. "It is nothing," he answered quietly.

Allison leaned suddenly across the table. He gripped his host's wrist and tore open his fingers, snatching the crumpled sheet of paper away.

"Look here," he said, "if it's nothing, I am not doing any harm. Keep off, Dewis."

There was a moment's intense silence. Every one had stopped eating and drinking. They were all looking at Allison. He was breathing quickly.

"Look here," he cried, "these are the few lines which Dewis has just read and told us

are nothing! It is a message from Paul there. Listen:

"The young lady whom you have brought here this evening is a Miss Grace Burton. She is a well-known private detective, and a partner with a man named Pryde, whose name you must know."

"PAUL."

Allison looked up. There was a curious stillness in the room as the crumpled piece of paper slipped from his fingers.

"I did not communicate this message to you all," Dewis said firmly, "because I am convinced that Paul is entirely mistaken. Miss Smith is simply taking a summer holiday here from her office in the city. I will answer for her myself."

"Please do not do that, Mr. Dewis," Grace interrupted. "Your butler has told the truth. I am Grace Burton. I did not come into this neighborhood to spy upon you. I came here for a holiday. All the same, I am Grace Burton, and Stephen Pryde is my partner."

There was a little sound like a low sob, a murmur of indrawn breaths. They were leaning toward her, and in their faces was something which reminded her of a pack of wolves.

"Most admirable host!" Allison hissed. "You open your doors to one for whom every corner of Europe is being ransacked. You destroy the security of everyone of us, and now you entertain a young lady detective. What do you suppose we mean to do?"

Dewis did not at once reply. Madame Floquet drained her glass and spoke. To Grace's amazement she spoke in a key altogether lower than before. It was the voice of a man.

"As for me," she declared, "I have as much right here as any of you. I paid ten thousand francs to our host, and I had the right to security whenever I chose to avail myself of it. I was hard pressed in Vienna, but in London I stayed three days, and there was not a sign. I was at Cowes for two days, and again there was no sign. For a week I was on the sea before I changed into our host's yacht in Lowestoft Harbor. There isn't a soul who knows I am in the country. But"—She paused. They all followed the direction of her gesture; they all looked toward Grace—"that woman," she said, "must not leave this house. I have no more confidence in Dewis. We must see to that ourselves."

Pryde and Mr. Simmons descended a little stiffly from the dog-cart which had brought them from Wells.

"Another mile or two in that," Pryde muttered.

"Don't suggest such a thing," Mr. Simmons interrupted. "Let's have a drink, and then what about walking down to the shore?"

"I am afraid it's too late to-night," Pryde decided regretfully. "Miss Burton is just a little difficult sometimes. I am afraid she won't altogether appreciate our coming down like this."

"Couldn't help it when I got your note," Inspector Simmons declared. "There has been a rumor or two about this place before. If I could have got hold of the chief, I'd have brought a search-warrant with me. No getting a word in edgeways with him, though, at the shop this morning. There's a report that Martha is in England."

"Who is she?" Pryde asked, as they made their way into the little smoking-room.

"Martha is really a man called Jean Martier," Simmons explained. "He seems to have started as an apache in Paris. You remember the motor-car robberies there? Anyway, he got away from France with about a million francs, and was supposed to have murdered something like seven or eight gendarmes. Half the time he lived disguised as a woman. The police lost sight of him for a year. Then he turned up suddenly again in Paris and robbed a bank-messenger, whom he shot dead, of a hundred thousand francs. A few days ago we heard that he was in England—had come straight through from Vienna."

Pryde nodded. "France is the country for real criminals," he said. "Let's walk down the street and get a breath of the sea, anyway."

They strolled down to the little harbor and leaned against the rails, looking out across the marshland. It was late, and the place was almost deserted. One fisherman, who had just secured his boat, was making his way up the stone steps. Pryde spoke to him.

"Do you know," he inquired, "if there are any people camping out on the sands there?"

Nichols eyed his questioner for a moment. "There's only one young lady that I know of," he replied slowly.

"Whereabouts is her tent?" Pryde asked.

"Do you happen to be a friend of hers?"

"I am a very great friend," Pryde assured his questioner eagerly. "Why?"

"If you do be a very great friend of hers," Nichols continued, "then I'm just as well pleased that you happened to ask me that question just now, for I'm not feeling as comfortable as I should like about the young lady."

"What do you mean?" Pryde demanded quickly.

"To-night," Nichols explained, "she got me to sail her up the creek to the Old House. She went there to dinner. She's in these parts all alone like, and she asked me to call for her at half-past nine and bring her back. Up I went and rang at the front door-bell. A man-servant came out. I asked for the young lady. He went away. When he came back he said, 'The young lady is not returning to-night.' I was taken all aback, and I started to come away, but before I'd gone more than a step or two, I thought it over and it seemed to me there must be some mistake, so I went back again. 'Here,' I said to the young man, 'you tell the young lady that Matthew Nichols is here. I've got the boat top o' creek, and we shall just get back.' Blowed if he didn't slam the door in my face! I rang again, and they wouldn't answer the bell, so I come away. But I don't like it."

Pryde suddenly gripped at the railing. "My God!" he muttered. "Show us the way to the house, there's a good fellow."

"I don't know as you'll do much good there," Nichols volunteered. "Howsomever, there the house stands, a hundred yards or so straight down the road, and you'll see the turning to the left. The house is in the dip. She was a nice-spoken young lady, and I can't see her staying alone up there, not anyhow. Will I come along, sir?"

Pryde was already well on his way, and Inspector Simmons by his side. Nichols plodded along behind. They said very little to one another until they reached the entrance. Then they paused.

"Look here, Sir Stephen," Simmons said, "I think we are both of one mind about this matter. We've no search-warrant, but I have my credentials in my pocket. I propose that we decline to move until we are allowed to see her."

"The only credentials I've got," Pryde answered, "are my revolver and my fist, but they don't get me out of that house to-night as long as I've consciousness."

They had already turned into the avenue. Suddenly Simmons gripped his companion's arm. He was looking over his right shoulder.

"Stop!" he cried softly. "What's that?"

Along the straight road came two blazing lights—a motor-car, driven apparently at a furious speed. Behind it, another; some distance away, a third.

"Wait a moment," Simmons whispered. "There's something wrong here!"

They moved slowly back toward the road. Almost as soon as they had reached it, they saw the lights rounding the corner. Three motor-cars were pulled up within fifty yards of them. Several dark forms began to steal along the road.

"By Jove, they're getting over the wall!" Pryde exclaimed. "They're making for the house. Come on!"

They ran down the road. Two men were standing there, giving orders. Inspector Simmons gave a little ejaculation of surprise and touched his hat.

"Sir Philip!"

A grey-headed man turned suddenly round. "Simmons!" he cried. "Are you on it, too?"

"I am on nothing particular, sir," Inspector Simmons replied, "except that there's a young lady friend of Sir Stephen Pryde and mine has written about a suspicious house here, and we've just learned that she's been detained there to-night. Sir Stephen here, sir, and myself were on the way up to see what we could do about it, when we saw your lights."

"You'd better come along now with us, then. Jump in."

The four men got into one of the cars. It started at once, and turned up the avenue.

"We may be in for a very bad time," Sir Philip remarked gravely. "Are either of you armed?"

"I am, sir," Pryde replied. "What is it?"

"The greatest scoundrel in Europe has been traced to that house," Sir Philip answered. "I believe that it has been a hiding-place for criminals for some time."

Pryde groaned. "And she's been there alone all the evening!" he muttered.

"We only had our information a few hours ago," the chief of the police continued. "I brought these men down in a special train from King's Cross, and we've motored from Lynn. Here we are."

An inspector crept out of the shadows.

"Are all your men posted?" the chief asked him.

"The house is completely surrounded, sir," was the reply. "Shall I ring?"

Sir Philip nodded. The inspector pulled the bell. The summons was answered almost at once.

"Will you tell your master," Sir Philip said, "that some gentlemen wish to speak to him?"

The butler's expression of surprise seemed genuine enough. "Certainly, sir," he replied, throwing open the door. "Will you take seats for a moment?"

He crossed the hall and disappeared into one of the back rooms. In a few seconds he reappeared, followed by Dewis. The latter had changed his dress coat for a black-velvet smoking-jacket, and was smoking a cigarette. He seemed perfectly at his ease.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked.

The chief of the police answered him. "Mr. Dewis," he announced, "we are here in the name of the law. Knowingly or unknowingly, we believe that you have under this roof certain persons for whose arrests we hold warrants. It is our duty to search your house, and I call upon you to render us any assistance we may require."

Dewis knocked the ash from his cigarette. He seemed still perfectly cool. "My guests are in the dining-room," he replied. "You can see them for yourself. All I can say is that they came to me with excellent references."

They crossed the hall, Dewis leading the way. He turned the handle of the dining-room door; it was locked. The chief looked around.

"You must have that door opened at once," he ordered.

They were suddenly conscious of a sound of light approaching footsteps. Pryde gave a little cry. It was Grace, unruffled and quite calm, who was crossing the hall. She held a key in her hand.

"I believe," she said, "that there is a reward of a thousand pounds for the arrest of Jean Martier. You will find him in that room." She handed the key to Sir Philip.

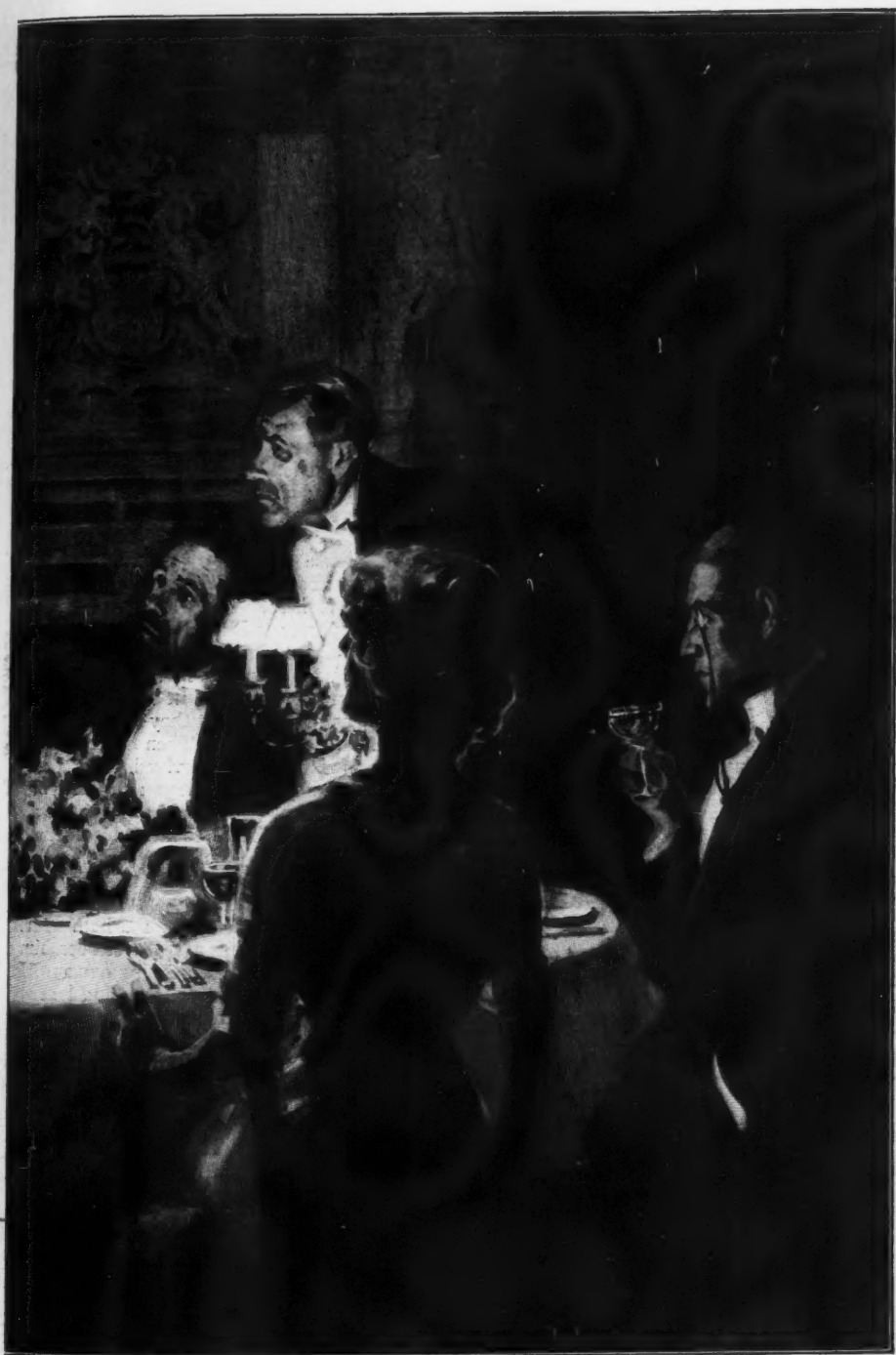
"Be careful, sir," one of the inspectors begged.

The door was already thrown open. They all crowded in. There were four people seated around the dining-table, and two vacant places. Of the four people, Barton



DRAWN BY JOHN ALDRED WILLIAMS

There was a moment's silence. The eyes of everyone present were fixed upon the newcomer. Then Grace Wright was sitting back in his chair, his head thrown back, his mouth open. "My God!" he muttered. "It's Martha!" Even



Grace
open.
Even

was conscious of something strange in the face of every man there. Allison seemed struck dumb with terror. Barton was clutching the table-cloth. Allison was the first to find his voice. Grace shivered at something in the man's tone



"Mr. Dewis was in the library; I could see him through the open door, burning papers"

The last story of "*Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde*" will appear in the March issue.

was leaning with his arms upon the table and his head hidden; Madame Floquet was sitting back in her chair, her hands upon the carved arms, her lips parted, her eyes fixed upon the opposite wall; Leonard Wright was leaning over the side of his chair—his eyes were closed as though he had fallen asleep; the other man had his back to them, and they could only see that he was motionless. They were like figures in some strange and tragical tableau, only their immovability was unnatural. Not one of them turned his head or looked up at the opening of the door.

"My God, they're dead!" Inspector Simmons muttered.

Even Grace's composure almost gave way. Pryde led her out into the hall.

"They had a sealed decanter brought in," she faltered, "just as Mr. Dewis hurried me away. They said they were going to drink to the House of Rest."

"What about you?" Pryde demanded.

"Paul is here," she whispered—"Paul, the head porter at Delacher's. He is a sort of major-domo here. He saw me and told Mr. Dewis who I was. Mr. Dewis tried to keep it from the others, but they found out. For a moment I thought they were all going to fall upon both of us. Then the telephone began to ring. A man arrived on a motor-bicycle. They heard that you were on your way from Lynn. They seemed to forget all about me. Mr. Dewis took me by the arm and hurried me into the drawing-room. He pointed to the window. I could have escaped then, but I waited. Presently I stole out. There was no one in the hall. Mr. Dewis was in the library; I could see him through the open door, burning papers. I found the key in the door there and locked them in. Then you came."

Sir Philip came out from the dining-room. He sat down for a moment on the settee by Grace's side. He, too, seemed suffering from shock.

"I have never seen anything like it," he muttered. "They are all dead—Martier, Cummins, Mayo, and the man who was wanted for that Hanger Hill murder. You've had a lucky escape, young lady."

She pointed across the hall to where Dewis was standing, a plain-clothes policeman on either side of him.

"He saved me," she remarked tersely.

"We'll remember that," Sir Philip promised.

A Modern Viola

By Henry Tyrrell

THE Daughter of Heaven, disguised in martial aspect and a heavy harness of armor, descended from the beleaguered

ramparts of Nanking at the Century Theater, and stepped out of the gorgeous poetic atmosphere of Pierre Loti and Mme. Judith Gautier's Chinese love-tragedy into a severely modern and unimaginative



Viola Allen in "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, an Oriental play of remarkable splendor requiring 400 persons for its presentation.—In "The White Sister," by F. Marion Crawford



stage reception-room for a few minutes' human chat. Only her eyes and voice were natural; but these would suffice for instant identification by anyone who had ever seen and heard Viola Allen.

"The Daughter of Heaven" always appealed to me strongly as just my kind of play and my kind of part," she said, after the preliminaries of greeting were over. "It is Romeo and Juliet reincarnated in the terms of an art and a civilization so ancient that by comparison Shakespeare's romances seem strangely modern. But to me it is just as human in its emotions as they are. Of course there is more literary formality about this piece, even in the French original—and any such work is bound to lose something in translation. However, since the authors were well content that their play should have its first production on any stage by English-speaking actors, and as Pierre Loti

himself expressed unreservedly to us and to the public his admiration of the result—why, there's glory enough for us all, don't you think?"

"Surely. And what is the significance—or, rather, the effect—of the popular-price admission schedule introduced by the present management in a millionaires' playhouse, which was also handicapped with a reputation for harboring high-brow stuff?"

"The effect," answered the actress triumphantly, "is that now I can point to real, big, responsive audiences—like this you see to-day—and enjoy the supreme satisfaction of say-

"Put within the public's reach something you have conviction in, something that has made a hit with you, and it will make a hit with them"

ing, 'I told you so!' I never knew it to fail. Put within the public's reach something you have conviction in, something that has made a hit with you, and it will make a hit with them. I don't care whether it is high-browed, or low-

browed, so long as it is human."

Viola Allen ought to know, for she has been in all these and other kinds of theatrical experiences during practically the whole period of a restless and changeful generation. Her New York debut was in "Esmeralda," when she was fifteen.

Between then and now is a long stretch, a wonderfully diversified career, especially interesting as we have reason to believe that its full culmination is yet to be achieved, although her place is already secure in that small but supreme group of our native actresses whom you could number on your five fingers, and which includes Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Ada Rehan, and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Hers is a striking, a splendid record. Lit with lurid glare or vibrant with coarse-grained passion in the Hall Caine outpourings—"The Deemster," "The Christian," "The Eternal City"—it has risen to serene classic heights in the Perdita of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," found the sacred fount of tears in "The White Sister," and donned the trappings of garish gaiety in such artificial-imitation comedies as "The Toast of the Town" and "The Comedy





Mask."

Even the startling and spectacular had her recognition, though not to any great effect, in Louis N. Parker's "Lady of Coventry," a discreet version of the same legendary horseback-riding Eve who figures in Mascagni's most elusive recent opera, "Ysobel." "Shenandoah," "Twelfth Night," "Aristocracy," "The Rivals," and "The Hunchback," were also on her road to fame.

Like all dramatic artists who put thought and intellectuality as well as emotion into their work, Viola Allen has some individual views regarding things theatrical. Everyday-experience in the real work of her profession has brushed away illusions and made her shrewd and practical. At the same time, observation abroad has widened her artistic horizon, and kept her ideals from fading.

According to her, the self-sacrificing heroine will hold her place on the dramatic stage as long as she survives in real life. Yet the modern view, that the weeping, willing victim of oppression and wrong sets a harmful example, is probably correct. Optimism has grown fashionable; and the greatest acts of heroism and devotion nowadays are performed by

cheerful, smiling, and perhaps well-gowned women, in a logical, undeclamatory, matter-of-fact way.

Speaking of audiences, Viola Allen remarked recently (but it was before she had come to the Century Theater):

"It is a grand thing to have an interested, politely attentive Broadway audience, and yet—well, it is grander to have an audience—a Harlem audience, let us say—that will take a thrill and then give it back to you. Broadway is a bit blasé. Can you blame it?"



"I don't care whether a play is high-browed or low-browed, so long as it is human"



The last scene of "The Daughter of Heaven."

"My dead are stronger than your living," says the Daughter, spurning the love of the Tartar Emperor. So she joins her dead

The Incurable Elsie

By Ralph H. Craig

THE first time New York playgoers ever saw this particular Elsie on the stage was at the roof-garden of the New York Theater—then called the Wistaria—in the summer of 1905. She was then—and still is, for that matter—so unmistakably a “forward” child that it is all right in her instance to be perfectly accurate about dates. It would be impossible for anyone to calculate within two or three

spirit of *diablerie* is all there, liable any minute to break out in her turning a cart-wheel, or imitating George Cohan, as she does at intervals in the present performance.

“I suppose,” she murmurs, “if I were to play Camille or Juliet, as I have sometimes had ambitious dreams of doing, the audience would interrupt me just as I was seeing celestial visions

years of her actual age, or rather youthfulness, because it was so long necessary to fool the Gerry Society that finally even Mama Janis herself got mixed up.

Seven years are supposed to elapse. The scene changes to the Globe Theater, where three of a kind—Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Stone—are romping through a play called “The Lady of the Slipper.” There is any amount of music and fun in it; and Elsie Janis finds opportunity to amuse the public to the top of its bent, by doing all the new “stunts” expected of her, the old ones they will not let her leave off, and then some more. She is still a slim princess, and has developed from an eery child into a vivacious young woman. But the old

or going to take poison, and insist upon my imitating Eddie Foy. Those imitations are my haunted past, and it looks as if they were going to stay with me into the dim future. Their numbers are growing all the time, and now there are over a hundred buzzing around my head, like—
“Like humming-birds around a honeysuckle vine?”

She drew a comic face like Marshall P. Wilder.

“Elsie can’t help it,” said Mrs. Janis. “She has been imitating people ever since she was a baby.”

Mother and daughter are inseparable. They have the same dark, animated eyes and flashing wit of expression. Even after Elsie wore long

Elsie Janis as Cinderella in “The Lady of the Slipper”

dresses, Mama Janis always planned and selected them. She also has charge of the matrimonial bureau, whose chief activity consists in denying rumors that the wonder-child is engaged to be married. When Elsie could defy the Gerry Society, she signed a grown-up contract with Charles Dillingham, and was elected lady star of "The Vanderbilt Cup." This frivolous piece ran a scorching pace for a season or two, and then she passed the successive milestones of "The Fair Co-Ed," one of George Ade's college plays; "The Hoyden," a dramatization of herself; "The Slim Princess," for which she did not have to diet; and the present "Lady of the Slipper," where practically all Miss Janis's gifts and acquirements, up to date, are brought into play. Her dancing is really



"I suppose if I were to play *Camille* or *Juliet*, as I have sometimes had ambitious dreams of doing, the audience would interrupt me just as I was seeing celestial visions or going to take poison, and insist upon my imitating *Eddie Foy*."

something unique, in a season which revels in all the fifty-seven varieties of the terpsichorean art. It is not an imitation, but the spontaneous expression of a girl athlete who has always been fond of the gymnasium,

"It would be impossible for anyone to calculate within two or three years of her actual age, or rather youthfulness"

of riding, of swimming, and who as a motor-woman has personally tested the speed limit on all the eligible turnpikes that lead to New York. Victor Herbert's music, also, is an important factor in the current success, for Miss Janis is by temperament musically attuned—so much so that, better than anyone else, she knows her own vocal limitations. When a friend who had not seen her for two or three seasons past met her recently and asked with some solicitude, "Elsie, how is your singing voice now?" she replied, "Just the same as ever—I haven't any!"

Mlle. Bordoni's Love Affair

ON Hallowe'en, by stage moonlight in a tropical jungle, at the Winter Garden on Broadway, New York city, a monstrous gorilla with leering face and Hibernian chin-whiskers crouched behind a bamboo-tree and gazed with brutish wonder upon the

seemed vaguely like the music of the spheres. The man-monkey at first wooed threateningly with a club, but soon softened and changed his tactics, with the result that just before the curtain fell he had borne the female of the species a willing captive to his elevated bower in the fork of a big tree. Then the music ceased, the musicians lit their cigarettes, the Darwinian lovers descended to the stage level, and the chorus-girl apes and chimpanzees who had frisked around



Mlle. Irene Bordoni, a Paris favorite now playing at the New York Winter Garden

apparition of a human Eve with fair face and glossy hair, who had paused to admire her own reflection mirrored in a pool of water.

A pantomimic courtship ensued, accompanied by the orchestra in symphonic strains that

to fill in the scene now swarmed about the beauteous queen. She, seated upon a rock, engaged with them in a fragmentary conversation which on her part consisted chiefly of: "You

lika me, I lika you—*oui?* Teach-a spik English, *n'est-ce pas?* Yes—sure!"

It was uncanny, it was Kipling-like, but not supernatural—only Mlle. Irene Bordoni, fresh from the Théâtre des Capucines, Paris, rehearsing her novelty act, which may be described as a blend of the Russian Dancers, the Hippodrome, and the Bronx Zoo.

On the following night, the professional dramatic commentators were invited to a midnight rehearsal of this same zoological skit, in advance of its public presentation. They came, saw, and—balked. Mlle. Bordoni, indeed, they found adorable; but M. Agoust, the missing link, was too much

in evidence. They told him so, and the management showed a disposition to agree with them.

There upon it was decided that in the interval of twenty-four hours

on her father's side, of that sunny race. Her dark hair is long, luxuriant, and wavy, and when drawn down flat over her ears makes her look like a little sister of Cleo de Merode's.

In Paris, Mlle. Bordoni played in the same review that started the insouciance

between then and the public premiere of the act, the "monk" should jump about two million years upward in the scale of evolution, and be sufficiently man-like in make-up and deportment to convince a polite Broadway audience that he was a logical candidate for their sufferance and the untamed damsel's favor.

"What *pensez-vous* of that, mademoiselle?" Mlle. Bordoni was asked.

"*Ma foi*," answered the Parisienne, shrugging her pretty shoulders, "the *gr-and publique* is always right, if we can only understand what they desire. Poor Monsieur Agoust is not to blame, for he was told to make the 'sing' fierce, and he did. Too fierce, you say? Evidently. He has not seen the Paris production, but I was in it, and it went very well there. But all is right now, and we are 'appy, as I hope you New York friends are with us."

Mademoiselle said "all right" and "appy" in English; for, like Gaby Deslys, she counts that day lost whose low-descending sun sees not some addition made to her United States vocabulary, even though it be semi-slang.

She is young, olive-complexioned, and has eloquent eyes as Italian as her name, being,

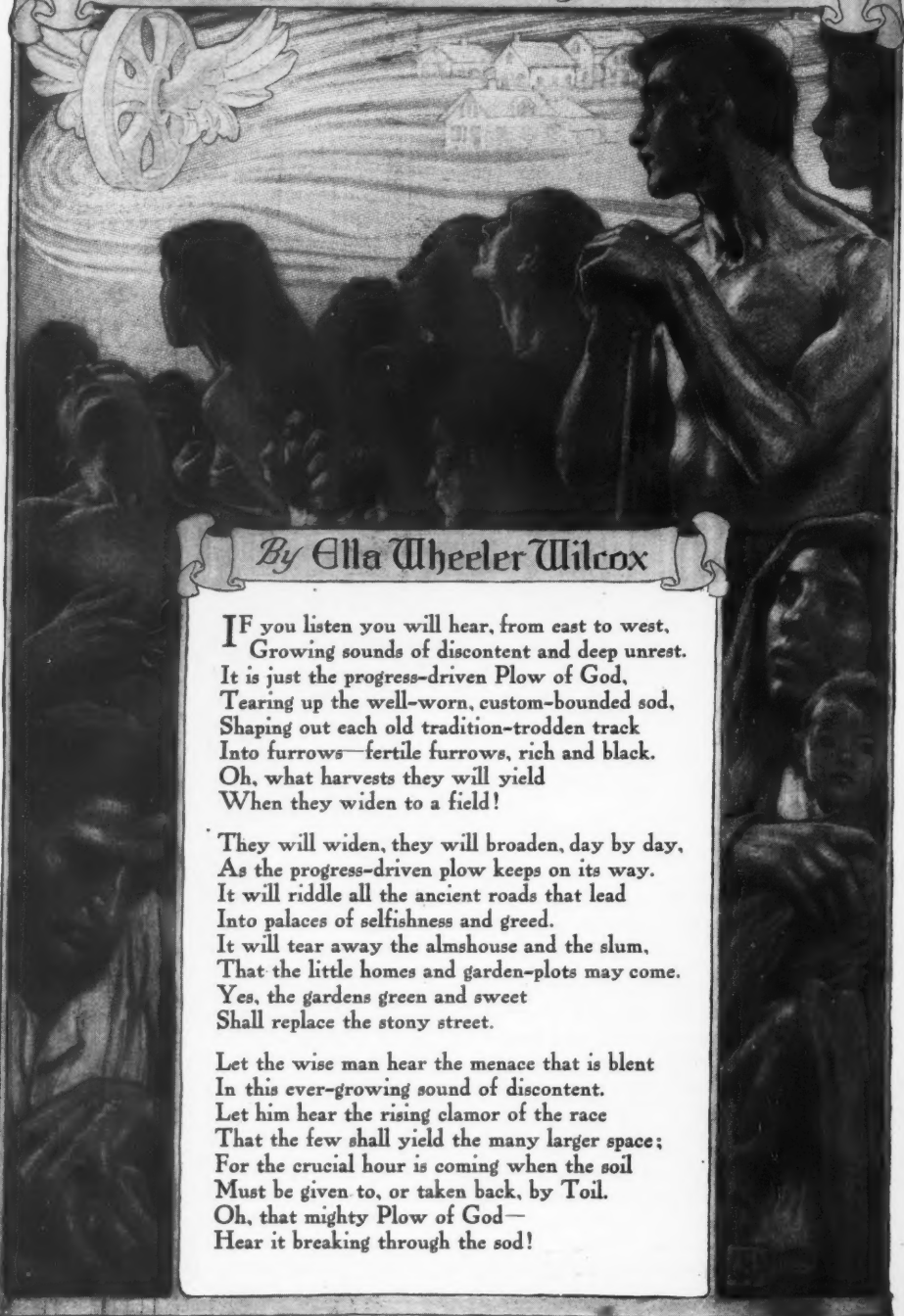
"She is young, olive-complexioned, and has eloquent eyes as Italian as her name"

Gaby Deslys upon a career of international complications. Both artistes became Boulevard favorites; and, until Bordoni diverged into the idyllic-pantomime line of work, their specialties took the same direction. It is in the Winter Garden's most recent "musical causerie" that we have the true Irene Bordoni revealed in her element, in piquant character songs which she sings in a naive and charming manner.

"Notions of propriety vary, and are everywhere capricious. You never know what may suddenly come under the ban"



The Plow of God



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IF you listen you will hear, from east to west,
Growing sounds of discontent and deep unrest.
It is just the progress-driven Plow of God,
Tearing up the well-worn, custom-bounded sod,
Shaping out each old tradition-trodden track
Into furrows—fertile furrows, rich and black.
Oh, what harvests they will yield
When they widen to a field!

They will widen, they will broaden, day by day,
As the progress-driven plow keeps on its way.
It will riddle all the ancient roads that lead
Into palaces of selfishness and greed.
It will tear away the almshouse and the slum,
That the little homes and garden-plots may come.
Yes, the gardens green and sweet
Shall replace the stony street.

Let the wise man hear the menace that is blent
In this ever-growing sound of discontent.
Let him hear the rising clamor of the race
That the few shall yield the many larger space;
For the crucial hour is coming when the soil
Must be given to, or taken back, by Toil.
Oh, that mighty Plow of God—
Hear it breaking through the sod!

Lapidowitz Meets Greek

In the Ghetto, New York's great human smelter of Americans-to-be, a "schnorrer" is one of the few wise ones in the world who know how to get something for nothing. In plain words he is a "dead beat"—living by his wits at the expense of his friends. Not a very noble, very laudable business? Well, no. But to make good means having certain qualities—wit, humor, nerve, eternal "come-up"—which make exceptionally good material for a fiction character, especially when Bruno Lessing is at the fiction end of it. As you know, he has written several stories of Lapidowitz for *Cosmopolitan*, and in most of them the "schnorrer" has come off ahead of the game. Here he goes fishing in the park for a little easy money—and catches a "Tartar"

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

NIGHT had fallen while Lapidowitz sat upon a bench in Tompkins Square waiting for something to turn up. Tompkins Square was rather far from his usual haunts, but Lapidowitz was tired of being dunned by his creditors, and inasmuch as he owed nearly everybody whom he knew and as he knew nearly everybody in the Ghetto, he had, for the nonce, stepped beyond the Ghetto's confines to rest and to think. The object of this explanation is to point out that Lapidowitz's own personal predilection had as much to do with his sitting down in Tompkins Square as any caprice of fate. Lapidowitz always blamed fate when things went wrong, taking credit to himself, of course, when matters came out right.

He had come, once more, near to the end of his resources. His assets, as he figured them, amounted to seventy-five cents in his pocket,—and the widow Poliansky. The widow was over fifty and not beautiful. In fact, it even pained Lapidowitz to think of her; but she wore diamond earrings, and she had cast tender eyes upon Lapidowitz. Wherefore he had decided that if the worst came to the worst he would marry her. And now he sat wondering how near the worst had come to the worst, and whether there was not time and space between for something to turn up.

If you wait long enough for something to turn up, something turns up. This is one of nature's beneficent laws. It may be a stroke of good fortune, or it may be only a thunder-storm. But it is sure to be something, the only trouble being that it is not given to everyone to know immediately

whether this something be good or bad. In the case of Lapidowitz something turned up almost immediately.

A portly son of Israel seated himself, with many creaks and groans upon the bench, beside Lapidowitz and, with a grimace that was meant for a friendly smile, remarked, "A fat man ain'd got no bizness to walk much, aind' it?"

Lapidowitz nodded, gazed at the sky, and sighed.

"You got troubles?" asked the stranger sympathetically.

"You bet I got!" answered Lapidowitz fervently. And a few minutes later he found himself unburdening his heart into the stranger's ears. It was a sad story that he told, and he told it well. Anyone who did not know Lapidowitz would have believed it. It touched his hearer's heart.

"I tell you vot," said the fat man. "I gif you a chob by my store. It ain'd a big chob, but it iss better as not'ings. Here iss my card. You come around by der morn'ing at seven o'clock."

"Sefen o'clock?" repeated Lapidowitz.

The man nodded. "I know id iss late," he said, "but I don'd get down before dot. I gif you a chob to come efry day by six o'clock, make open der store, und sveep it ouid."

"Unt how late I haf to work?" asked Lapidowitz.

"Undil eight o'clock by nights. I gif you five dollars der veek in der commencement. I know it ain'd much, but you say you haf not a cent got, so it iss better as not'ings."

Lapidowitz took the card which the stranger had handed to him and tore it in half. "Maybe I'm poor," he said, "but I

ain'd a loafer! Six o'clock in der morning! Five dollars der week! Such a chob!"

The stranger slowly rose. "Maybe you ain'd a loafer," he said, "but if you ain'd I don't know vot iss vun!"

And he walked off, leaving Lapidowitz muttering indignantly to himself: "Six o'clock! Five dollars! Such a chob!"

A half-hour went by. Lapidowitz continued to sit and think and wait for something to turn up, and again something turned up. Fate was good to Lapidowitz this day. A slender, pock-marked individual with but one eye came sauntering along, and took the seat that the fat man had vacated. Without a word to Lapidowitz he drew from his pocket a huge roll of bills and began counting them. The process interested Lapidowitz immensely. It was too dark

for him to see the denominations of the bills, but their bulk was impressive. Lapidowitz began to wonder what he would do if the man suddenly dropped dead. Instead of dropping dead, however, the man pocketed the money, turned to Lapidowitz with a pleasant smile, and remarked,

"I hate them Jews!"

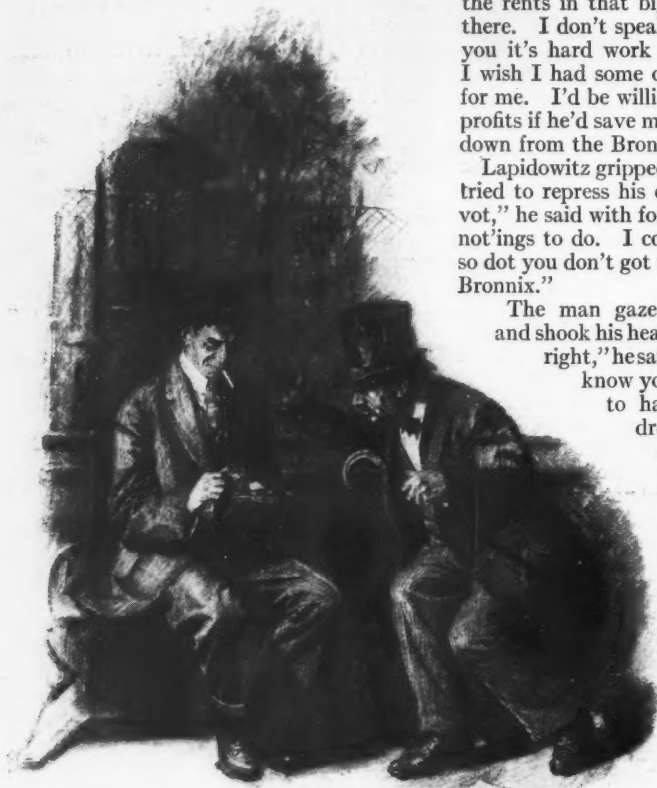
For a moment Lapidowitz was taken aback. Then a sudden anti-Semitic wave swept through him, and he nodded sympathetically. "Dey iss no good," he said. "I am vun because I can't help it, but I don'd like dem!"

"Oh, you're all right," the man said. "I seen that the moment I looked at you. But them dogs in the tenement-houses is a bad lot. I live 'way up in the Bronx, and I got to come down here every month to collect the rents in that big tenement-house over there. I don't speak their lingo, and I tell you it's hard work making them pay up. I wish I had some one to collect the rents for me. I'd be willing to give him half the profits if he'd save me the trouble of coming down from the Bronx every month."

Lapidowitz gripped the bench tightly and tried to repress his eagerness. "I tell you vot," he said with forced calmness. "I got not'ings to do. I collect der rents for you so dot you don't got to come down from der Bronnix."

The man gazed at him suspiciously and shook his head. "I'm sure you're all right," he said, "but, you see, I don't know you. It's a lot o' money to handle—over five hundred dollars a month—and half the collector's share would only be worth twenty-five dollars to you. It don't amount to much."

Twenty-five dollars a month for collecting rents! Lapidowitz's head fairly swam. It would only be a few hours' work each month because he would know how to handle any tenant who showed signs of delinquency.



Without a word to Lapidowitz he drew from his pocket a huge roll of bills and began counting them. The process interested Lapidowitz immensely

With painful eagerness he proceeded to disclose his identity. He told the stranger his name and his address. He told him the entire history of his life, embellishing it beautifully as he proceeded and giving the names of all the prominent people in the Ghetto whom he knew as proof of his veracity. But the stranger only shook his head.

"You'd have to put up a bond or a deposit for security," he said. "If you had a couple o' hundred dollars to leave with me or my bank it'd be all right. Because, you see, business is business."

"Vare can I see you to-morrow night?" asked Lapidowitz.

"You can come up to my office in the Bronx," said the stranger, "or—wait here a minute. I'll be right back."

Lapidowitz watched the man walk across the street and into the tenement-house that he had indicated. Two hundred dollars!

How could he possibly raise such a sum? And yet it was little enough to give as security for an income of twenty-five dollars a month. The stranger returned, frowning, and stood before Lapidowitz.

"He ain't come home yet," he said. "That's the old story. So to-morrow night I'll have to come down from the Bronx again. If you care to see me I'll be sitting right here about this time, waiting for that tenant to come home. And I'll bet he won't come at that. Well, good night, mister."

"Good night!" cried Lapidowitz cordially. "I come sure to-morrow night."

Lapidowitz entered Milken's Café and ordered a slivovitz.

"Cash or on der account?" asked Milken. Lapidowitz frowned. "Except I say different it goes on der account," he said. Milken brought him a glass of third-rate slivovitz and then seated himself at Lapidowitz's table.

"Barish has a big bar mitzvah party for his kiddle boy to-night," he said meaningly. "V'y didn't you go?"

"Bar mitzvah parties don'dinterest me," said Lapidowitz. "Vot would you do if you vos in my place? I got a chancet to make twenty-five dollars a month if I can get two hundred dollars for security. How can I do it?"

Milken grinned. "If you had two hundred dollars, Lapidowitz," he said, "I would nefer see you until it all vos gone. By Barish's bar mitzvah party iss Mr. Liebenstein, Mr. Gordonsky, Mr. Lubarsky, Mr. Semel, unt all der people vot hass two hundred dollars to lend you.

V'y you don't go? Barish could easy gif you two hundred dollars."

Lapidowitz owed Milken nearly two hundred dollars, and while Milken liked him he could not help laughing at the schnorrer's audacity. Yet he had given Lapidowitz an idea. The schnorrer's brain worked at a gallop for a few minutes, and then, with the happy smile of a man who has solved a difficult problem, he left the place. He returned to thrust his head into the doorway and ask,

"Vare iss dot party?"

"In Excelsior Hall," said Milken. "Don't be foolish. If you ain't got a invitation you can't get in."

Lapidowitz grinned, but did not answer. He went to a jeweler's store, on Grand



By artificial light the sleeve-buttons glittered and sparkled most beautifully

Street and bought the most brilliant pair of sleeve-buttons that fifty cents could purchase. By artificial light they glittered and sparkled most beautifully. Oh, the joyous night lights that make every crystal a diamond, and all that glitters real gold! What an effect those lights have had upon the history of mankind! And what a temptation it is to speculate upon them and let the imagination ramble!

But we must neither speculate nor ramble. We have Lapidowitz to deal with.

At the entrance to Excelsior Hall he was stopped by an attendant, who asked him to show his ticket.

"Tell Mrs. Barish," said Lapidowitz, "dot a chentleman here iss vot got a present for her little boy."

A bar mitzvah party is given to celebrate the fact that a boy has reached the age of thirteen and become a full-fledged communicant of the Jewish church. And the attendant could not help admiring Lapidowitz. He delivered the message and returned with the answer, "'Anybody,' she says, 'vot got a present for Jakey iss welcome!'"

And a few moments later, Lapidowitz, after elbowing his way through a dense throng, presented the sleeve-buttons to the heir of the house of Barish and received Mrs. Barish's fulsome thanks.

"Six times I said to my husband to invite you," she explained, "und efry time he forget it."

"A invitation," replied Lapidowitz, grandly, "iss not in my mind. But such a sweet little boy vot you got should haf efryt'ing vot I can gif him."

Inasmuch as this sentiment reflected the exact feeling of the boy's mother she beamed cordially upon the schnorrer. "In der corner," she said, "a table iss vit' sandwiches und cakes. You should go und eat all you can."

Lapidowitz lost no time in finding this table, and after eating all he could hold he filled his pockets with sandwiches and slices of cold meat. A hand fell upon his shoulder and he turned to behold the tear-stained countenance of his host.

"Nefer vill I forgif myself," said Barish, in a broken voice, "for not inviting you. My vife hass told me vot a beautiful present you gif to Jakey. Oh, Lapidowitz, diss iss such a happy night in my life."

"Der last cent vot I got," said Lapidowitz

hastily cramming half a chicken into his coat pocket, "I gif for dot luffy boy vot you got. Sweet little Jakey!"

Lapidowitz paused to rub his handkerchief over his eyes, whereupon Barish fell upon his shoulder and wept outright.

"Say, Mr. Barish," Lapidowitz went on, clutching his host tightly, "I got a fine chancet to make twenty-five dollars a month by collecting rents. Only two hundred dollars I need for security. You—my old friend, der papa uf sweet little Jakey—you surely vill help me."

Barish broke loose from the schnorrer's embrace and drew out his pocketbook. He handed Lapidowitz three dollars. "From der bottom uf my heart!" he said. "You pay it back next veek if you like. Excuse me now because I must talk to efrybody."

Lapidowitz espied Lubarsky, the wealthy real-estate dealer, drinking champagne at one of the side tables. He leaned over his shoulder and whispered to him, "Could I see you for a minute about a bizness?" he asked.

Lubarsky turned, saw who it was, and exclaimed jovially: "Hello, Lapidowitz! How did you get in? Sit down and haf a drink to little Jakey's health."

Lapidowitz shook his head. "I nefer drink ven I got bizness on der brain, Mr. Lubarsky. Listen! Such a chancet vot I got to make twenty-five dollars a month! All I need iss—"

"Money," interrupted Lubarsky. "Sit down, Lapidowitz. Here iss five dollars. Not a cent more. Dot makes forty-six vot you owe me. Now sit down und haf a glass uf champagne und shut up und be a chentleman. If it vosn't a bar mitzvah party I vouldn't gif you a cent."

Lapidowitz pocketed the money and hastened across the room. He had caught sight of the widow Poliansky making her way through the crowd toward the supper-table. She greeted him cordially.

"Dear Mr. Lapidowitz!" she exclaimed in Yiddish. "Come along with me, and we will eat some cold chicken together. I love cold chicken when I'm hungry!"

By the time they reached the table, it had been entirely relieved of its burden of cold chicken. But Lapidowitz, with a mischievous smile, whispered into the widow's ear, "Come over to a quiet corner, and I will show you a surprise."

When they had found a nook where no



When they had found a nook where no one could overhear them, Lapidowitz drew half a chicken from his pocket. "I kept it for you!" he said unblushingly. "I knew you liked cold chicken."

one could overhear them, Lapidowitz drew half a chicken from his pocket.

"I kept it for you!" he said unblushingly. "I knew you liked cold chicken, and I knew if you didn't come soon it would all be gone."

"Oh, Mr. Lapidowitz!" cried the widow.

His gallantry overwhelmed her, and she could do nothing but gaze at him with soulful eyes. In spite of the irregularity of her features she really had nice eyes and was very lavish in her use of them. Lapidowitz tried to project his soul into his eyes as he returned her gaze. "Mrs. Poliansky," he said, "you are a fine business lady, and maybe you can give me some advice. I have such a fine chance to make twenty-five dollars a month—oh, so easy!—if I only could raise two hundred dollars for security. If I had a regular income like that the first thing I would think of is to get married. Now what would you advise me to do?"

He drew a sandwich from his pocket and began to eat it.

"I think it would be a good thing for you to get married," answered the widow. "Every man when he is as old as you are should be married."

"Yes, but what I mean is, what would you advise me to do about getting two hundred dollars?"

The widow, her mouth full of cold chicken, looked around the room. "Over there is Mr. Semel and Mr. Liebenstein and Mr. Gordonsky and Mr. Barish and Mr. Lubarsky. They could easily afford to lend you two hundred dollars. Mr. Semel is my banker, and I know he is very rich. I would lend it myself only my husband made me promise before he died that I never would lend a cent to any man until I got married again."

Lapidowitz looked at her reproachfully.

"I will do what you say," said he. "I will ask Mr. Semel for the money. And if I get the job I will come around to see you."

"I will be so glad to see you," said the widow with a coquettish smile.

"The homely old hag!" muttered Lapidowitz as he left her side. "I would have to be hungry before I married her."

He had never attempted to borrow money of Mr. Semel. The banker's reputation for generosity was not such as to encourage a prospective borrower. But Lapidowitz was determined to leave no chance untried, and seeing Semel lounging idly against the wall, smoking and apparently in genial humor, approached him boldly.

"Mr. Semel," he said, "I haf came to talk bizness."

Semel's whole attitude seemed to stiffen, and his lips closed tightly upon his cigar.

"I need two hundred dollars," continued the schnorrer. "You haf lots uf money. Two hundred dollars makes no difference vit' you. Vit' me it means a job for twenty-five dollars a month. Now vot I would like to say—"

"Vait a minute," said Semel, taking a roll of bills from his pocket. "Chust vait vun minute." He counted the money carefully. Then he took from the roll a dollar bill. "If you don't tell me any more about der scheme," he said, "I gif you a dollar. If you don't like it, den I listen because I got not'ing else to do. But you don't get a cent. I haf two schnorrers vot come to me efry week, unt vit' dem I haf enough."

Lapidowitz took the dollar and silently cursed Semel from Dan to Beersheba. After that he tried Gordonsky, Liebenstein, and a dozen others. The festive spirit of the evening seemed to have the effect of making them all generous. The two-hundred-dollar proposition no one seemed to take seriously, but the net result of the night's work was that Lapidowitz left Excelsior Hall with nearly forty dollars in his pocket.

All that night he could not sleep. He tried to think of a way to overcome the real-estate agent's insistence upon security, but no promising scheme occurred to him. The best he could think of was to tell the man exactly how matters stood with him and how much he needed just such work.

It was a weary Lapidowitz who sat in Tompkins Square the following night. He

waited nearly an hour, never taking his eyes from the door of the tenement-house across the street. Then he heard a cheerful voice greeting him and, turning, beheld his acquaintance approaching from the rear.

"I t'ought you nefer would come," he exclaimed. "All der time I haf been vatching der house."

"Oh, I've been in there half a dozen times," said the stranger wearily. "I guess that fellow doesn't intend to pay the rent. I'll have to put him out, because I can't keep on coming down from the Bronx every day just for one rent. Well, would you like to collect them for me? I've been inquiring about you, and they tell me you're pretty well known on the East Side, so I guess you're all right. But I'll have to have security just the same. Business is business, you know."

Lapidowitz told him that he had been unable to raise two hundred dollars, and the man's face fell.

"I done der best I could," said Lapidowitz eagerly. "But der best friends vot I got iss not in der city just now. Maybe if you let me try it—just vunce—den you von't need no security."

The man frowned and focused his one eye upon Lapidowitz. "How much could you raise?" he asked.

Lapidowitz produced the spoils of the previous evening. "T'oit-eight dollars is der best I could do," said he.

For several minutes the one-eyed man seemed to ponder over the matter, and then, "Well," said he, "I guess you meant well, and I'll give you a trial. But I can't let you collect all the rents. Here, let me have the money and I'll fix the thing up for you."

He drew from his pocket two sheets of paper, upon one of which he scribbled a few words.

"Here's a receipt that I had made out for your deposit. I had two hundred dollars in it, but I've changed it to thirty-eight. You see, you got interest at six per cent. because I'm only keeping the money as security, and I don't want to make any profit out of it. Now here's an order from me to all the tenants to pay the rent to you and a list of the names and the amount each one must pay. But I only want you to collect the first six rents next month. I'll have to come down here anyway, and I want to see how you get along. After that we will see what we will see!"

Lapidowitz's heart leaped with joy. "Mister," he said, "nefer vill you be sorry. I collect dem rents so fast you nefer vill haf to come down from der Bronnix. Vot iss der name uf der man vot hass not yet paid?"

The man mused a moment, then, "That's a good idea," he said. "You might start in with him. But don't go to-night. Wait until to-morrow morning, and then catch him before he leaves the house. His name is Rosenstein, and he lives on the top floor. And here is a card with my name and address. You can put the money in your bank and send me a check for it. Take off five per cent. for your commission, and then I take off five per cent. for mine. Thank God, I won't have to come down here so often after this."

From the card Lapidowitz learned that the man's name was Thomas Jones. He shook Mr. Thomas Jones's hand with great ardor.

That night Lapidowitz went to bed a happy man. Once more he was free of the necessity of working. Upon twenty-five dollars a month he could live in the idleness that he craved until something better turned up. And when he thought of the widow Poliansky he actually grinned. She could jump off a dock before he would marry her.

Why dwell upon the awaking? Six times the owner of the tenement-house, who lived on the first floor, told Lapidowitz that there was no such person as Rosenstein in the house, that he collected his own rents, and that he had never seen a one-eyed man by the name of Jones. Those who live by their wits are slow to grasp the fact that they have been outwitted. Lapidowitz's mind had been bent so intently upon his own lazy ambition that he had never given a thought to the integrity of the one-eyed man.

He returned to the bench in Tompkins Square and went over every detail of his negotiations with Mr. Thomas Jones. And when the truth dawned upon him he was too crestfallen even to feel keenly resentful. He went to the nearest police station and told his story.

"We'll see what we can do," said the

officer at the desk, "but there isn't much hope. It's a new game, and I guess the chap doesn't belong around here. I'll bet he's an amateur and not a professional."

"A amateur?" repeated Lapidowitz incredulously. "He done it so good!"

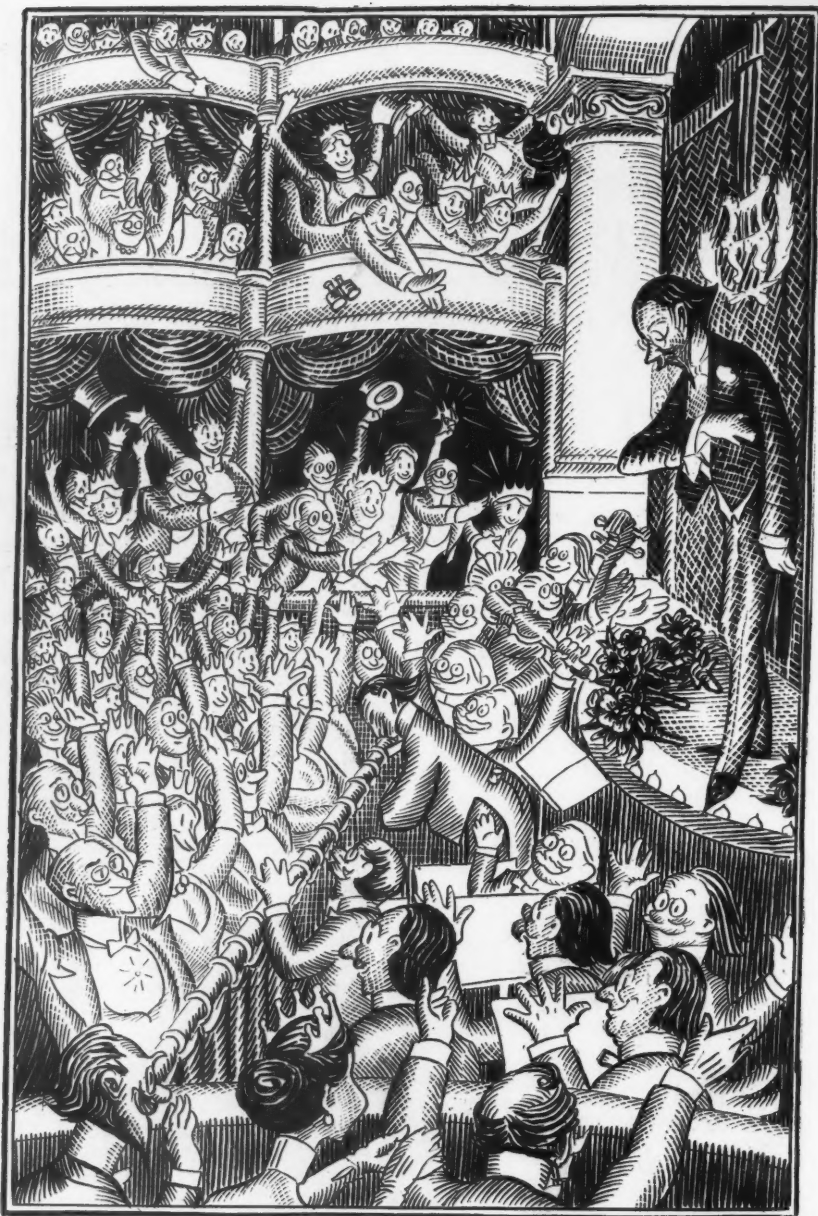
With bowed head and dejected mien Lapidowitz walked slowly to the widow Poliansky's house. The worst had come to the worst. Before he could open his mouth she rushed toward him and laid her hands upon his shoulder.

"I told Mr. Semel," she cried, "I was going to give you a kiss as soon as I saw you. And he says he ain't jealous. So soon as you went away he comes to me and asks me why I was talking so much to you. And when I told him everything he said I had such a good heart he wants to marry me. So, dear Mr. Lapidowitz who brought me such happiness, you can have one kiss!"

But Lapidowitz, heedless of her pouting lips, turned and fled.



"I told Mr. Semel," cried the widow. "I was going to give you a kiss as soon as I saw you. And he says he ain't jealous"



— McCUTCHEON —

When the Home Talent bunch pulled the whole Affair before a mob of Personal Friends and a subsidized City Editor, it was a Night of Triumph for all concerned. The trained and trusty Liars who, in every Community, wear Evening Clothes and stand around at Receptions, all crowded up to the Author and gave him the Cordial Mitt and boosted something scandalous

New Fables in Slang

By
George Ade
Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

Humor is a rare bird and hard to trap—particularly when it comes to trapping with pictures to match. Nowadays artists with a sense of humor flock by themselves. They have their own market. Few devote themselves seriously to illustrating John T. McCutcheon—incidentally one of the best cartoonists we have—is one of the exceptions. For years he and George Ade have been working together. A Fable in Slang without McCutcheon's pictures would be like Dickens minus Cruikshank. Together they created the first slang fables and made them, as we all remember, the big humorous hit of a decade. Well, here they are together in *Cosmopolitan*. Naturally? Of course. But nevertheless we are mighty glad to get them. In this fable Mr. Ade tells of the big literary noise that blew up

The New Fable of the Uplifter and His Dandy Little Opus

ONCE there was a Litry Guy who would don his Undertaker's Regalia and the White Satin Puff Tie and go out of an Afternoon to read a Paper to the Wimmen.

At every Tea Battle and Cookie Carnival he was hailed as the Big Hero.

A good many pulsating Dulcineas who didn't know what "Iconoclast" meant, regarded him as an awful Iconoclast.

And Cynical? Mercy!

When he stood up in a Front Room and Unfolded his MS., and swallowed the Peppermint Wafer and began to Bleat, no one in the World of Letters was safe.

He would wallop Dickens and jounce Kipling and even take a side-swipe at Luella Prentiss Budd, who was the Poetess Laureate for the Ward in which he lived.

Ever since his Stuff had been shot back by a Boston Editor with a Complimentary Note, he had billed himself as an Author and had been pointed out as such at more than one Chautauqua.

Consequently his Views on Recent Fiction carried much weight with the Carries.

He loved to pile the Fagots around a Best Seller and burn it to a Cinder, while the Girls past 30 years of Age sat in front of him and Shuddered.

As for the Drama, he could spread a New York Success on the marble-top Table and dissect it until nothing was left but the Motif, and then he would heave that into the Waste Basket, thereby leaving the Stage in America flat on its Back.

And if you mentioned Georgie Cohan to him, the Foam would begin to fleck his Lips and he would go plumb Locoed.

After he had been sitting on the Fence for many years, booing those who tried to saw Wood, his Satellites began to egg him on to write something that would show up Charley Klein and Gus Thomas and all the other Four-Flushers who were raking in Royalties under False Pretenses.

They knew he was a Genius, because nothing pleased him.



While these Lyrics were still quivering, he would take them out and read them to his Wife and the Hired Girl and the man who attended to the Furnace, and get their Impartial Judgment

He decided to start with something easy and dash off an Operetta.

Having sat through some of the Current Offerings, he noted that the Dialogue was unrelated to Real Literature and the Verses lacked Metrical Symmetry.

It would be a Pipe for a sure-enough Bard to sit down on a Rainy Afternoon and grind out something that might serve as a Model for Harry B. Smith.

So he had a Vase of Fresh Flowers put on his Desk every Day, and he would sit there, waiting for the Muse to keep her Date.

At the end of a Month he had it all planned to lay the First Scene in front of a Palace with a Forest on the Back Drop, so as to get a lot of Atmosphere.

There was to be a Princess in the Thing, and a Picture of the long-lost Mother in the Locket and other New Stuff.

He put in Hours and Hours hand-embroidering the Verses.

When he made "Society" rhyme with "Propriety," he thought he was getting to be Gilbertian.

While these Lyrics were still quivering, he would take them out and read them to his Wife and the Hired Girl and the man who attended to the Furnace, and get their Impartial Judgment.

They agreed that it was Hot Gravy and too good for the Stage.

Encouraged by these heart-felt Encomiums, he would hike back to the Study, shoot himself in the Arm with a hypothetical Needle, and once more begin picking Grapes in Arcady.

When People came up to the House, not knowing that he had been taken down with anything, he would own up that he was working on a Mere Trifle, and then, after being sufficiently coaxed, he would give a Reading.

These Readings could have been headed off only by an Order of Court or calling out the State Guard.

Inasmuch as the large-size Carnegie Medal for Heroism is waiting for the Caller who has the immortal Rind to tell a poetical Pest that his output is Punk, the Author found himself smeared with Compliments after each of these parlor Try-Outs.

They kidded him into thinking that he had incubated a Whale.

When he had chewed up a Gross of Pencils and taken enough Tea to float the *Lusitania*, the great Work was complete and ready to be launched with a loud Splash.

He began to inquire the Name of some prominent Theater Blokie who was also a

keen Student of the Classics and a Person of super-refined Taste.

The man he sought had moved into the Poor House, so he compromised by expressing his typewritten Masterpiece to a Ring-master whose name he had seen on the Three Sheets. It was marked, "Valuable Package."

In a few months the employees of the Company and the Driver of the Wagon became well acquainted with the Large Envelope containing the only Hope of the present decadent Period.

Every time the Work came back to him with a brief printed Suggestion that any Male Adult not physically disabled could make \$1.75 a day with a Shovel, the Author would appear at the Afternoon Club with another scathing arraignment of certain Commercial Aspects of the Modern Stage.

He saw that it was over their Heads.

It was too darned Dainty for a Flat-Head who spelt Art with a lower-case "a."

Yet it was so drenched and saturated and surcharged with Merit that he resolved to have it done by Local Amateurs rather than see it lost to the World.

The Music was written by Genius No. 2,

working in a Piano Store. He had been writing Great Music for years.

Whenever he heard anything catchy, he went home and wrote it.

He was very Temperamental. That is, he got soused on about three, and, while snooted, would deride Victor Herbert, thus proving that he was Brilliant, though Erratic.

He had a trunkful of Tunes that were too scholarly for the Ikeys who publish Popular Trash.

He fitted them on to the Libretto written by the Litry Guy.

When the two got together to run over the Book and Score, they were sure enthusiastic.

The Author said the Lines were the best he had ever heard, and the Composer said the Numbers were all Gems.

When the Home Talent bunch pulled the whole Affair before a mob of Personal Friends and a subsidized City Editor, it was a Night of Triumph for all concerned.

The trained and trusty Liars who, in every Community, wear Evening Clothes and stand around at Receptions, all crowded up to the Author and gave him the Cordial Mitt and boosted something scandalous.



The Author went up to the City and found a Manager who had a Desk and a lot of Courage and a varied experience in risking other people's Coin

He didn't know that all of them Knocked after they got around the Dutch Lunch.

He went home, sobbing with Joy. That night he nominated himself for the Hall of Fame and put it to a Vote, and there was not one Dissenting Voice.

Every deluded Boob who can bat up Fungoes in his own Back Yard thinks he is qualified to break into a Major League and line out Two-Baggers.

There was no holding the inspired Librettist and the talented young Composer.

They knew that the eager Public in 48 States was waiting for the Best Thing since "Robin Hood."

The Author went up to the City and found a Manager who had a Desk and a lot of Courage and a varied experience in risking other people's Coin.

After the two Geniuses had mortgaged their Homes, the Impresario was enabled to get some Scenery built and rally a large Drove of Artists—most of them carrying Hand Bags.

During Rehearsals the brutal Stage Manager wanted to cut the Gizzard out of the Book and omit most of the sentimental Arias, but Mr. Words and Mr. Music emitted such shrieks of Protest against the threatened Sacrilege that he allowed all the select home-made Guff to remain in the Script.

He thought it would serve them right.

When they gave the first Real Performance in a Dog Town on a drizzly evening in November, there was no Social Éclat to fill the Sails.

The House was mostly Paper and therefore very Missouri.

Also a full delegation from the Coffin-Trimmers' Union with Cracked Ice in their Laps.

They did not owe any Money to the

Author or have any Kinfolk in the Cast, so they sat back with their Hands under them and allowed the pretty little Opera to die like an Outcast.

The only Laugh in the Piece was when the Drop Curtain refused to work.

After the Show the Manager met them at an Oyster House and told them they had eased a Persimmon to him.

He said the whole Trick was a Bloomer. It was just as funny as a Wooden Leg. It needed much Pep and about two tons of Bokum.

Both Words and Music refused to countenance any radical Changes.

They said it would be another "Cavalleria" as soon as they could do it before

an intelligent Audience of True-Lovers.

The Ex-Min-strel Man said there wasn't no such Animal as an intelligent Play-goer.

The Simp that pushed his Metal into the Box Office wanted something Doing every minute and many Gals, otherwise it was back to the Store-House and a Card in the *Clipper*.

The Call on the Board read "Everybody at Ten," but the brainy Writer and the versatile Composer were not included.

When they appeared at the Stage Door they were met by Props, who told them to get to a certain Place out of there.

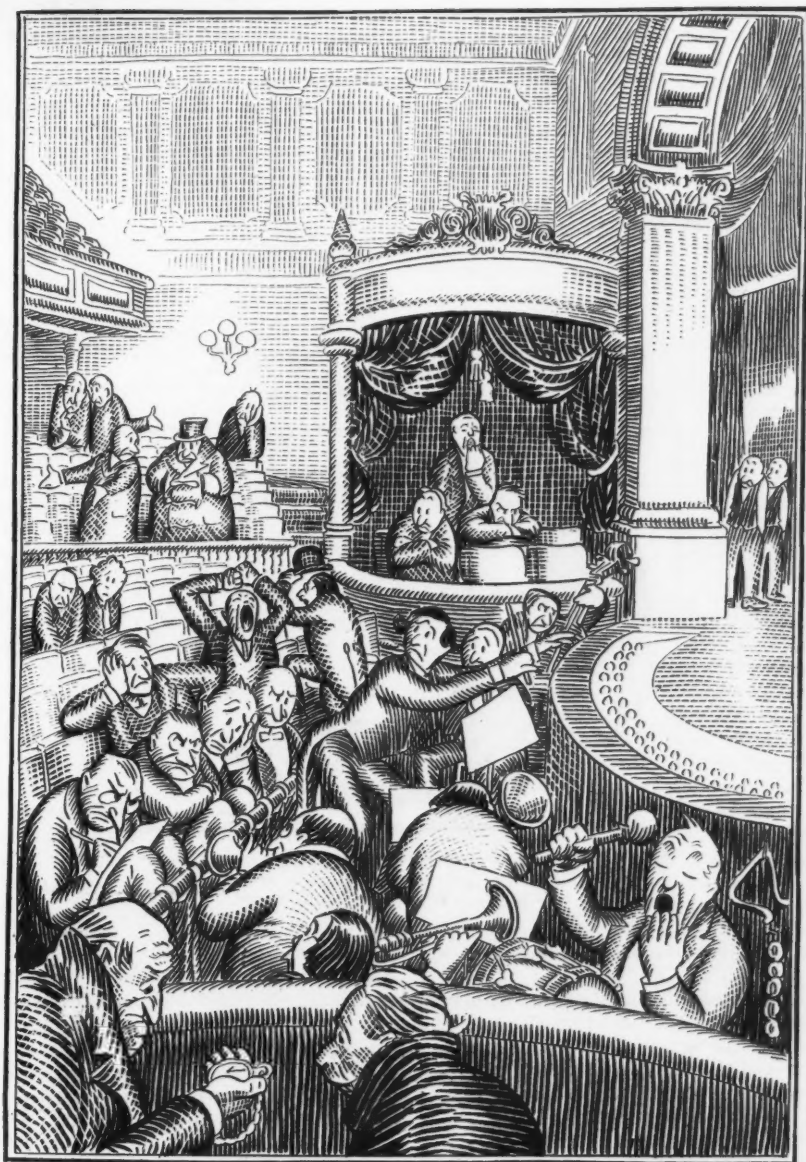
Standing in the Alley, they could hear Wails of Anguish, and they knew that their Child was having the Vital Organs removed.

The celebrated Author of the Graveyard Rag had been summoned in haste. He was in charge of the Clinic—taking out the Grammar and putting in Gags.

The Duos and Ensembles were being dropped through the Trap Door to make way for recent Song Hits from the alcoholic Cabarets.



The Play as the Authors wrote it. They said it would be another "Cavalleria" as soon as they could do it before an intelligent Audience of True-Lovers



— MCCUTCHEON —

When they gave the first Real Performance in a Dog Town on a drizzly evening in November, there was no Social Éclat to fill the Sails. The House was mostly paper and therefore very Missouri. They did not owe any Money to the Author or have any Kinfolk in the Cast, so they sat back with their Hands under them and allowed the pretty little Opera to die like an Outcast

The Ax fell right on the powdered Neck of the beautiful Prima Donna, who had studied for Grand Opera, but never had been able to find an Orchestra that would fit her Voice.

Her Part was changed from a Princess to a Shop-Lifter and was assigned to Cissy St. Vitus, late of a Burlesque Bunch known as the Lady Bugs.

The Tenor was given the Hook, and his sentimental Rôle was entrusted to a Head-Spinner who had acquired his Dramatic Schooling with the Robinson Show.

All of which comes under the head of whipping a Performance into Shape.

When the two Geniuses sat out in front, they recognized nothing except the Scenery and Costumes.

Their idyllic Creation had been mangled into a rough-house Riot, in which Disorderly Conduct alternated with the shameless Gy-rations taught in San Francisco.

The last Act had been omitted altogether, without affecting the coherency of the Story.

The Plot died just four minutes after the Ring-Up.

Although the Report showed 27 Encores and the Gate began to jump \$80 a Night, both the intellectual Troubadour and the Student of Counter-Harmonies went to the Manager and cried on his Shoulder and said that their Beautiful Work had been ruined.

He called attention to the Chunk of Money tied up in Silk Tights and fireproof Borders.

When it came to a show-down between Dough and Art he didn't propose to tear up his Meal Ticket.

If they would beat it and stay hid and

The next instalment of the "New Fables in Slang" will appear in the March issue.

leave the Artists fatten up their Scenes, probably the Bermuda could be converted into a Knock-Out.

While they were in the Sanitarium, the former Minstrel King and young Abie Fix-it from the Music Foundry cut out the last vestiges of the Original Stuff and put in two Turns that had landed strong over the whole Orpheum Circuit.

The romantic Operetta now became known as Another One of Those Things.

It was eagerly discussed by Débutantes and College Students.

Good seats down in the Observation Rows were not to be had except at the Hotel News Stands.

The Litry Guy and the Music-Maker came

out of the Rest Cure to learn that they had registered a Hit and could get their names in "Who's Who."

With the Royalty Checks coming in from the eastern Centers of Culture they were enabled to buy four-cylinder Cars with which to go riding in lone-some Country Lanes, far from the sight of a Bill-Board.



The Play when the Stage Manager got through with it. When the two Geniuses sat out in front, they recognized nothing except the Scenery and Costumes

When the Number Two Company came along presenting the Metropolitan Success in the One-Nighters, the reincarnated Gilbert and Sullivan packed up their Families and escaped to French Lick.

It was a Sell-Out, because all the Members of the Research Club wanted to see that new Dido called the Chicken Flip.

There was no knocking at the Dutch Lunches that night.

Every one said the Show was a Bird, but they thought it was up to the Author to resign from the Baptist Church.

MORAL: In elevating the Drama be sure to get it High enough, even if you have to make it a trifle Gamy.

A Skin Game in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



I

"Say, that was my brother's coat what you got on your head."



II

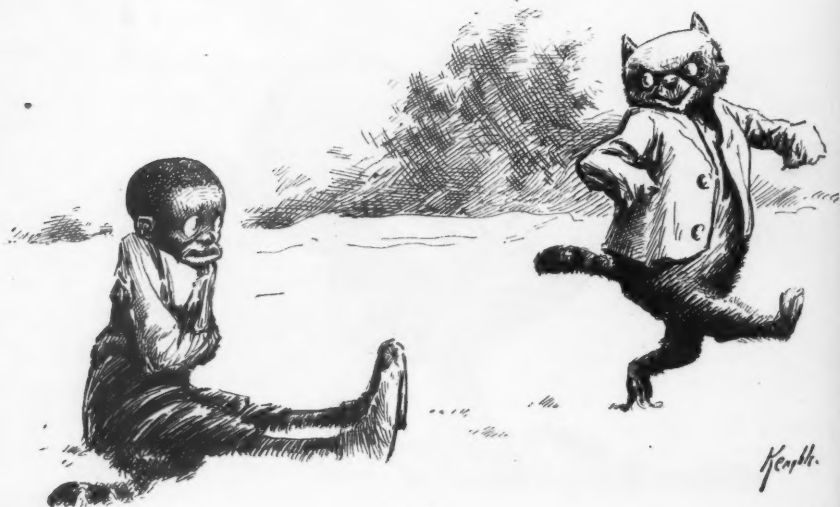
"How'd you like to have some coon——"

A Skin Game in Coonville



III

"Play a skin game on you——"



IV

"And walk off with your coat?"

A

1/2
1/3
1/4

1/5

1/6

1/7

1/8